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SECRET *Assignment*

A STORY ABOUT THE MEN WHO
DEAL IN . . .

INTRIGUE



ANTHONY

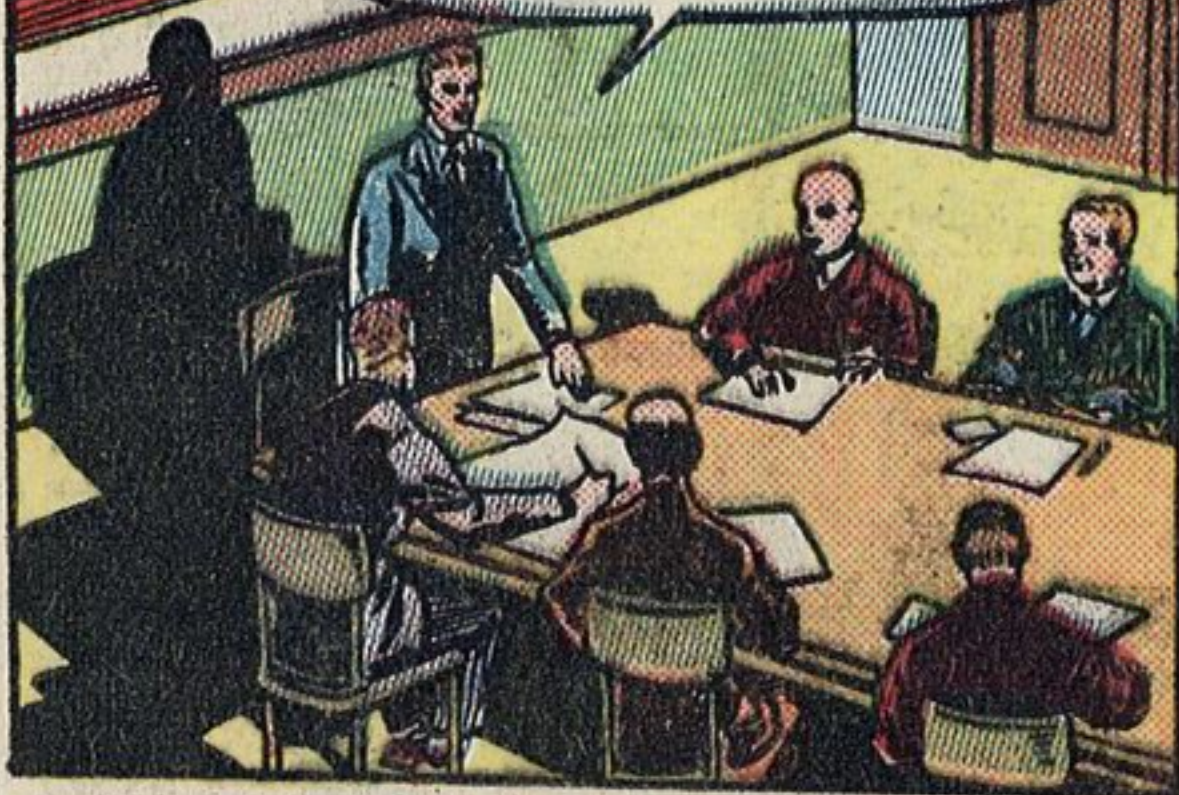
COBAT

... KEY AMERICAN AGENT IN THE INTERNATIONAL UNDERCOVER ORGANIZATION.

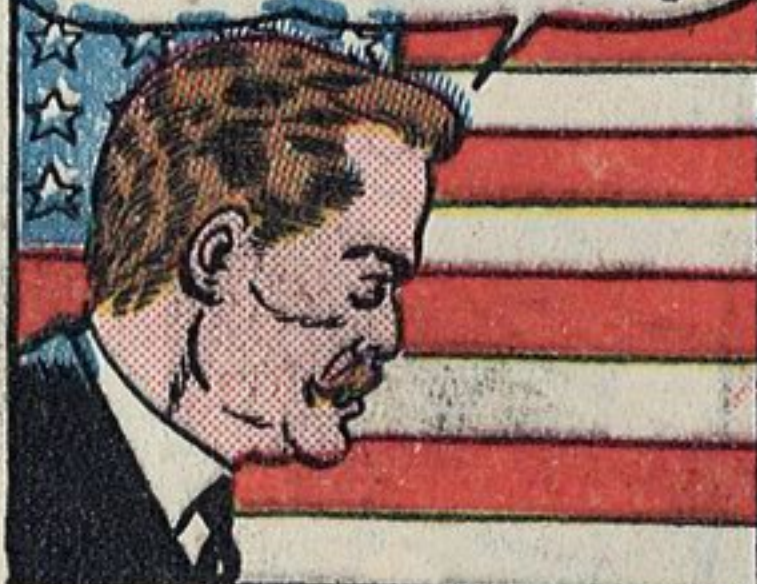
LEONARD STARR and FRANK BOLLE

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ALLIED NATIONS MEET IN SECRET CONFERENCE IN WASHINGTON.

IT IS AGREED THEN, GENTLEMEN, THAT THE NEED FOR AN INTER-NATIONAL POLICE FORCE IS URGENT.

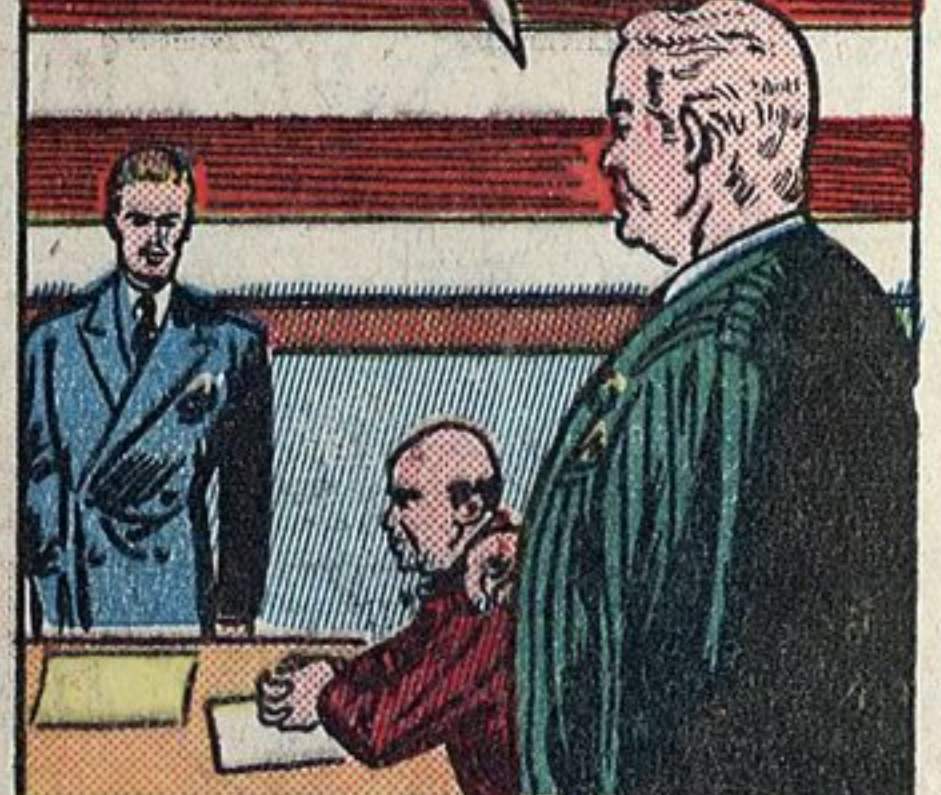


NOW, EACH NATION HERE REPRESENTED, WILL HAVE MEMBERS OF THIS ORGANIZATION ASSIGNED TO THEIR COUNTRY. THESE MEN WILL BE CHOSEN BY THE HEADS OF YOUR GOVERNMENTS. HOWEVER, WE MUST HAVE ONE MAN FREE TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE VARIOUS COUNTRIES.



ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES STANDS . . .

SINCE ALL THE ACTIVITIES ORIGINATE IN THE U.S., I SUGGEST THAT THIS AGENT BE AN AMERICAN!



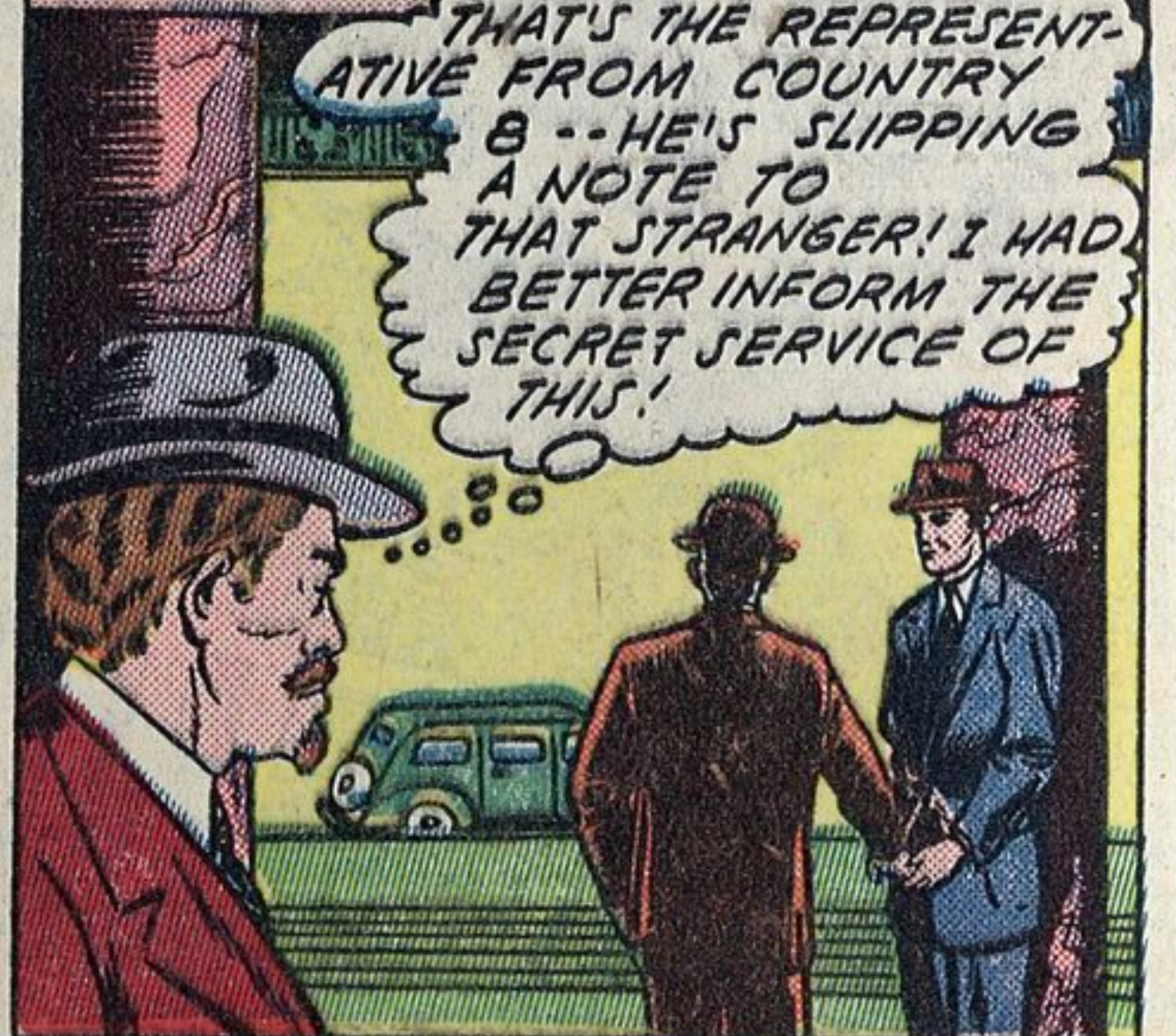
THE OTHER NATIONS AGREE!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! I THINK I KNOW EXACTLY THE MAN WE NEED. BEFORE THE WAR HE WAS A MEMBER OF OUR F.B.I. - AT THE MOMENT, HE IS IN OUR INTELLIGENCE SERVICE. HIS NAME IS MAJOR COBAT! NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I WILL SEE IF I CAN REACH HIM!



AS THE MEETING ADJOURNS, HOWEVER, ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES NOTICES...

THAT'S THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM COUNTRY 8 -- HE'S SLIPPING A NOTE TO THAT STRANGER! I HAD BETTER INFORM THE SECRET SERVICE OF THIS!



MEANWHILE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE . . .

IT'S FOR YOU, MAJOR COBAT. YOU'RE WANTED AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT RIGHT AWAY!

THE STATE DEPARTMENT? WHY DO THEY WANT TO SEE ME?



I DON'T KNOW, MAJOR, MAYBE ITS SOME KIND OF TROUBLE!

ISN'T IT ALWAYS?



THE STATE DEPT., WASHINGTON D.C. - - -



MAJOR COBAT
TO SEE YOU,
SIR!

SEND HIM
RIGHT
IN!



YOU SENT
FOR ME,
SIR?

YES, I DID, MAJOR!
YOU KNOW A GREAT
DEAL ABOUT INTER-
NATIONAL AFFAIRS,
DON'T YOU?



I SHOULD! I'VE
HAD MY HANDS
FULL OF THEM
FOR MORE
YEARS THAN
I CARE TO
REMEMBER!

SPLENDID!
COBAT, I'M
GOING TO
SUSPEND
YOUR
COMMISSION!



I BEG
YOUR
PARDON?

IT'S VERY
NECESSARY!
I'M GOING TO
SEND YOU ON A
SERIES OF SECRET
ASSIGNMENTS,
AND I'M
AFRAID YOU'D
BE RATHER
CONSPICUOUS
IN UNIFORM.



COBAT'S NEW DUTIES ARE
OUTLINED - - -

---SO YOU SEE,
THE UTMOST
SECRECY
MUST BE
MAINTAINED!
YOU START
IMMEDIATELY -
THERE'S A TRAIN
RESERVATION
TO NEW MEXICO
READY FOR YOU
TOMORROW
MORNING!

VERY
WELL,
SIR!

THAT NIGHT, IN COBAT'S APARTMENT - - -



GUESS IT'S GOODBYE TO THE
UNIFORM FOR AWHILE -- I
SHOULD SEE SOME EXCITE-
MENT ON THIS NEW
JOB, THOUGH--



SUDDENLY-- A KNOCK ON THE
DOOR!

COME IN!



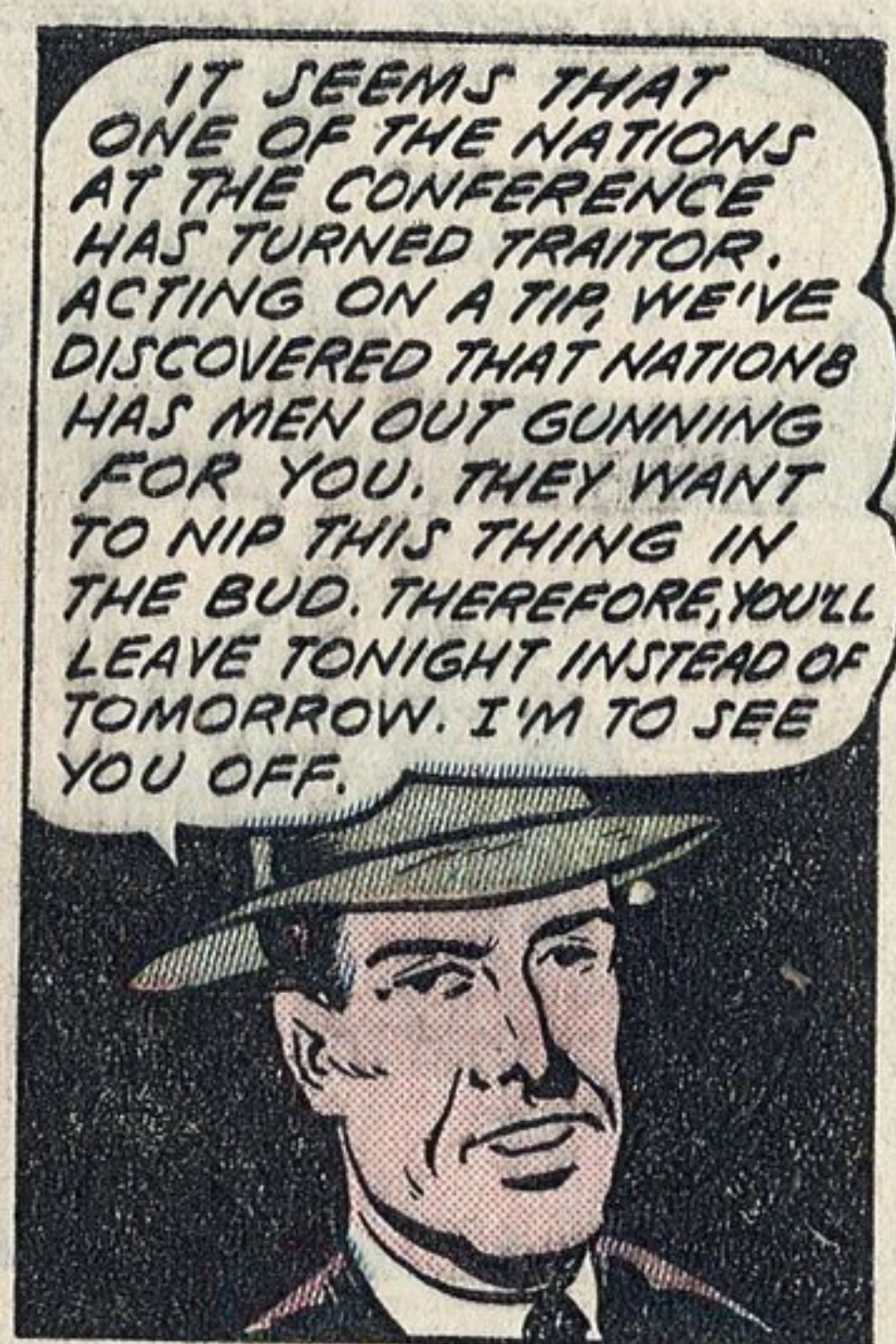
COBAT?

YES.

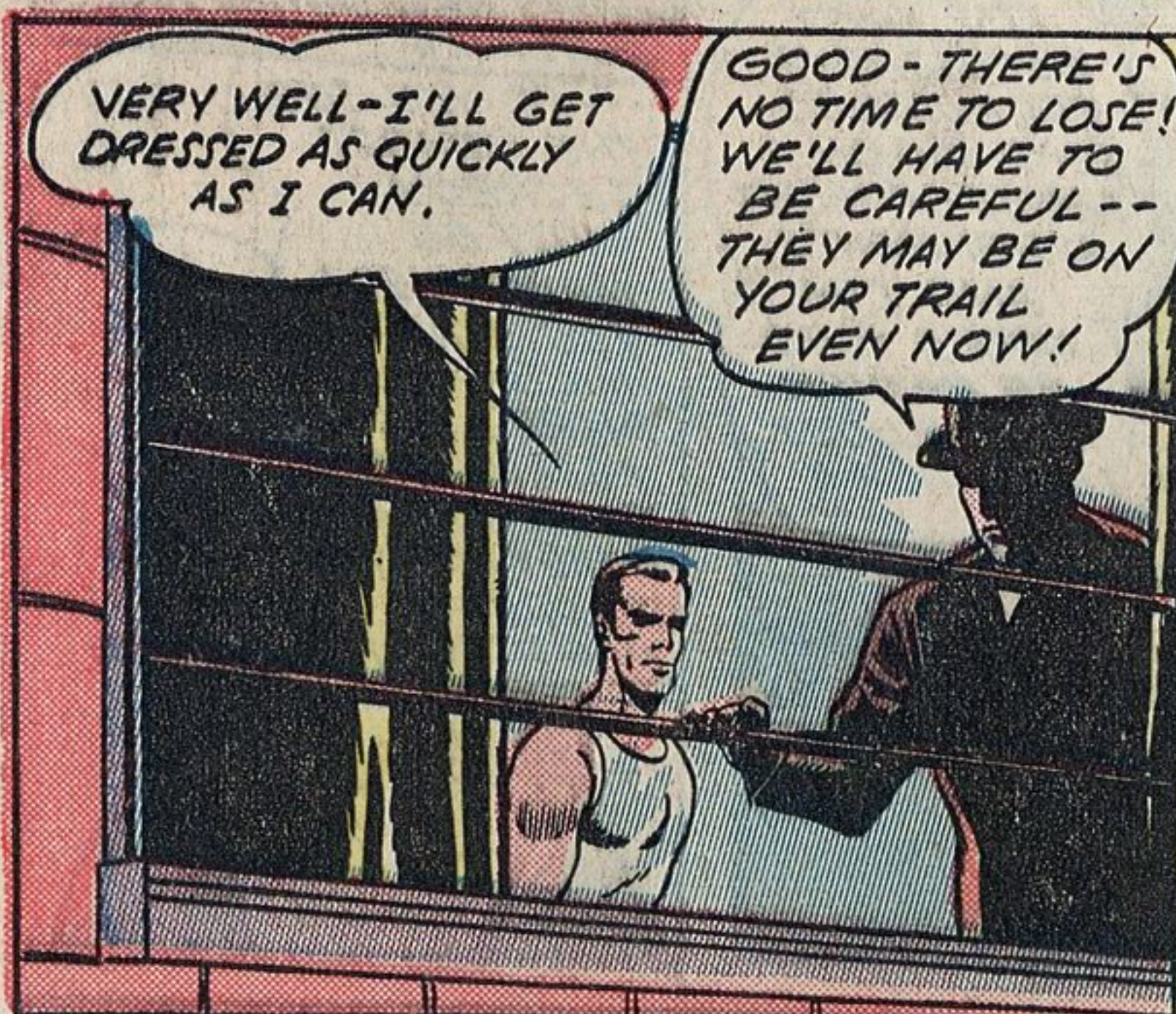


MY NAME
IS B. --
U.S. SECRET
SERVICE!

WHAT
IS IT?



IT SEEMS THAT
ONE OF THE NATIONS
AT THE CONFERENCE
HAS TURNED TRAITOR.
ACTING ON A TIP, WE'VE
DISCOVERED THAT NATION B
HAS MEN OUT GUNNING
FOR YOU. THEY WANT
TO NIP THIS THING IN
THE BUD. THEREFORE, YOU'LL
LEAVE TONIGHT INSTEAD OF
TOMORROW. I'M TO SEE
YOU OFF.



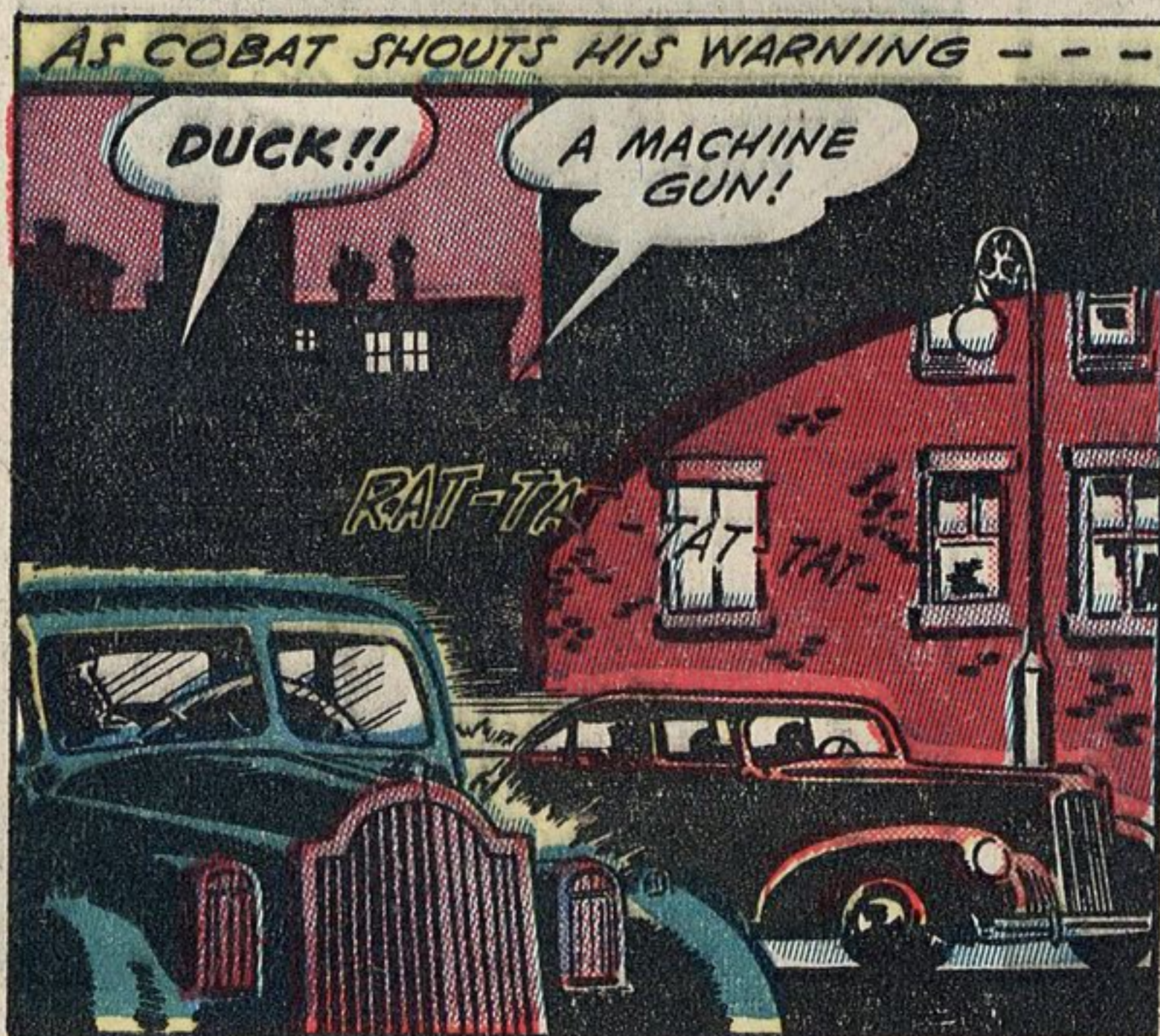
VERY WELL-I'LL GET
DRESSED AS QUICKLY
AS I CAN.

GOOD - THERE'S
NO TIME TO LOSE!
WE'LL HAVE TO
BE CAREFUL --
THEY MAY BE ON
YOUR TRAIL
EVEN NOW!



INTO THIS CAR,
QUICKLY--

LOOK!! THAT
CAR!



AS COBAT SHOUTS HIS WARNING -- --

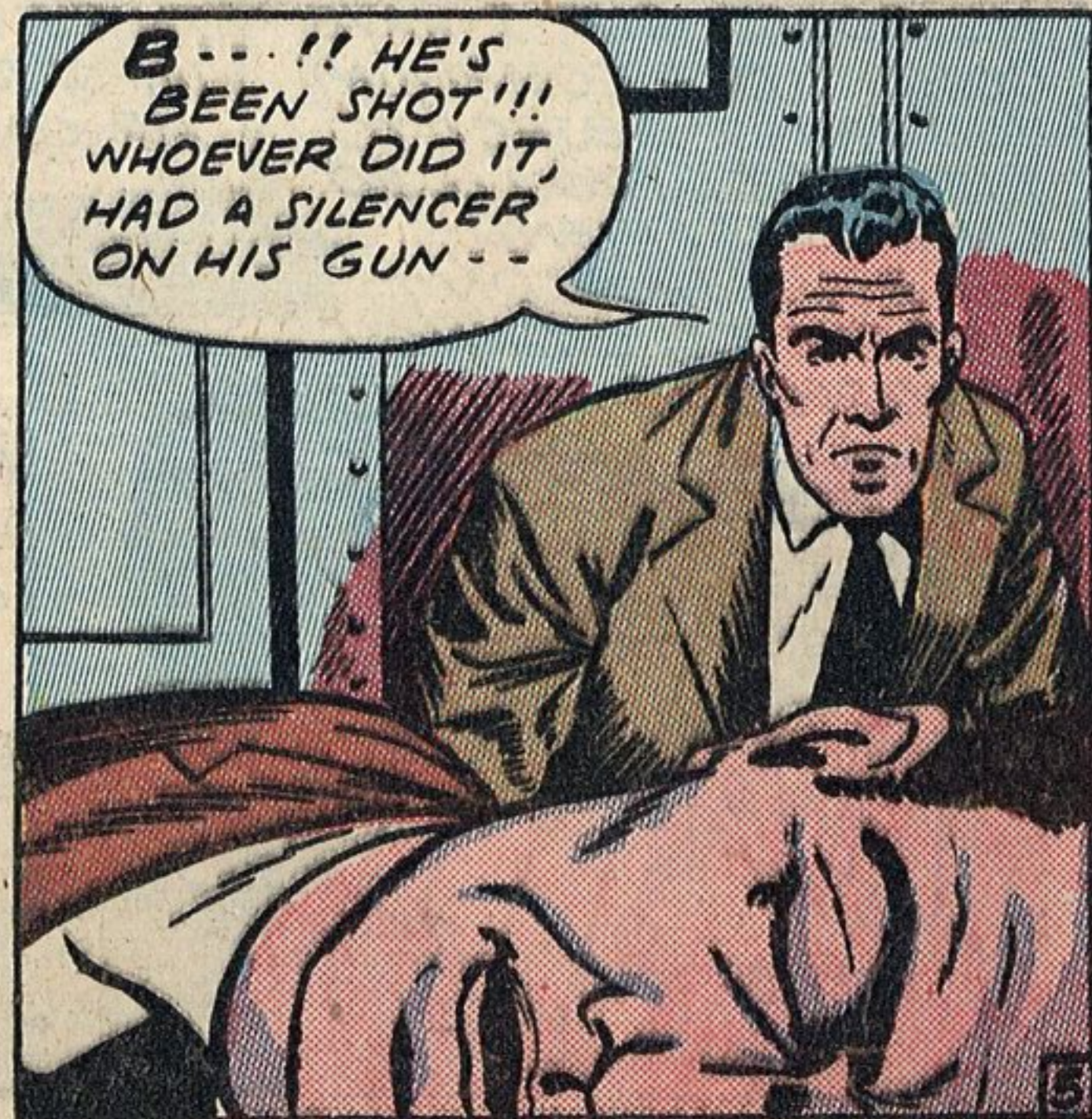
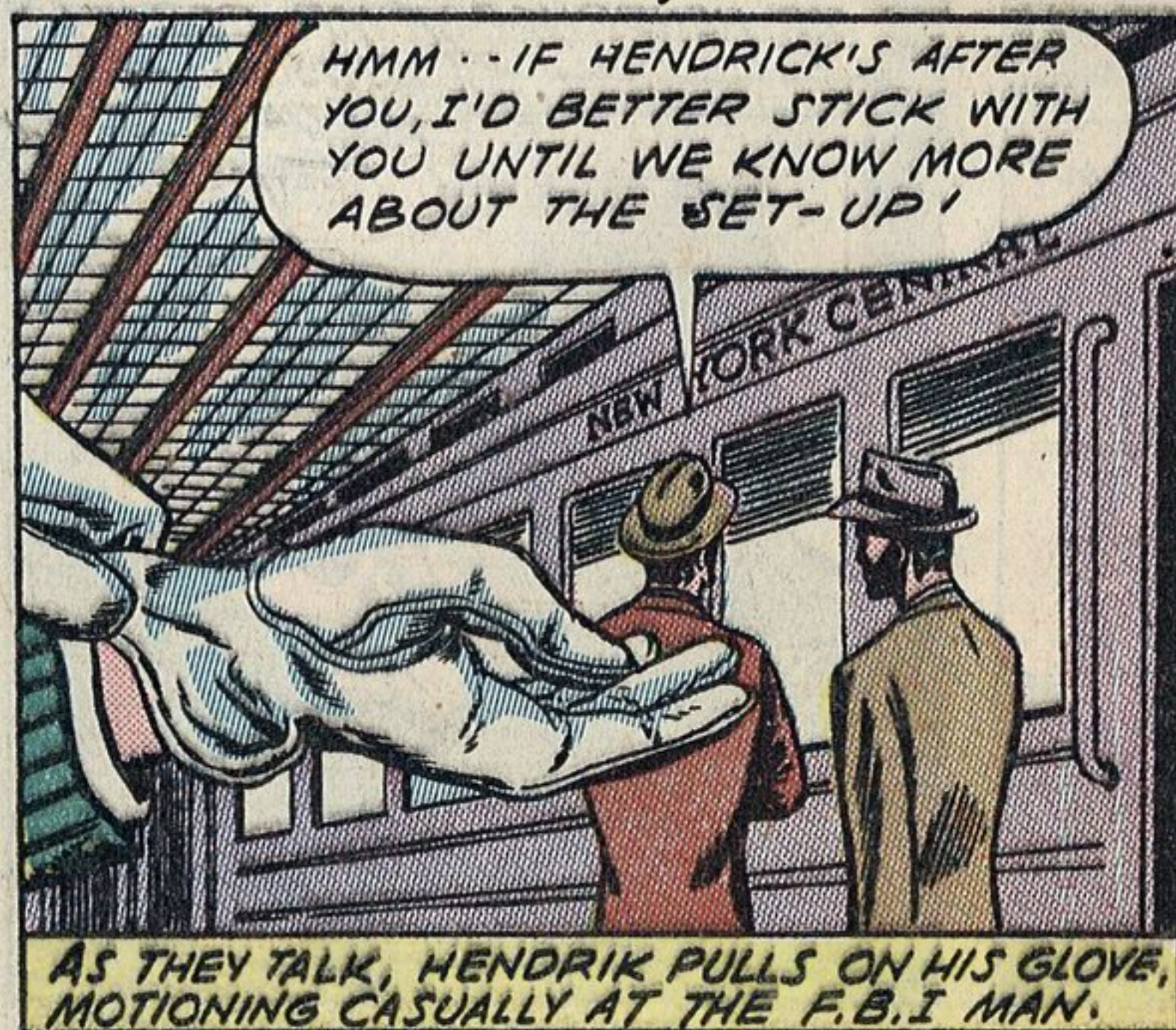
DUCK!!

A MACHINE
GUN!

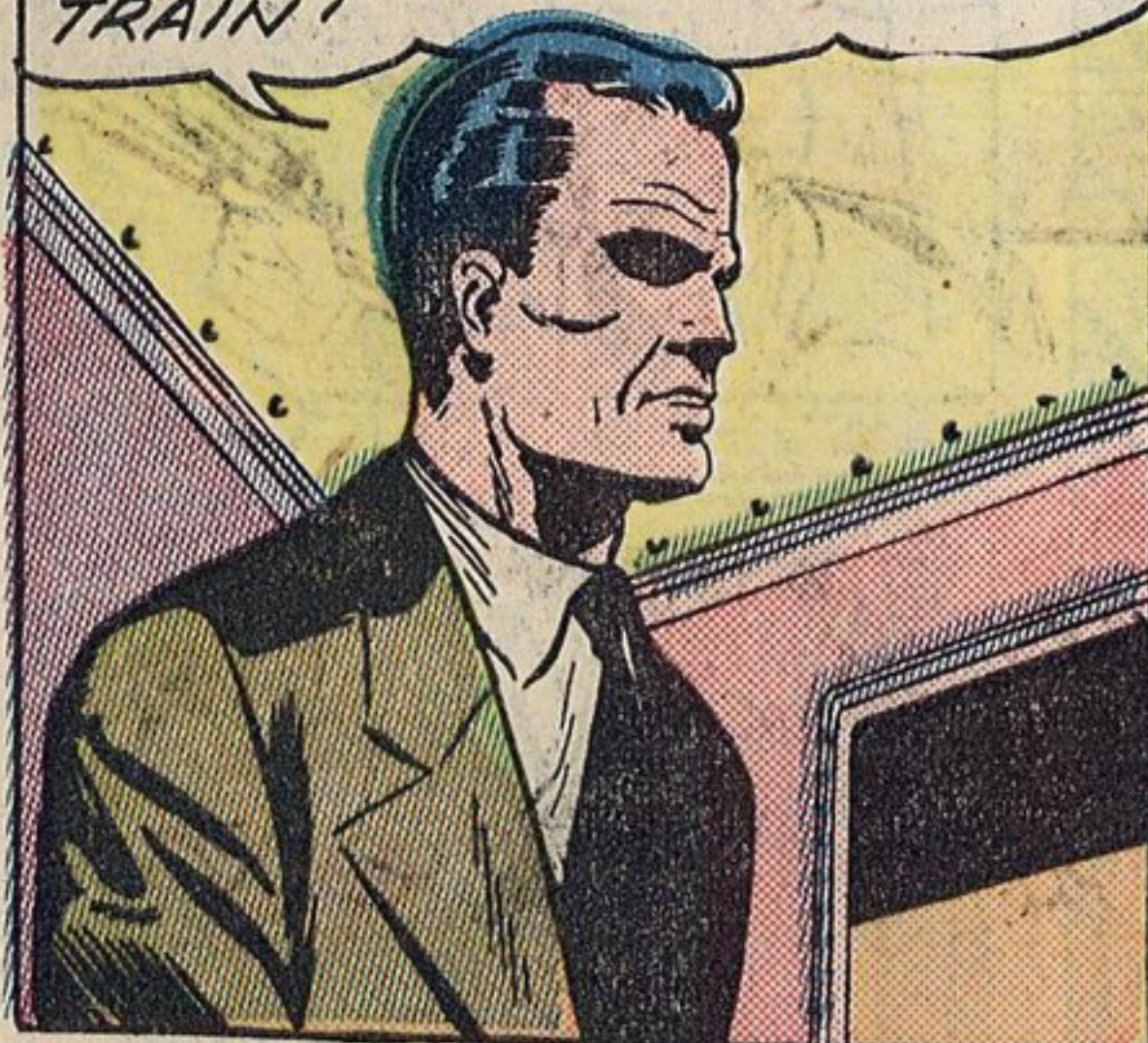


WHEW! REMINDS
ME OF THE OLD
CHICAGO DAYS!

THEY MEANT
BUSINESS,
YOU SEE.



THERE'S NO CHANCE OF PICKING THE MURDERER OUT OF THE CROWD IN THAT STATION-BESIDES, I'VE GOT TO LEAVE ON THIS TRAIN!



BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!



PORTER - WHAT COMPARTMENT DOES MR. HENDRIK HAVE?

HENDRIK? THAT'S... COMPARTMENT 6!



REACHING COMPARTMENT 6 COBAT PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, THEN--

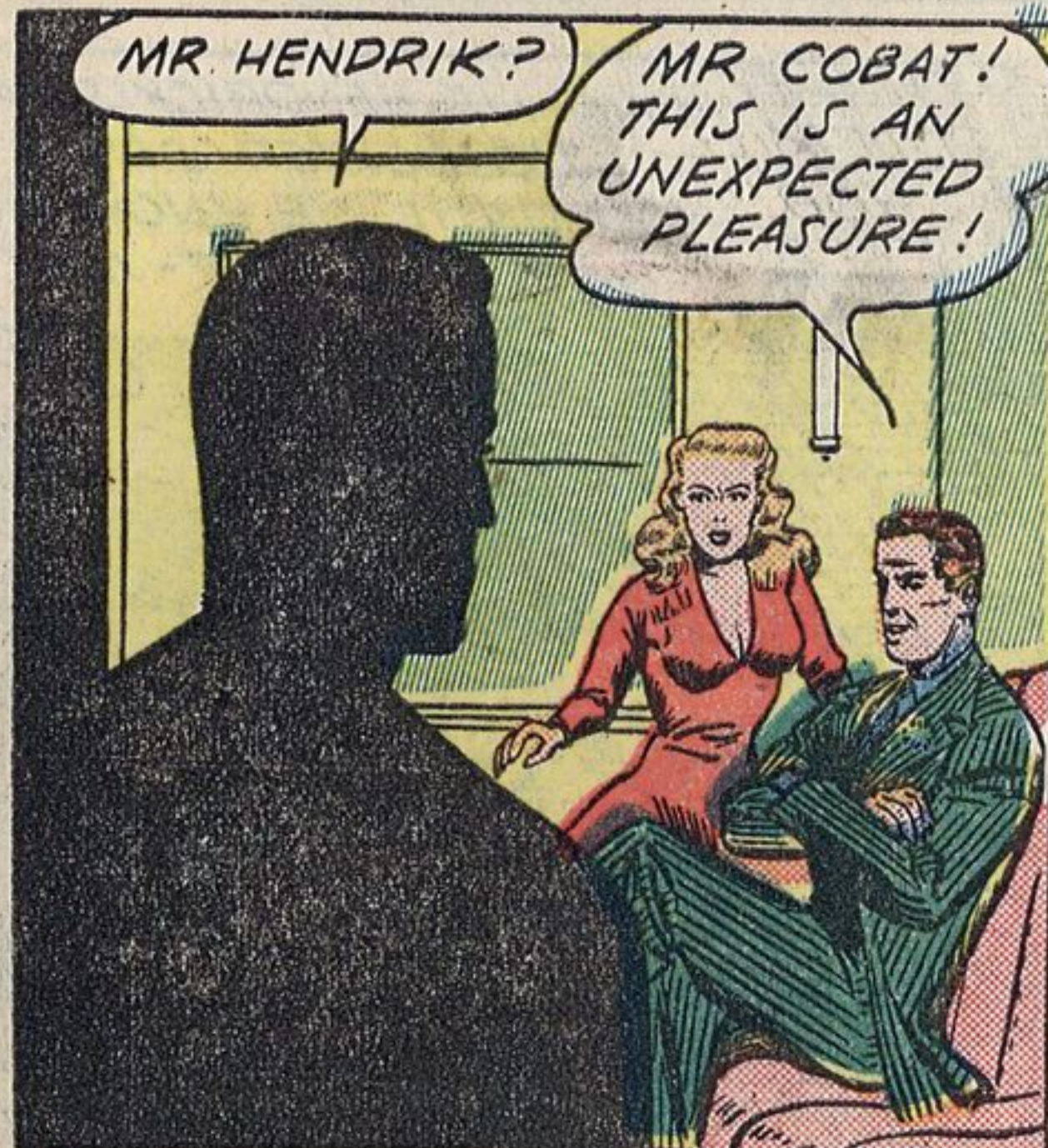


COME IN!



MR. HENDRIK?

MR COBAT! THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!



NO DOUBT. BUT, I HAVE COME WITH A COMPLAINT YOU SEE, I OBJECT TO THE METHODS YOU USED ON MY LATE FRIEND, MR. B., I SHOULDN'T LIKE THE SAME THING TO HAPPEN TO ME!

THAT'S VERY UNFORTUNATE, MR COBAT..



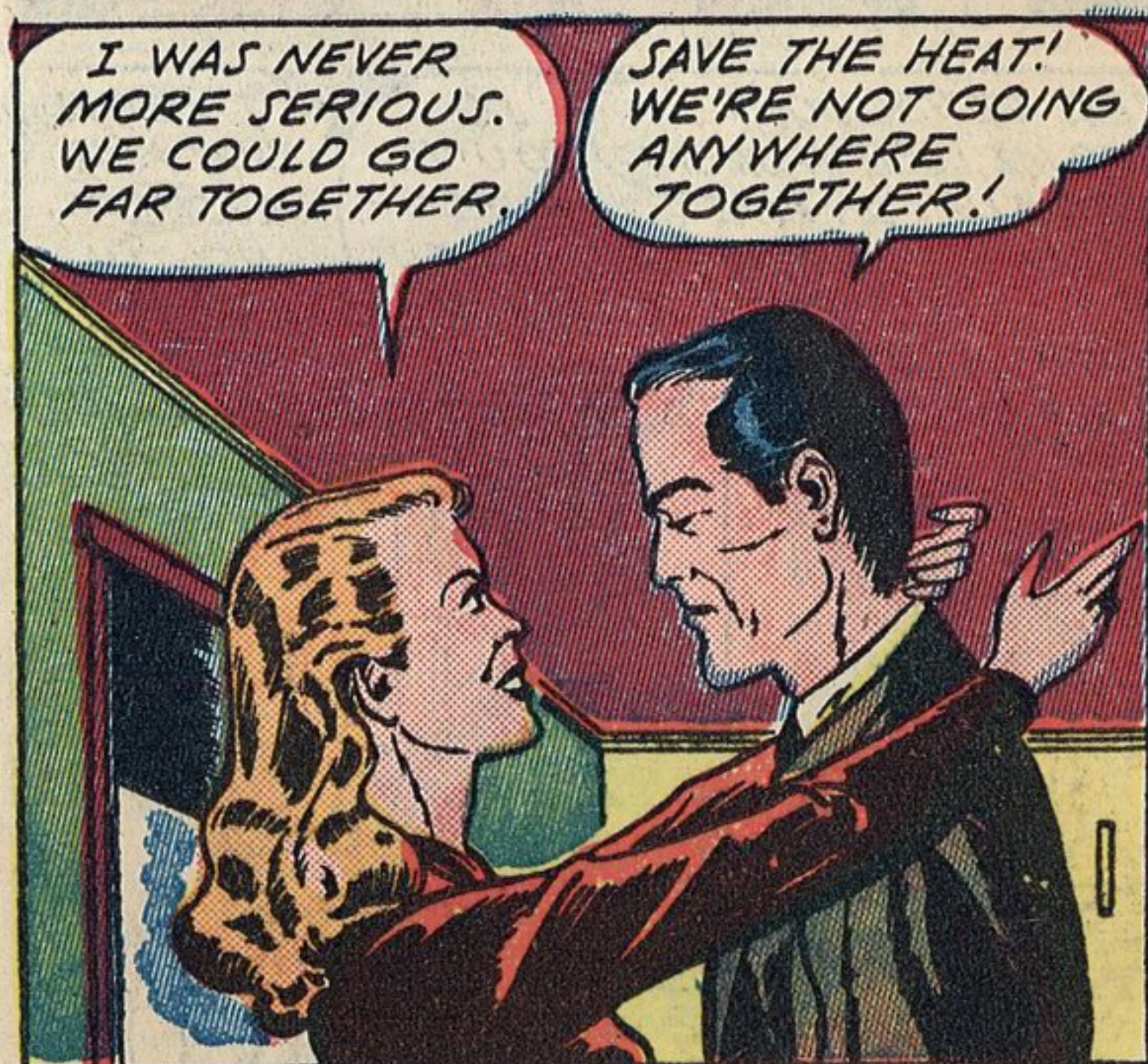
-- BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT MUST TAKE PLACE!!

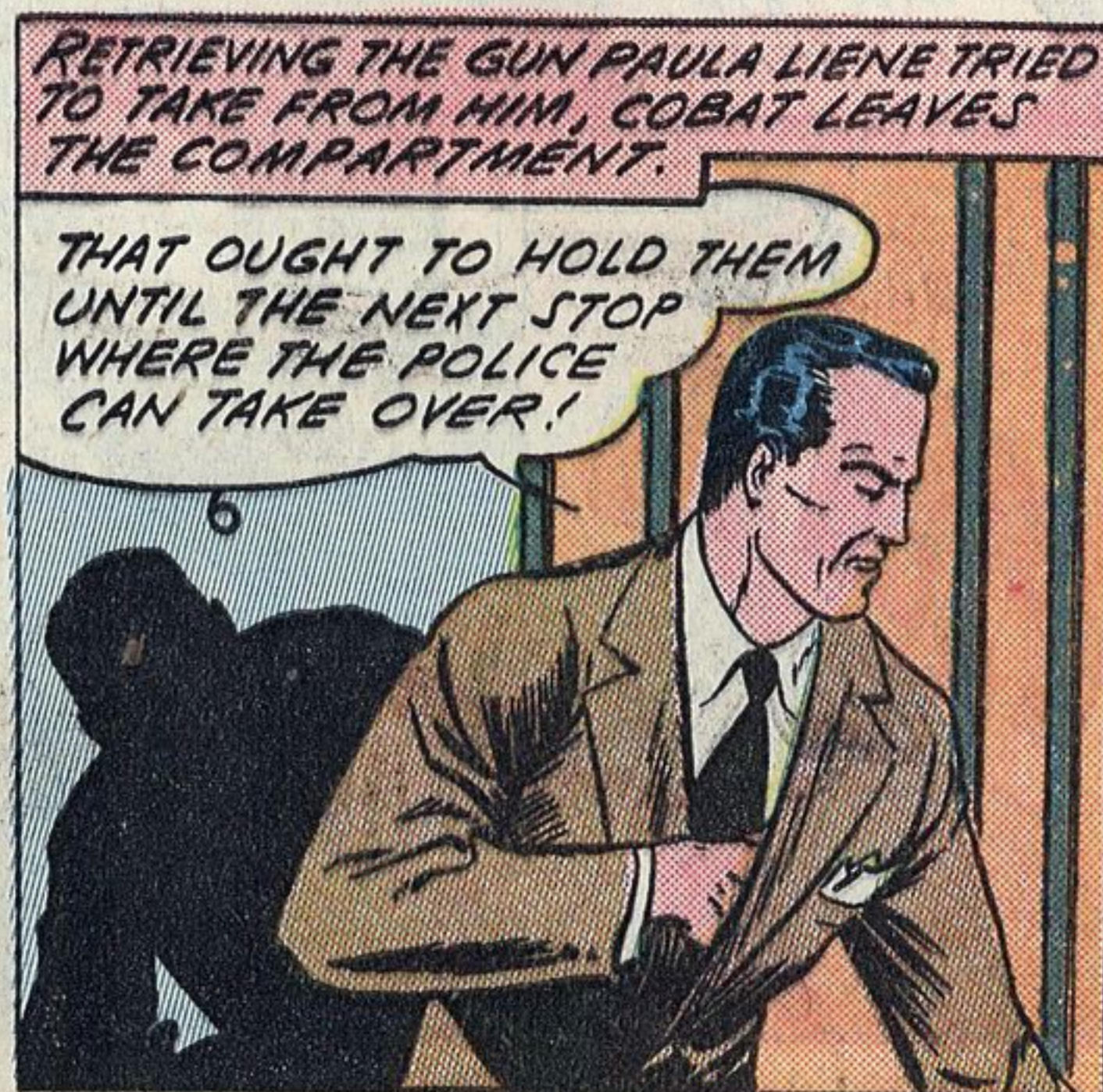
LOOK OUT, FRANZ!

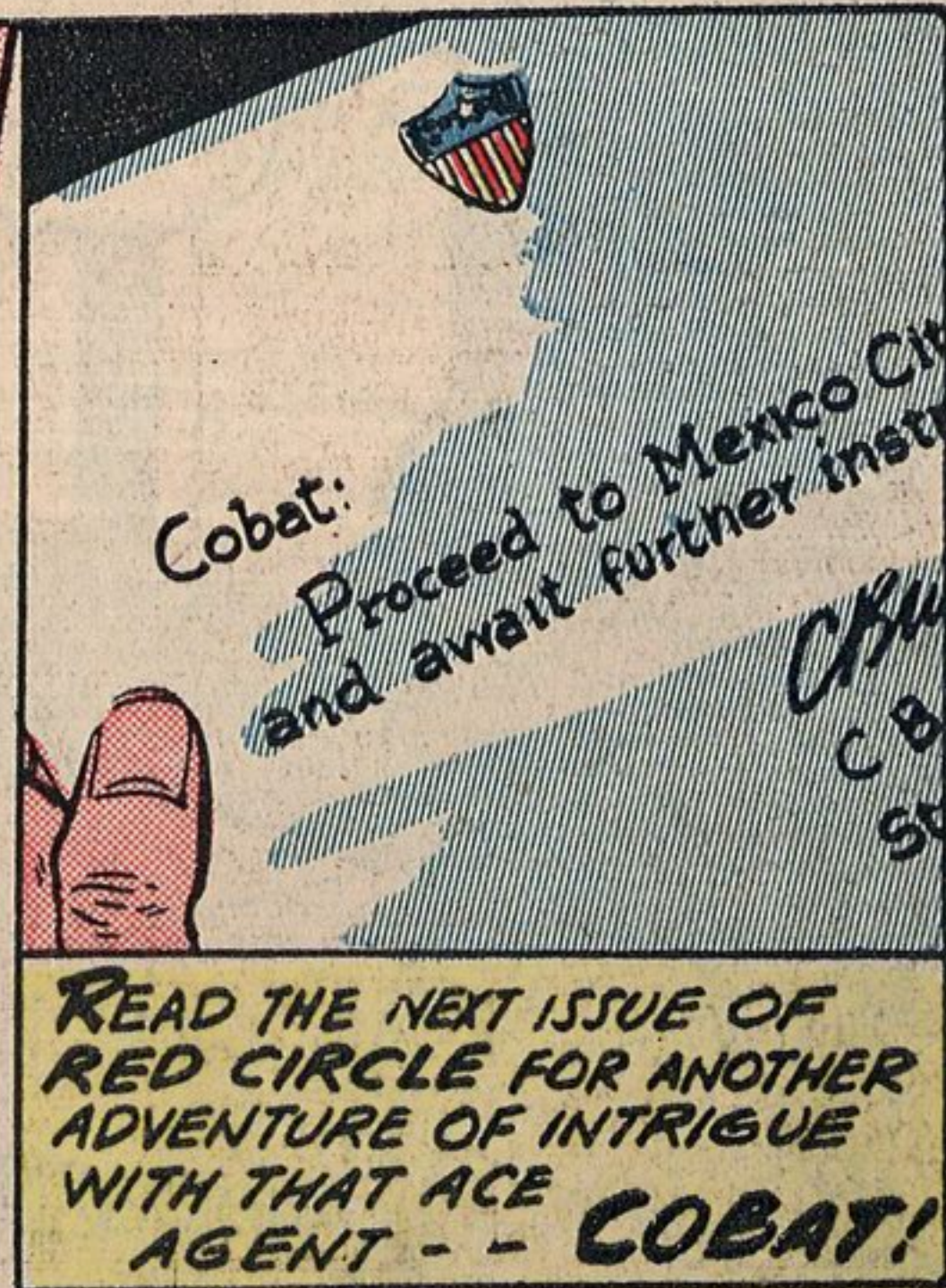
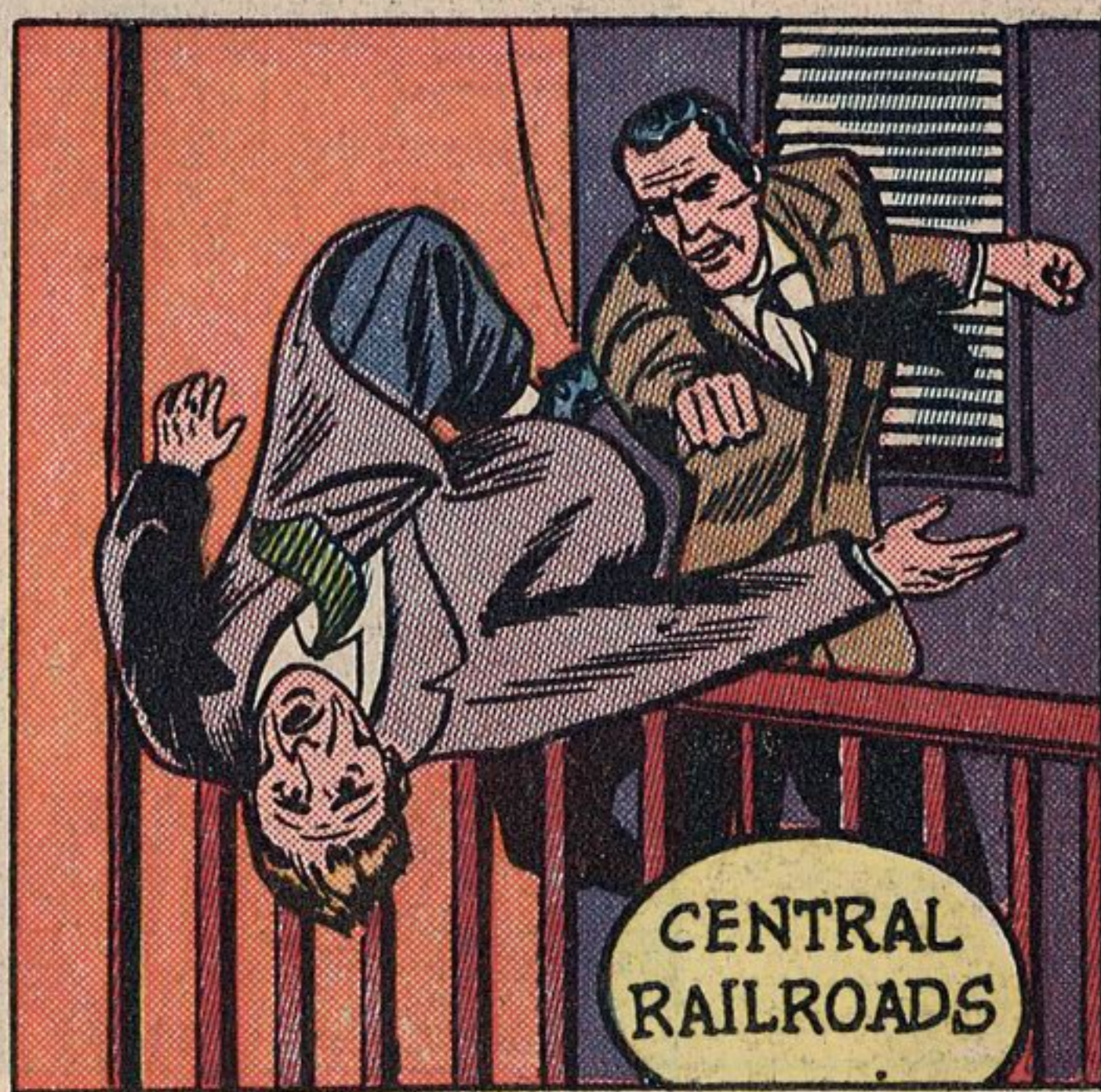




UNNOTICED, PAULA GRABS UP HER BAG..







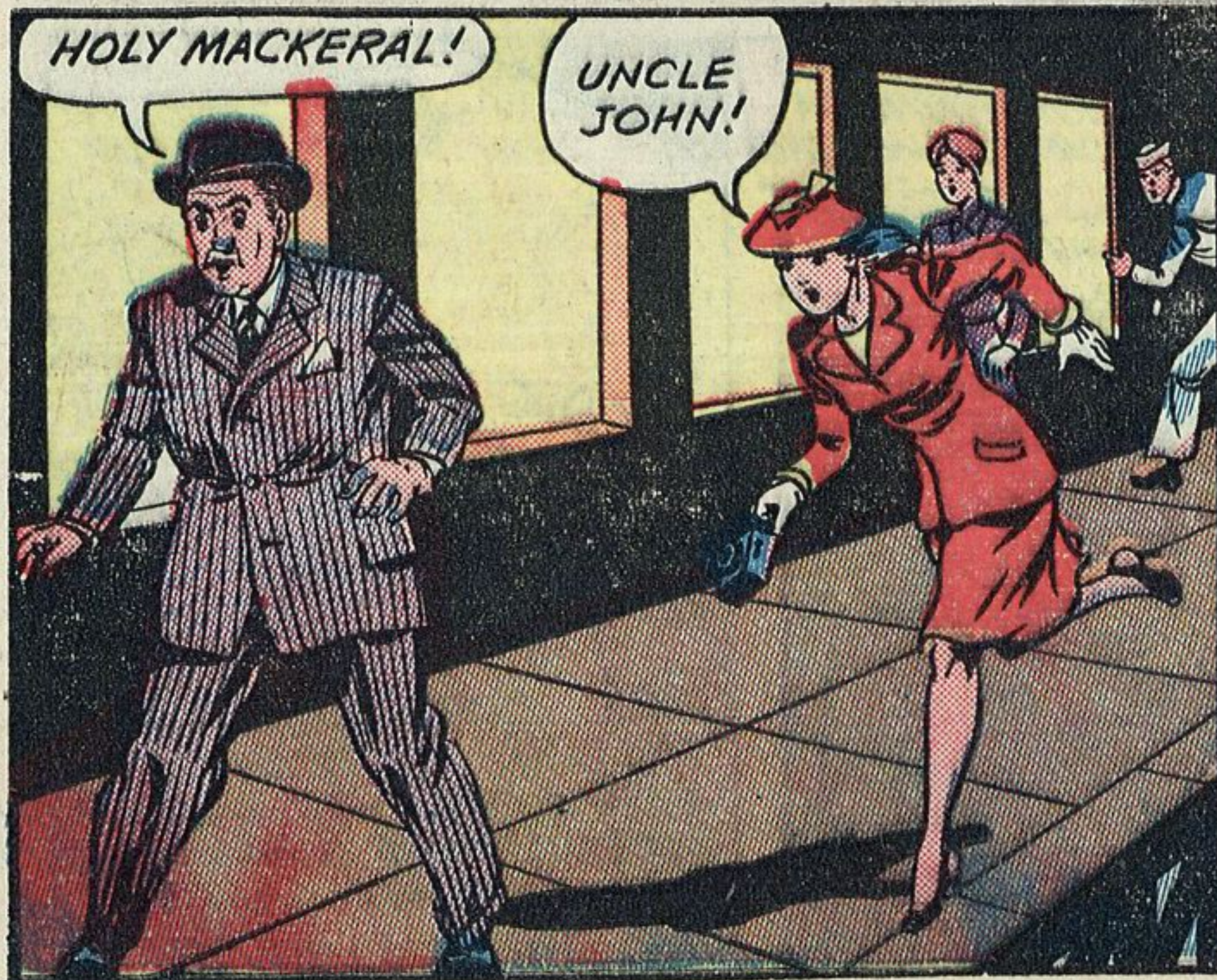
SOLVE-A-CRIME

A CROWDED
ELEVATED
PLATFORM - A
SPEEDING TRAIN
AND MURDER
WITHIN FULL
VIEW OF THE
RUSH HOUR MOB,
A MAN IS PUSHED
UNDER THE
WHEELS OF A
RACING
EXPRESS! AND THE
MURDERER
ESCAPES! CAN YOU
FOLLOW
THE
CLUES
TO
THE
KILLER?



HOLY MACKERAL!

UNCLE
JOHN!



UNCLE JOHN! HE'S
DEAD - - HE'S DEAD!!



AT THE HOMICIDE BUREAU--

WHAT KIND OF A FORCE HAVE I GOT?! A MAN'S PUSHED OFF, THE EL PLATFORM IN BROAD DAYLIGHT AND THE KILLER GETS AWAY! NOW, I HAVE TO SEND YOU ON IT--YOUR FIRST CASE!! WELL, GET GOING!

YES, SIR!

MINUTES LATER...

HI, CASSIDY--
ANY LEADS ON THE MURDERER?

NO, SIR-- NOT EVEN A GOOD DESCRIPTION!
HE JUST DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

THE VICTIM WUZ STANDIN' ABOUT THERE--POSIN' FOR A PICTURE, SO HIS NIECE SAYS!

I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE YOUNG LADY, EH? WELL, I'D BETTER LOOK AROUND!

THE ONLY THING WE FOUND, SIR, WAS SOME PIECES OF GLASS FROM A SMASHED WATCH CRYSTAL UP HERE ON THE PLATFORM.

FINE! HMM-- THAT TRAIN MUST HAVE STOPPED IN A HURRY! WE MIGHT JUST BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND SOMETHING!

HUH, HIS WATCH WASN'T SMASHED! HEY, WHAT'S THIS? A BUTTON--WELL, IT'S A CLUE... MAYBE!

DO YOU SUPPOSE IT MEANS ANYTHING?

DON'T KNOW--THERE'S LOTS OF BUTTONS IN THE WORLD! LET ME TALK TO THE GIRL NOW!

I-I'M NANCY KERN... WE--MY UNCLE--WAS IN THE CITY ON BUSINESS. I HAD JUST SNAPPED HIS PICTURE WHEN--

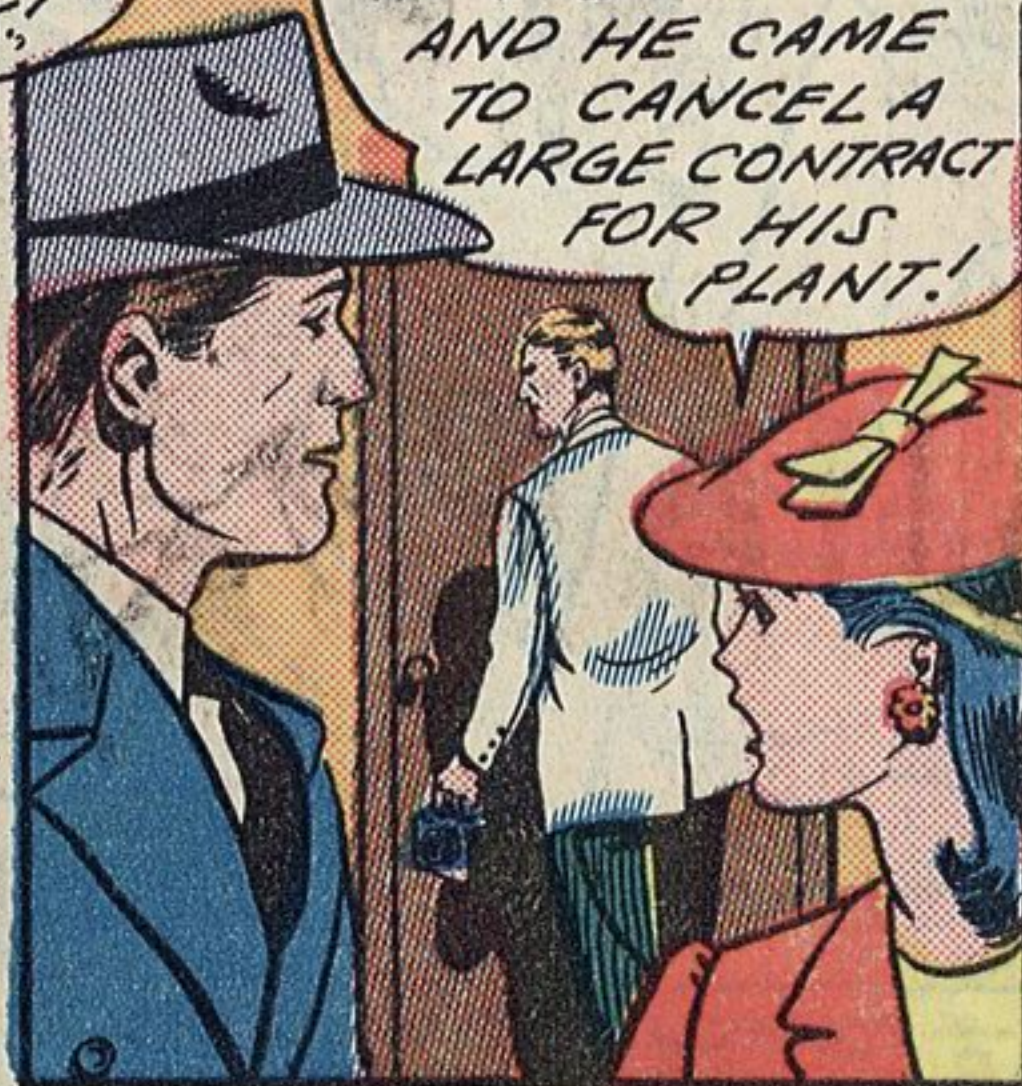
YOU TOOK THE PICTURE?

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE
HEADS FOR THE NEAREST
PHOTOGRAPHER!
THIS PICTURE
MAY LEAD US TO
YOUR UNCLE'S
MURDERER!



I'LL
HAVE IT IN
FIFTEEN
MINUTES,
DICK!

WELL, WHILE WE'RE WAITING,
LET'S HAVE SOME MORE
INFORMATION!



I WAS UNCLE JOHN'S
SECRETARY-- WE LIVE
IN THE MID - WEST,
AND HE CAME
TO CANCEL A
LARGE CONTRACT
FOR HIS
PLANT!

MINUTES LATER...

SORRY, DICK--
SOMEONE MUST
HAVE STEPPED IN
FRONT OF THE
CAMERA--



NOTHING!
NUTS!

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHO WOULD
HAVE WANTED
TO KILL
UNCLE
JOHN!

NO PERSONAL ENEMIES,
EH? IN THAT CASE, **YOU**
MAY BE IN DANGER! JUST
TO PLAY SAFE, I'M TAKING
YOU TO MY
AUNT'S
HOME!



AUNT SARAH, THIS IS
NANCY KERN! I TOLD
YOU OVER THE PHONE
ABOUT--

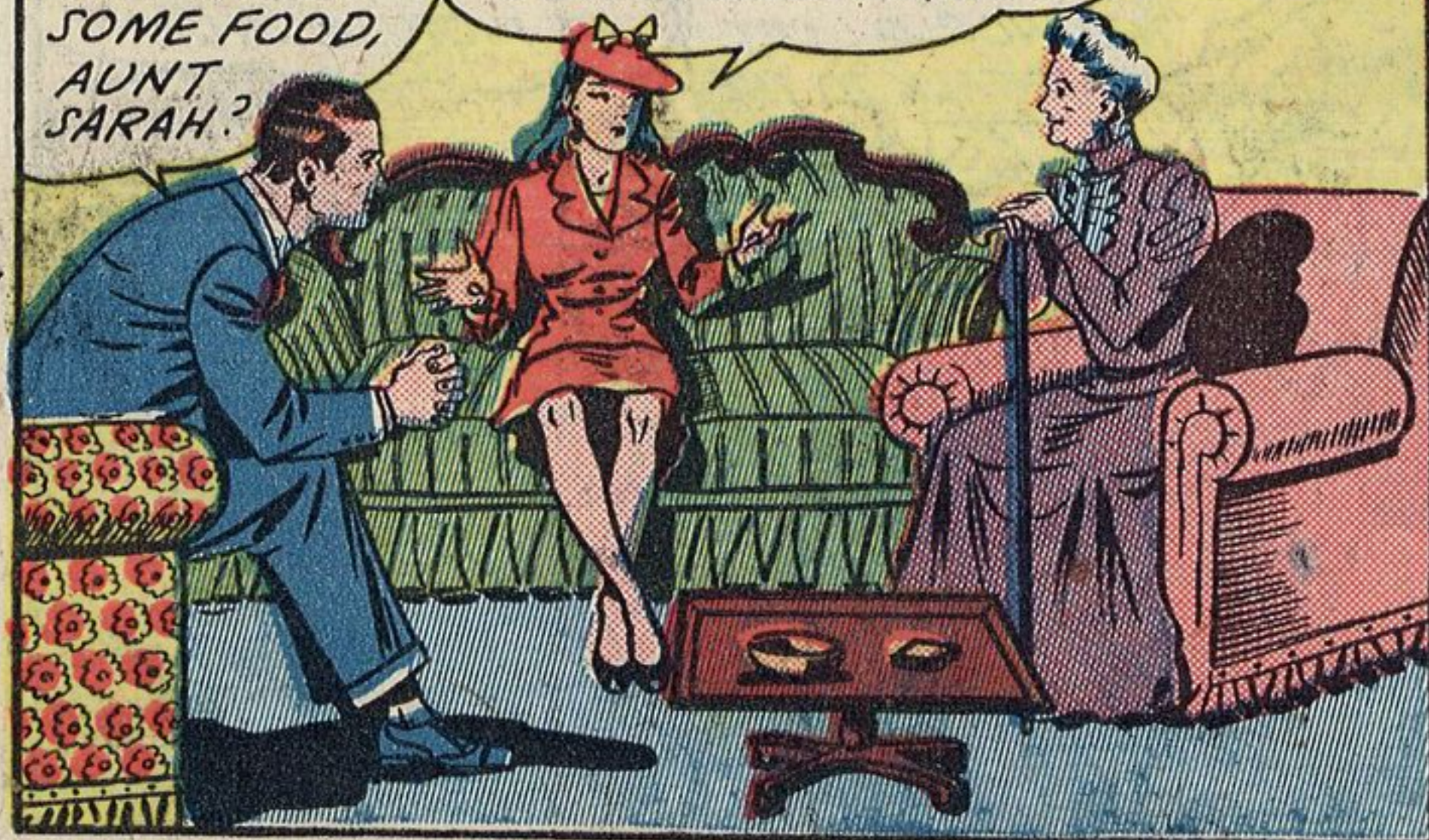


YES, YES! HELLO,
MY DEAR--
COME RIGHT
IN!



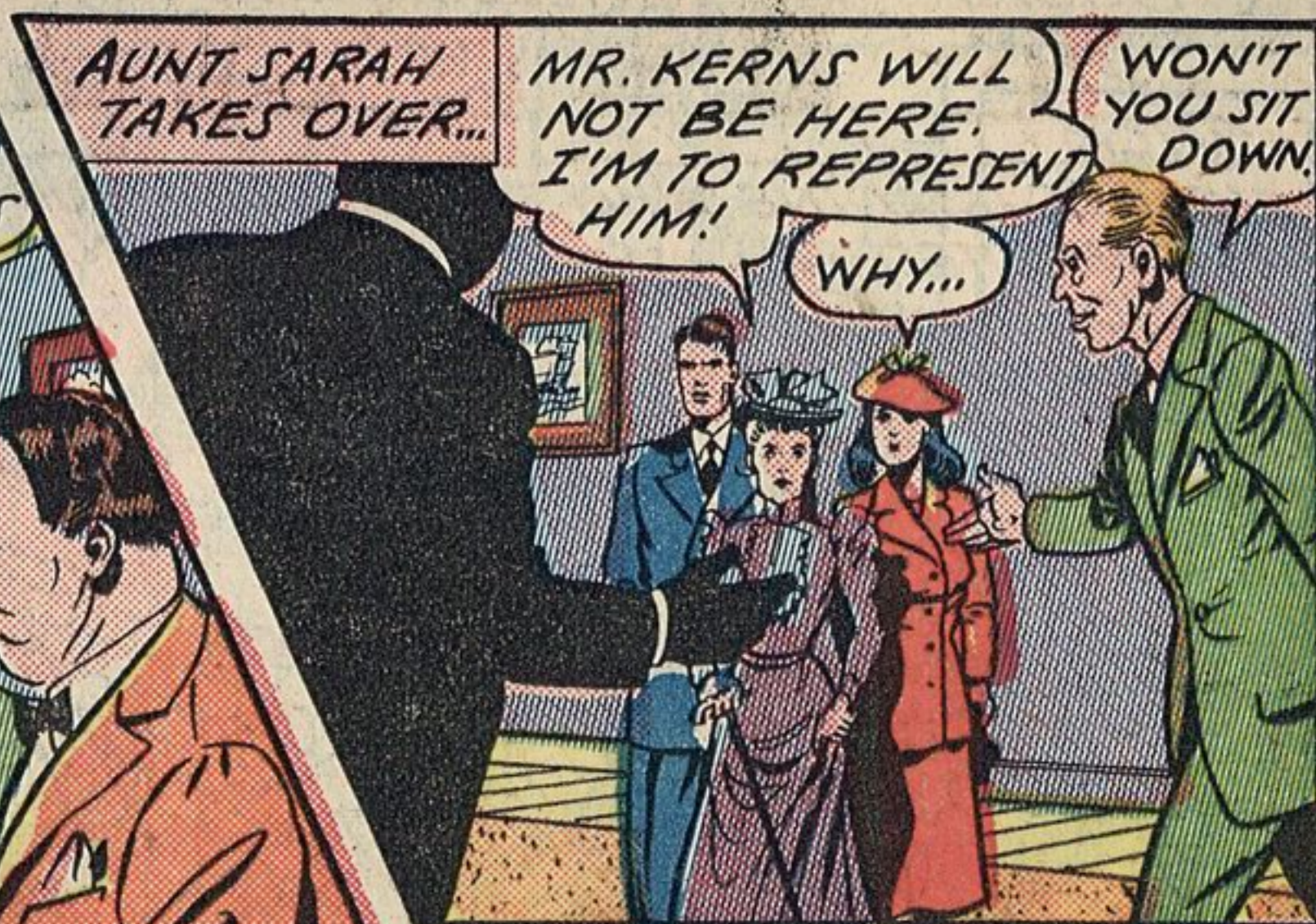
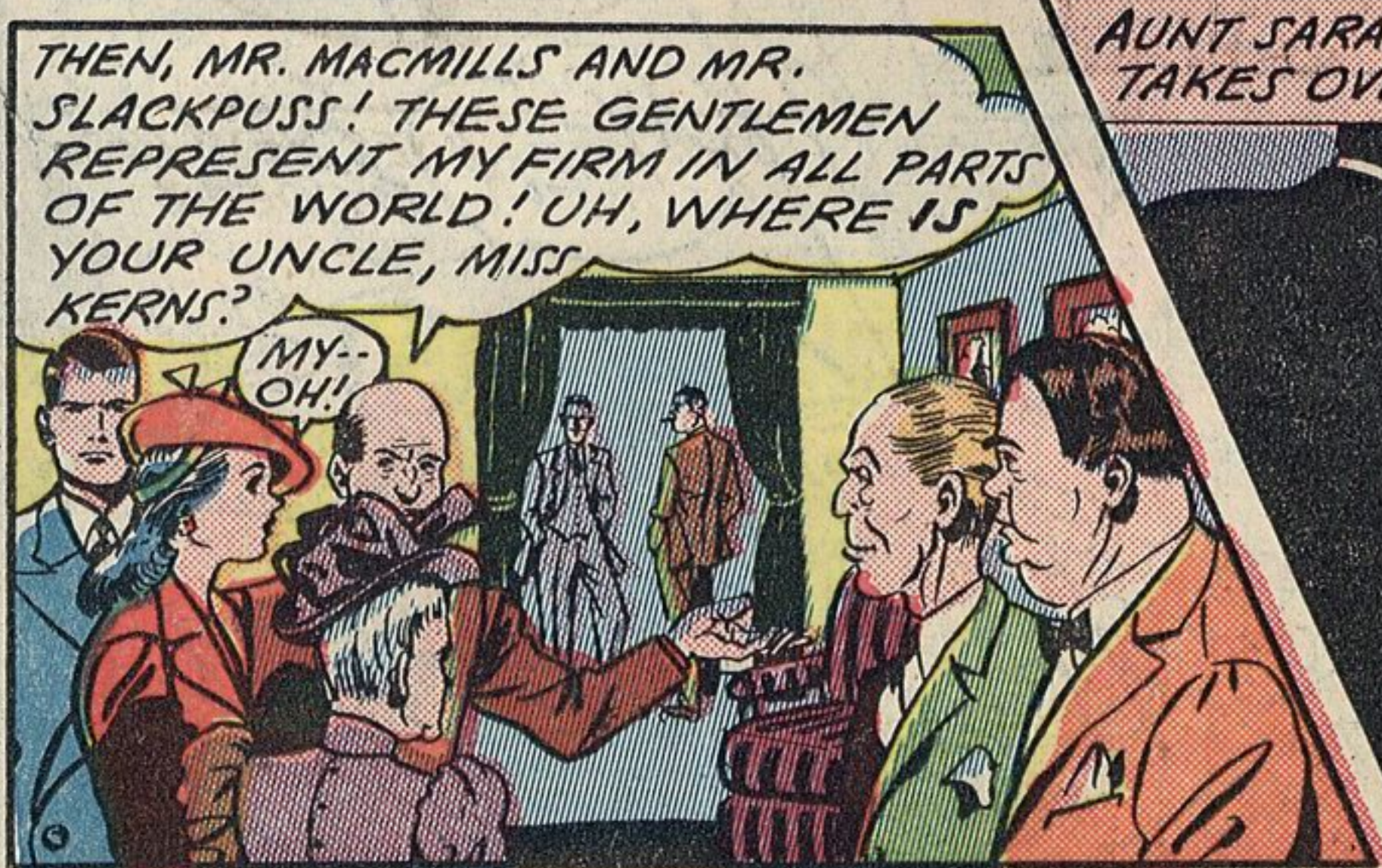
BEFORE YOU
START ASKING
QUESTIONS,
HOW ABOUT
SOME FOOD,
AUNT
SARAH?

OH, GOOD HEAVENS-- MAY I
BORROW YOUR PHONE? WE--
I'M EXPECTED FOR DINNER
SOMEPLACE AND...



SO, YOU AND YOUR POOR
UNCLE JOHN WERE TO MEET
THESE BUSINESS MEN FOR
DINNER? I THOUGHT SO!
WELL, SUPPOSING WE THREE
GO! PERHAPS WE CAN
LEARN
SOME-
THING!

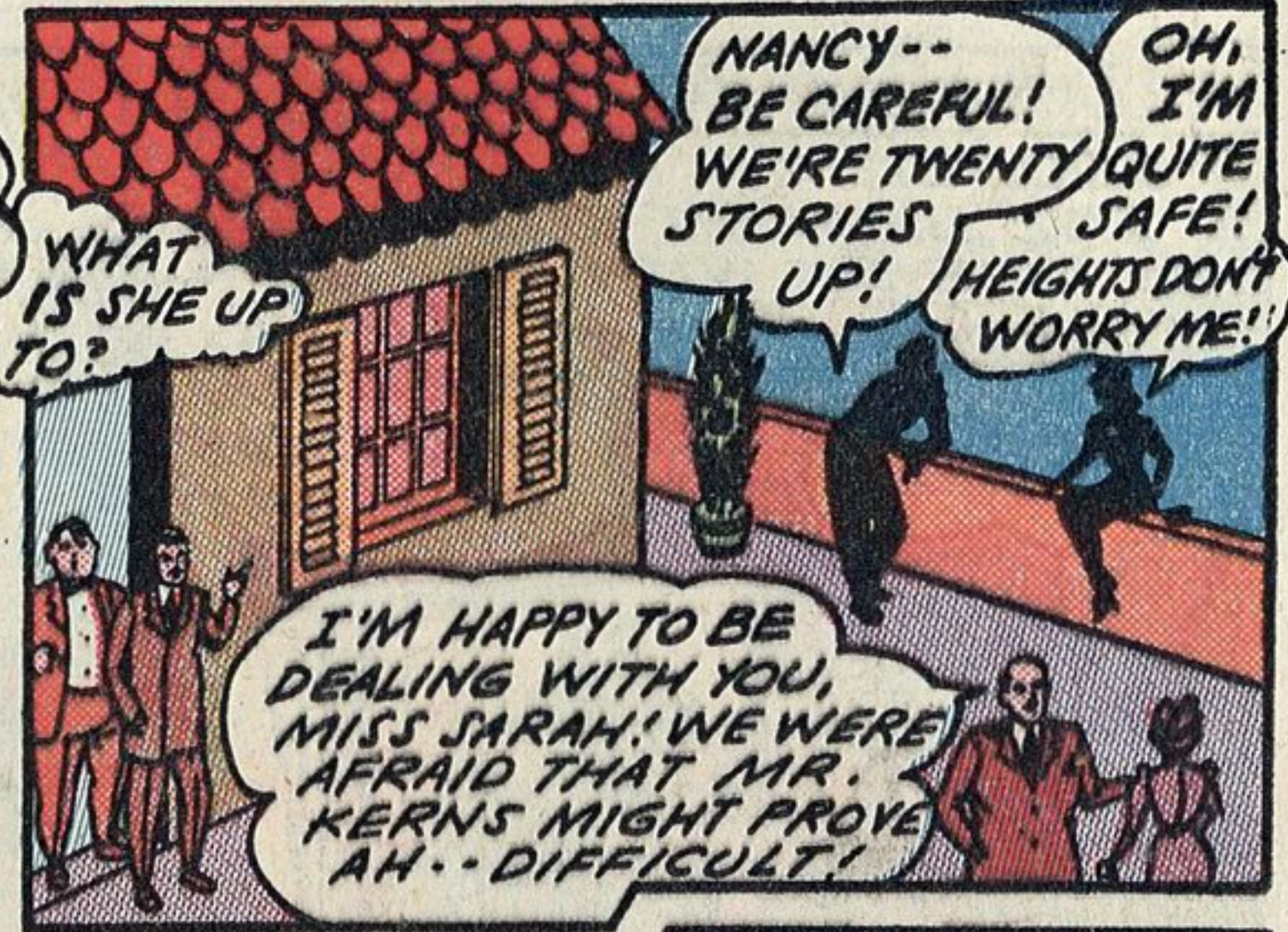






I'M MOST ANXIOUS TO DISCUSS THIS WITH YOU! UH, I LOVE FRESH AIR, MR. GOSS-- DO YOU SUPPOSE...

HARUMPH! WHY DON'T WE ALL GO OUT ON THE TERRACE?

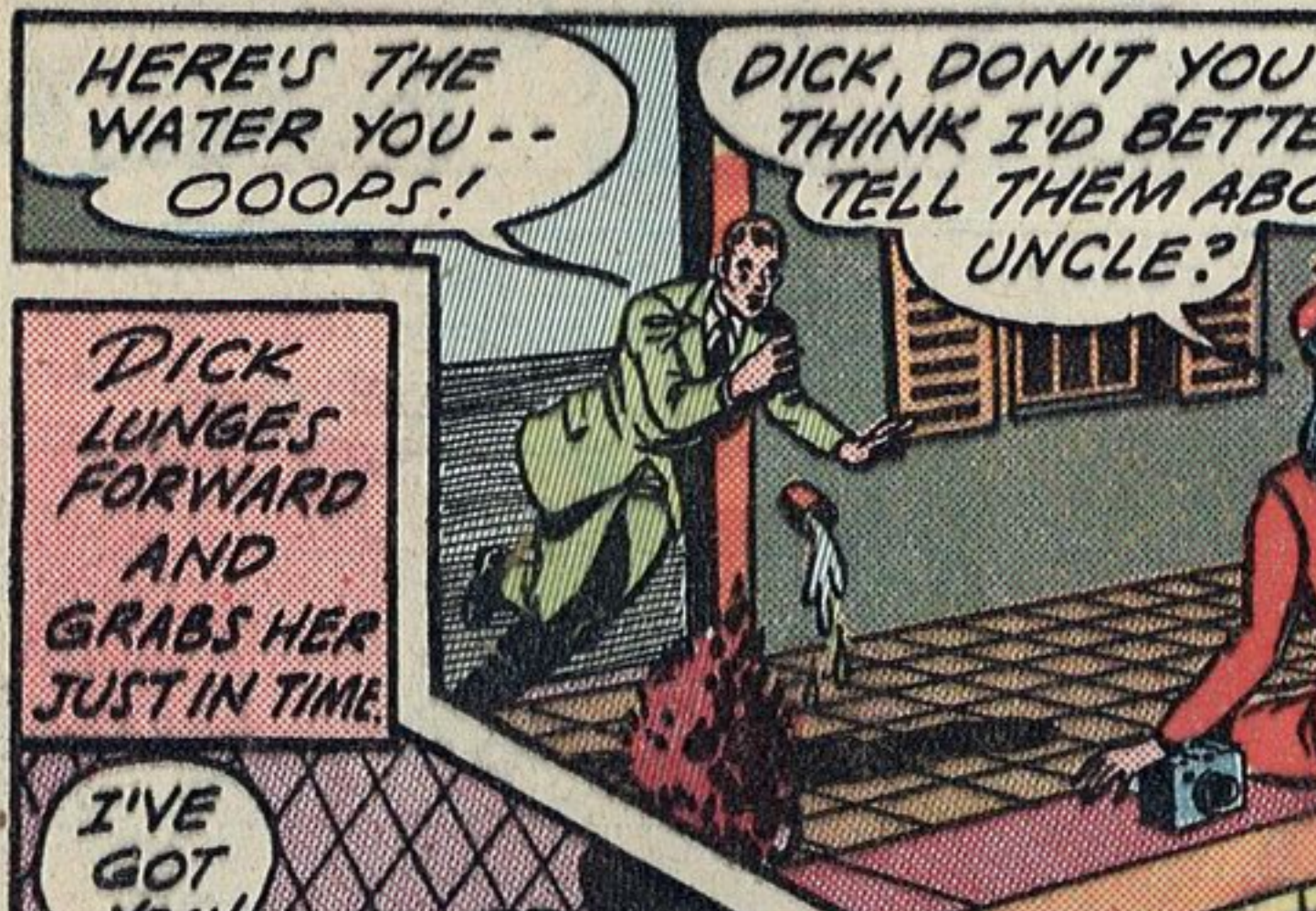


WHAT IS SHE UP TO?

NANCY-- BE CAREFUL! WE'RE TWENTY STORIES UP!

OH, I'M QUITE SAFE! HEIGHTS DON'T WORRY ME!

I'M HAPPY TO BE DEALING WITH YOU, MISS SARAH! WE WERE AFRAID THAT MR. KERNS MIGHT PROVE AH-- DIFFICULT!



HERE'S THE WATER YOU-- OOPS!

DICK, DON'T YOU THINK I'D BETTER TELL THEM ABOUT UNCLE?

I DON'T KNOW!

DICK LUNGES FORWARD AND GRABS HER JUST IN TIME.

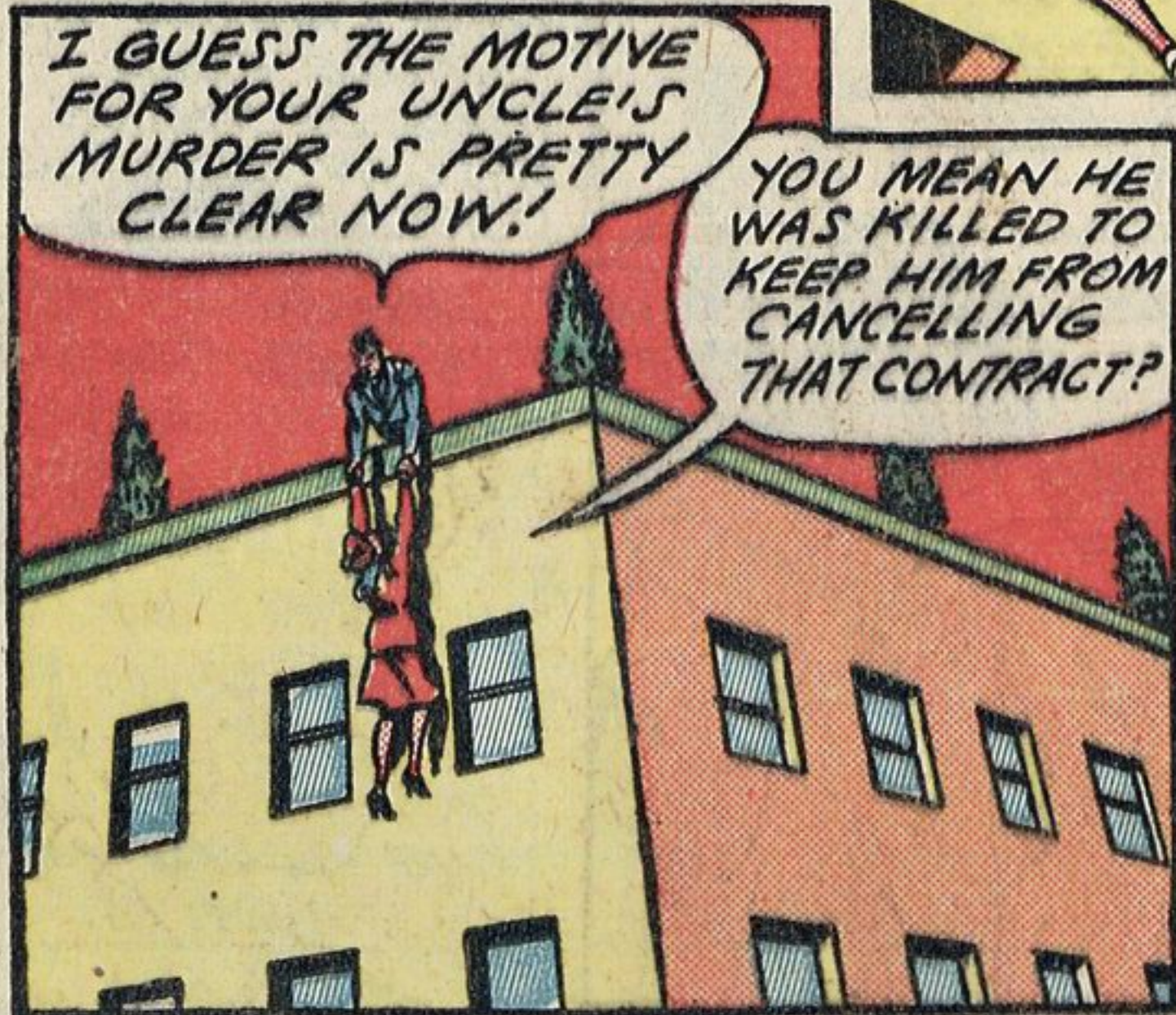
I'VE GOT YOU!

DICK, HE TRIED TO KILL ME!



SLACKPUSS STUMBLES AGAINST NANCY THROWING HER BACKWARDS INTO SPACE...

A/EEE!



I GUESS THE MOTIVE FOR YOUR UNCLE'S MURDER IS PRETTY CLEAR NOW!

YOU MEAN HE WAS KILLED TO KEEP HIM FROM CANCELLING THAT CONTRACT?



THEN... YOU GENTLEMEN HAVE SOME TALKING TO DO -- MR. KERNS WAS MURDERED THIS AFTERNOON AND NANCY ALMOST DIED A FEW MINUTES AGO. NOW, WHERE WERE YOU AT 1.30 THIS AFTERNOON?

AT 1:30 TODAY I WAS HAVING LUNCH WITH SOME FRIENDS AT A PRIVATE CLUB!



SLACKPUSS SAYS--

I SPENT ALL AFTERNOON IN MY OFFICE! YOU CAN CHECK THAT EASILY! AND, I'M SORRY, MISS KERNS-- I HAD NO INTENTION OF KNOCKING YOU OFF! I

HOPE YOU'LL BELIEVE ME!



AL GOSS' ALIBI IS...

LET'S SEE-- OH, YES-- I WAS AT MY BANK! I PURCHASED SOME BONDS... \$50,000 WORTH! THEY'LL TELL YOU!



RIBEL IN--

SEÑOR, WITH SOME FRIENDS FROM THE CONSULATE, I ENJOYED A BASEBALL GAME! THEY WILL VOUCH FOR ME!



AND MATTY SAYS--

I SPEND EVERY SATURDAY WITH MY CHILDREN-- TODAY I TOOK THEM TO VISIT MY SISTER!

SO NOW WHAT?

I KNOW WHO IS THE MURDERER!



AUNT SARAH WHISPERS INTO DICK'S EAR.

WHO?

YOU KNOW?

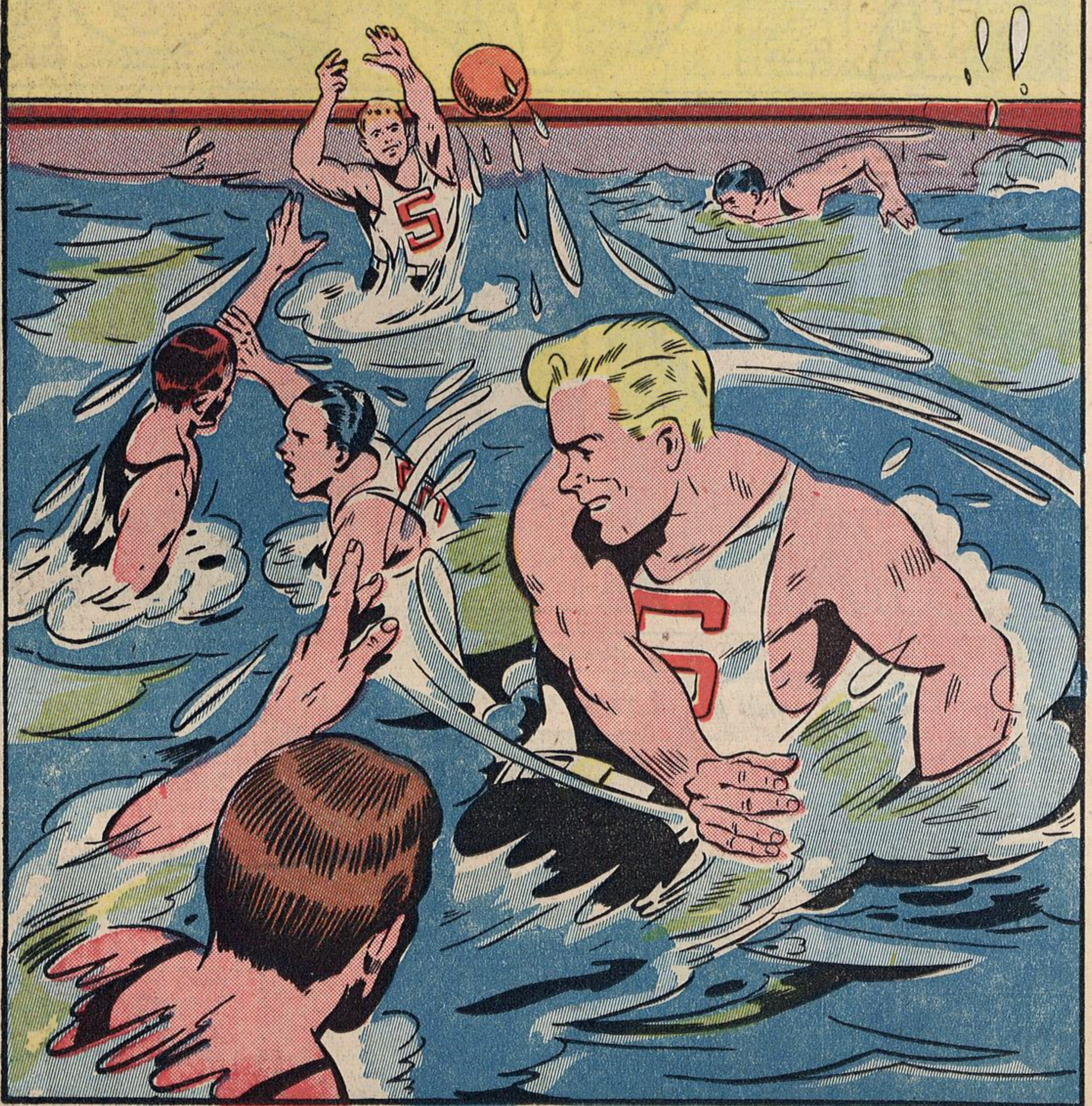
WHO IS IT?

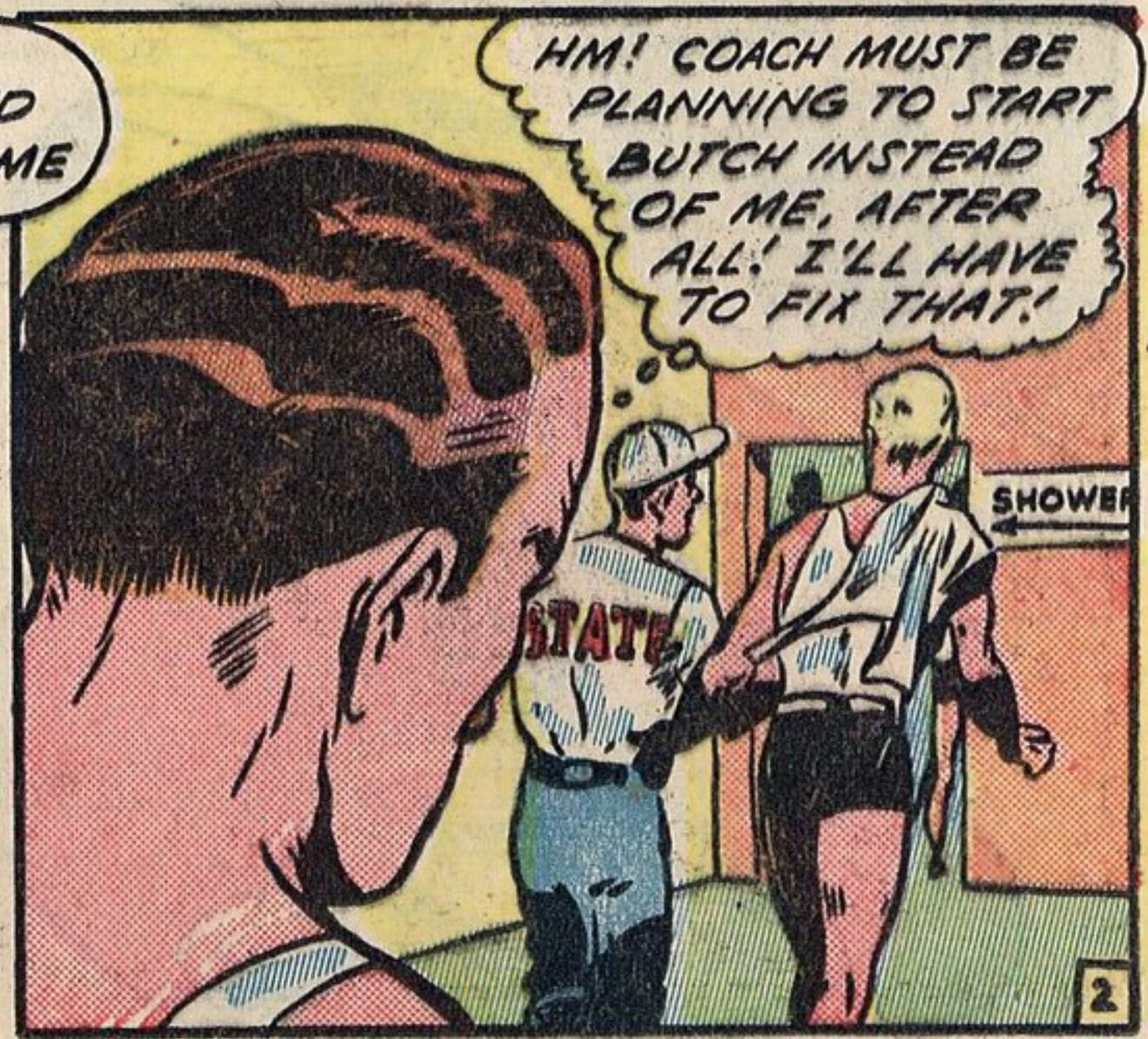
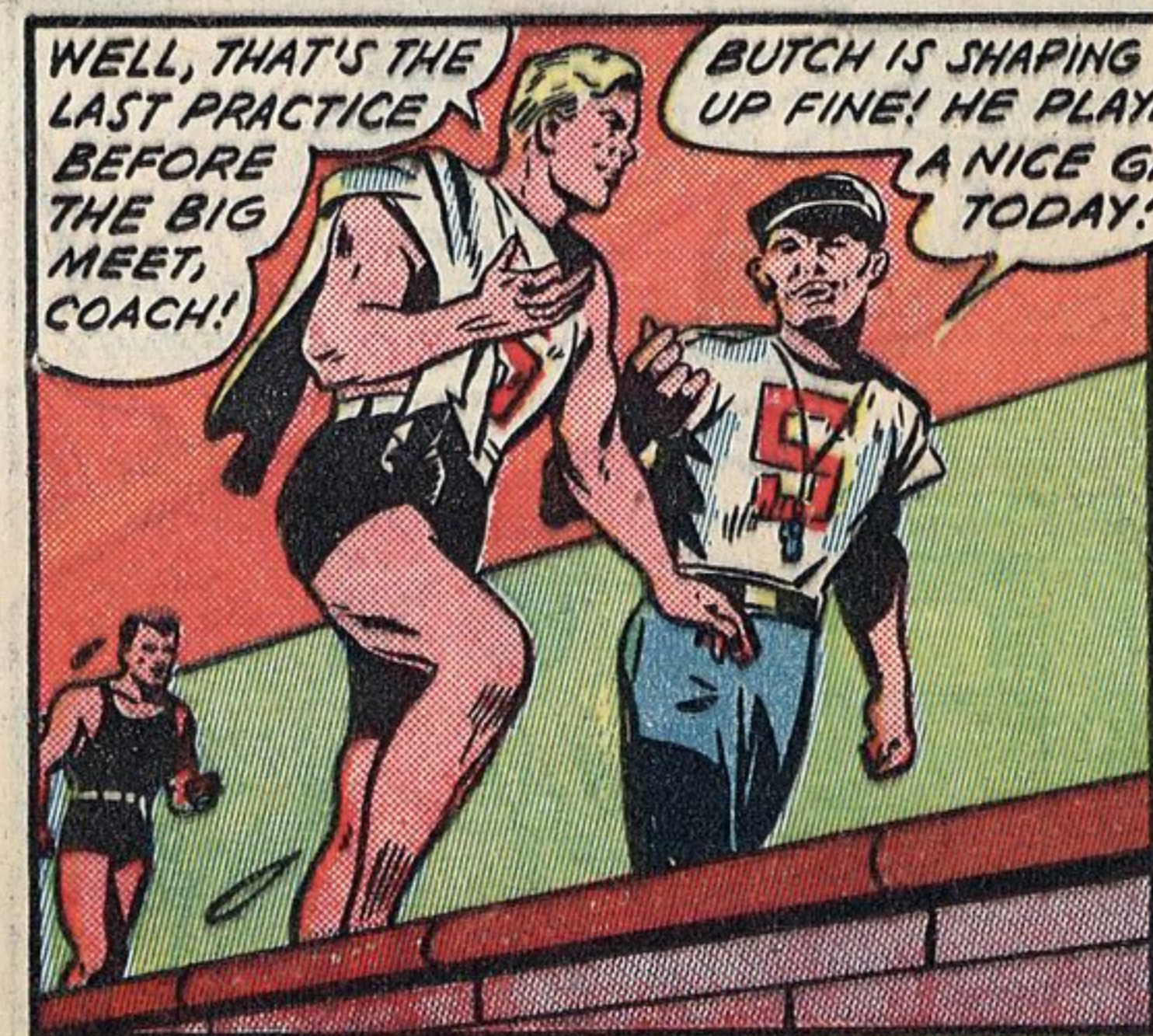
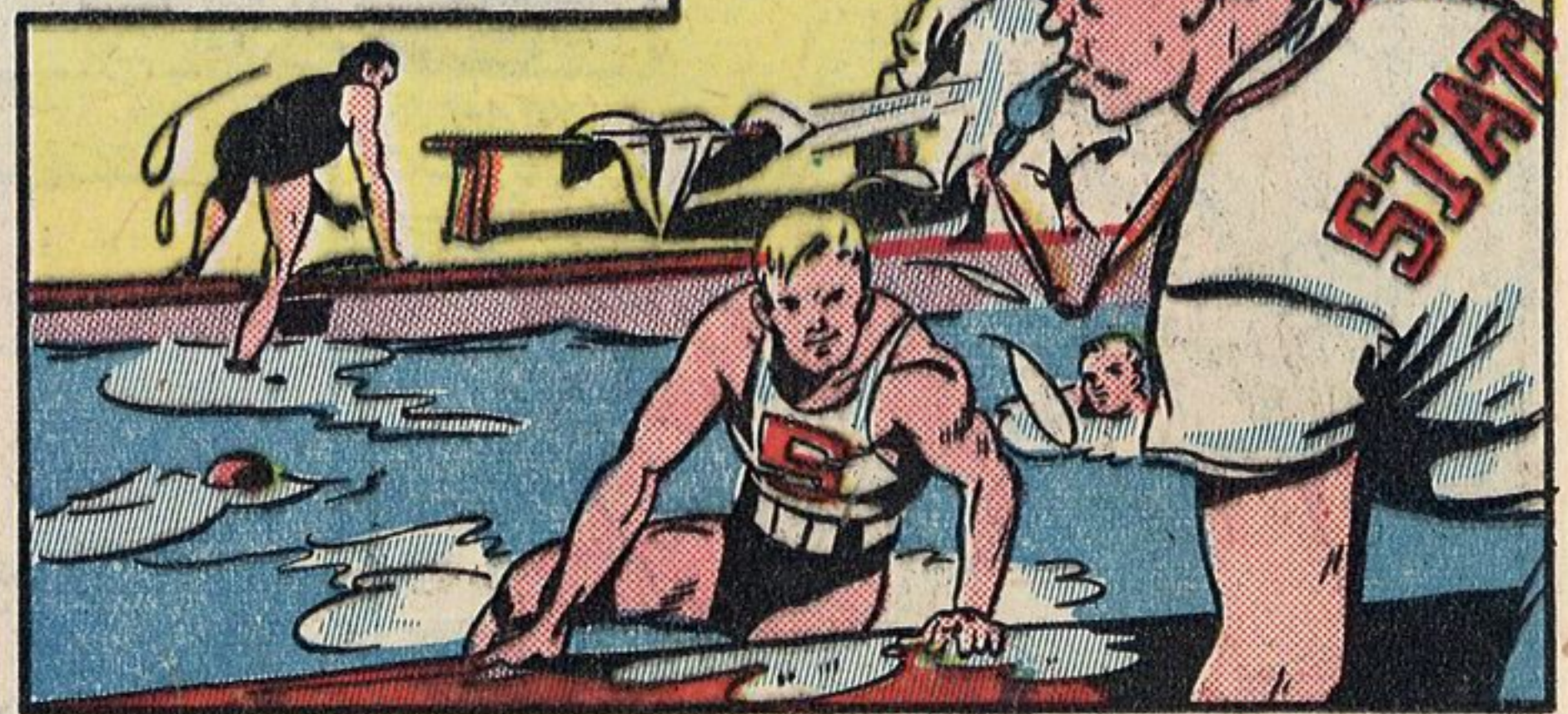
THAT'S IT!

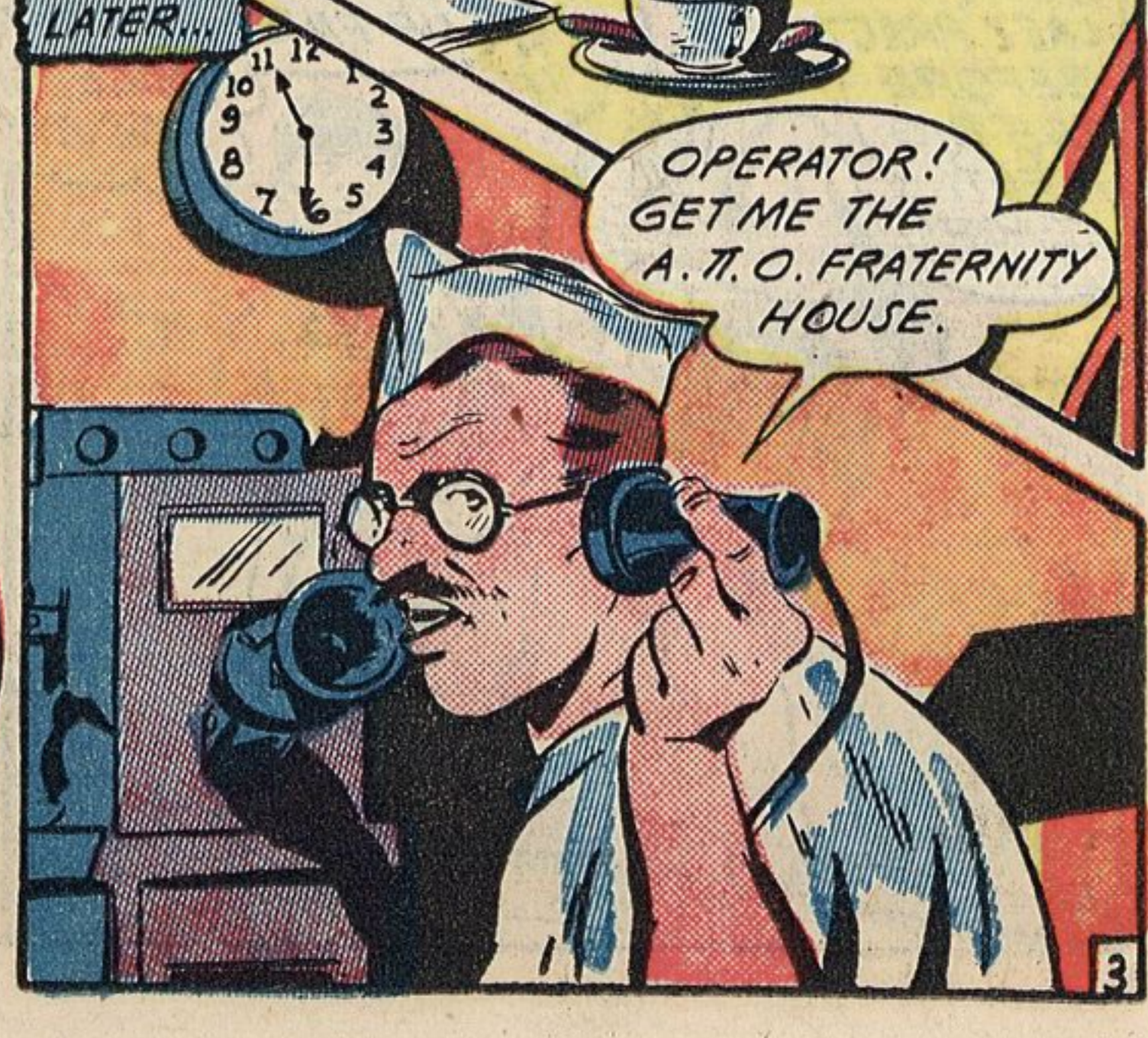
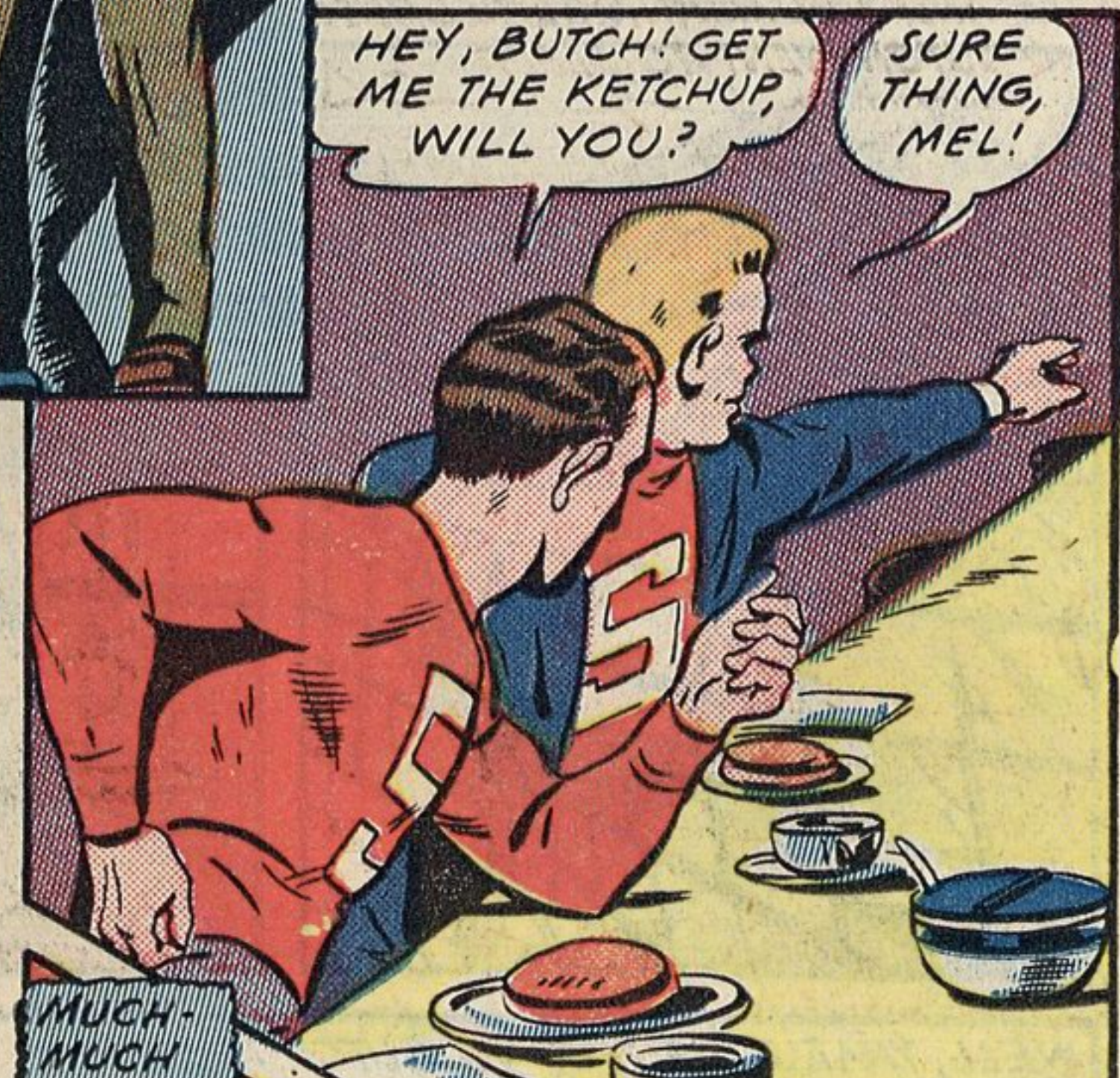
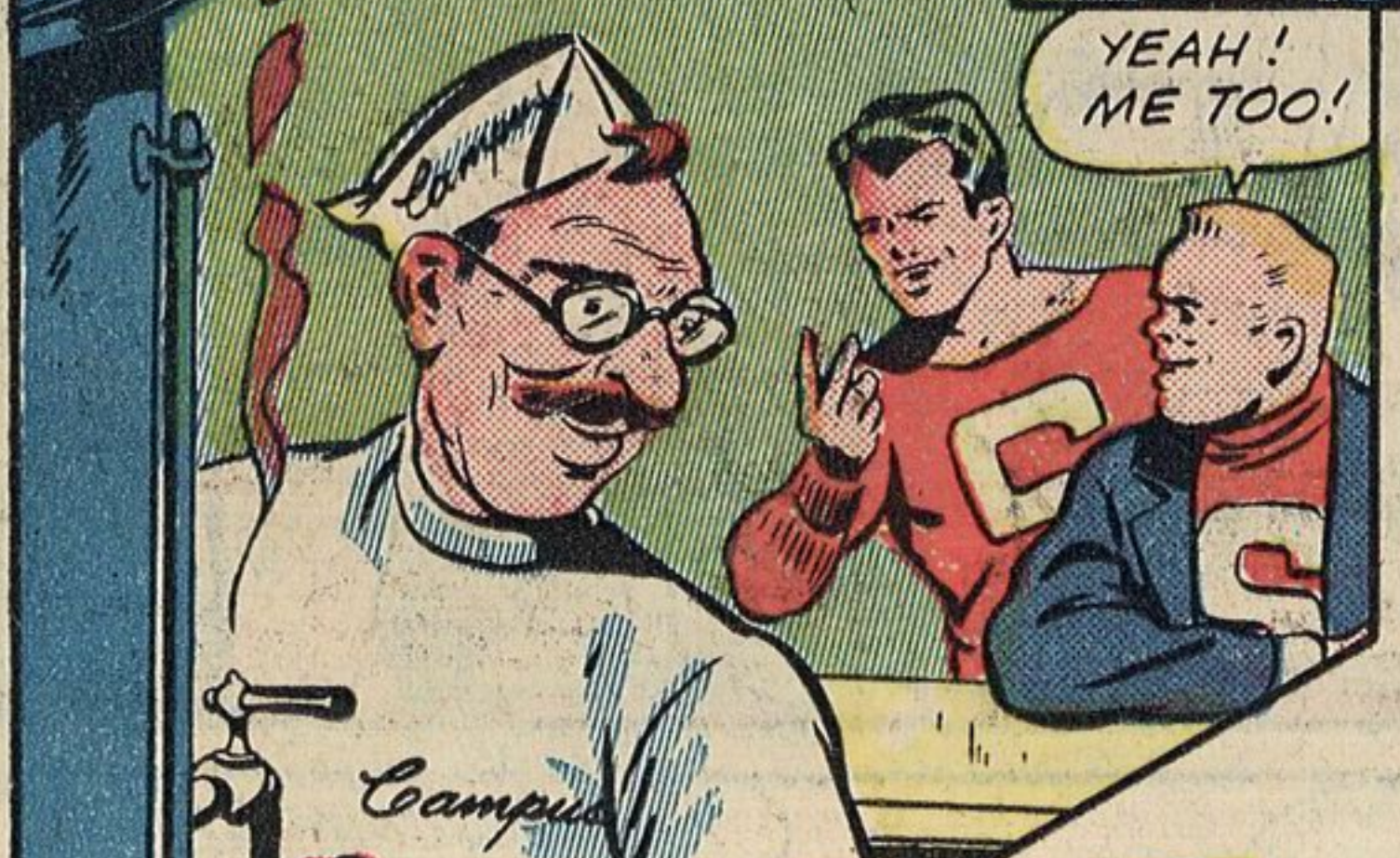
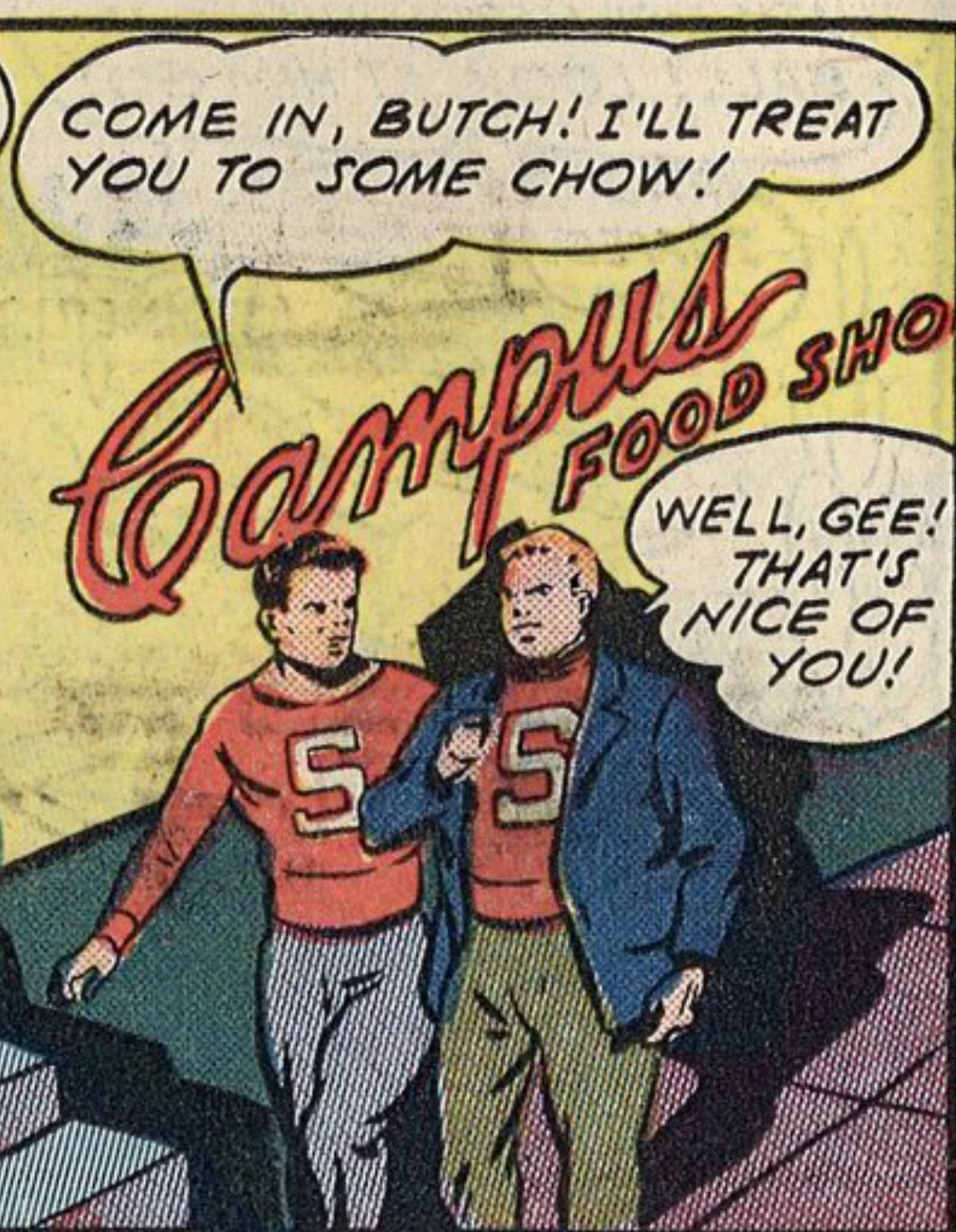
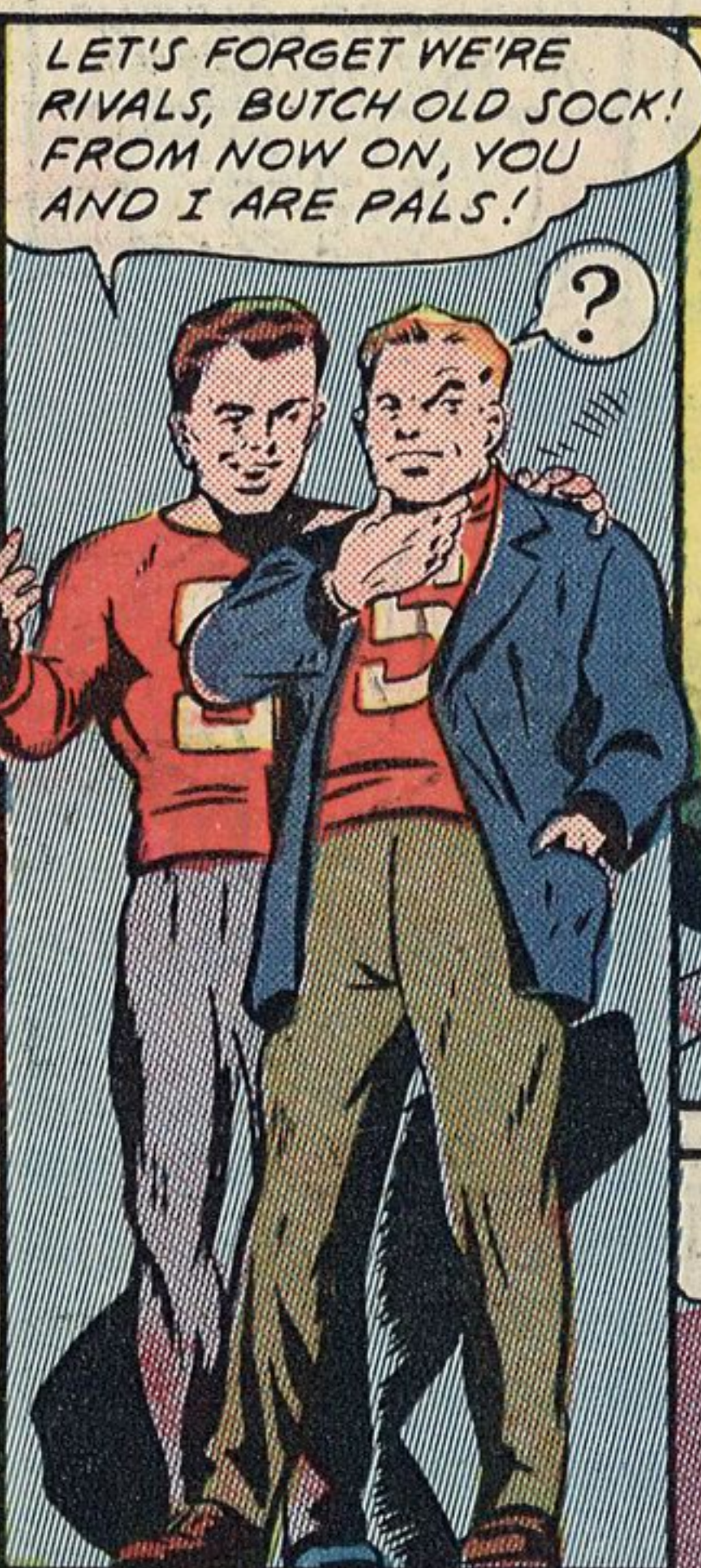


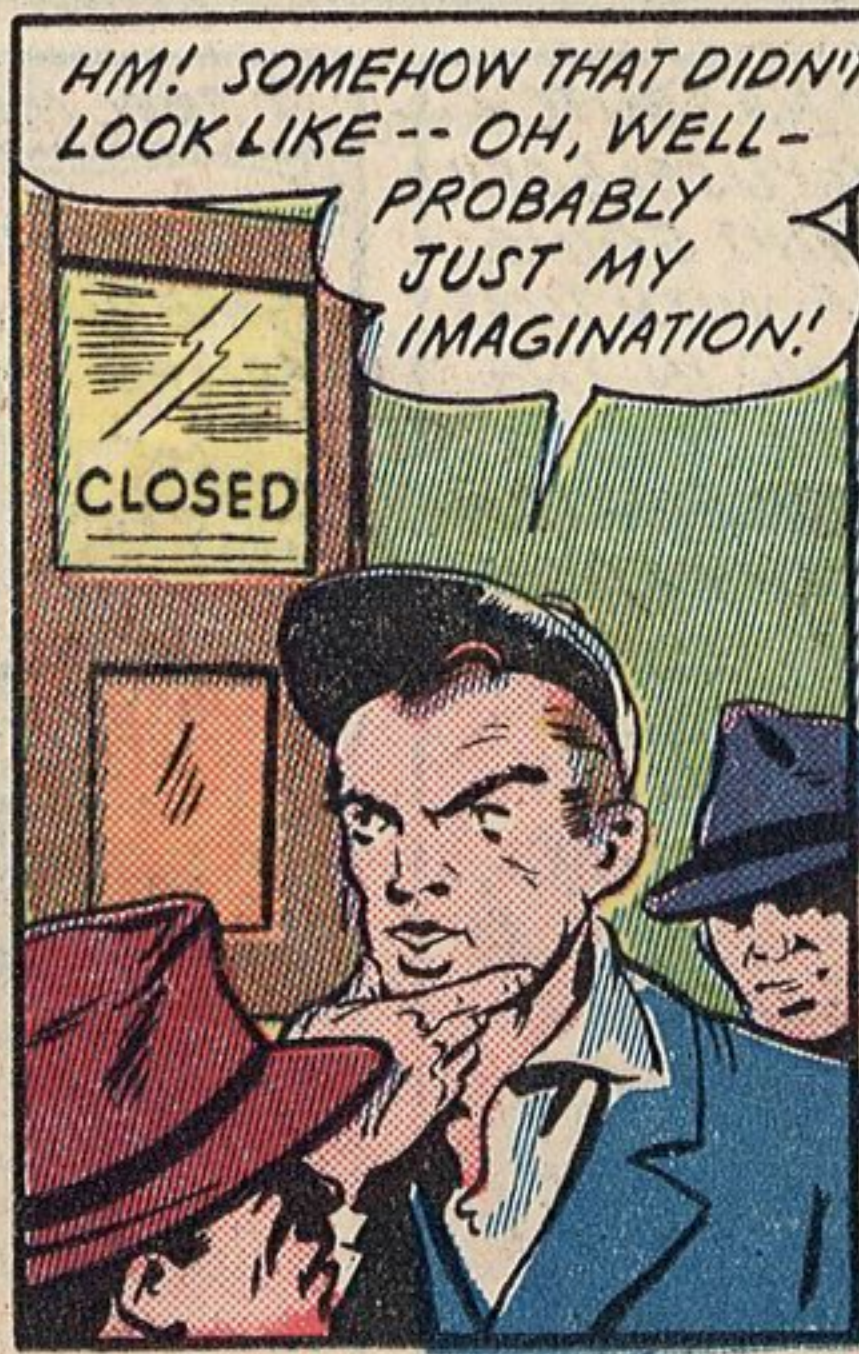
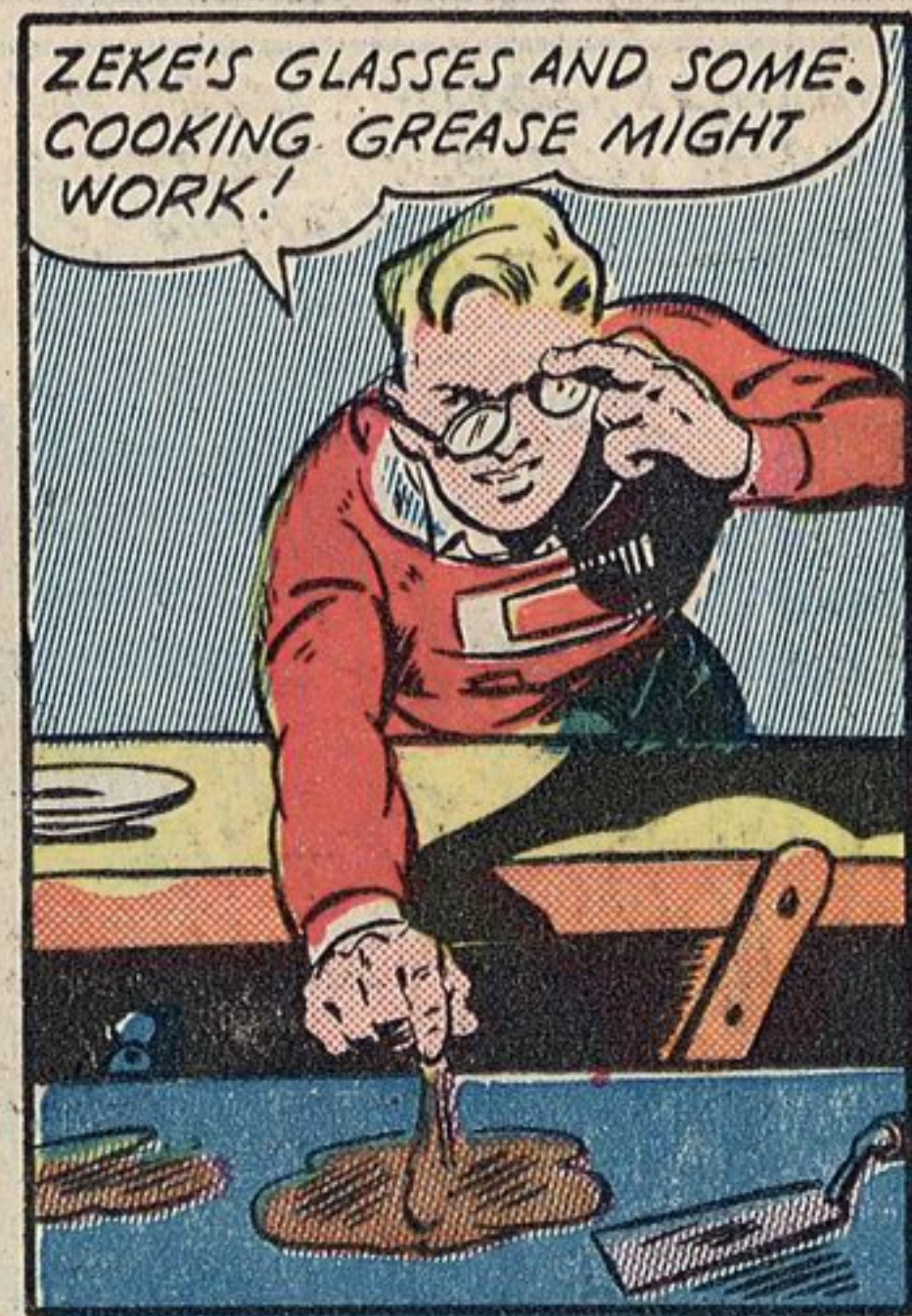
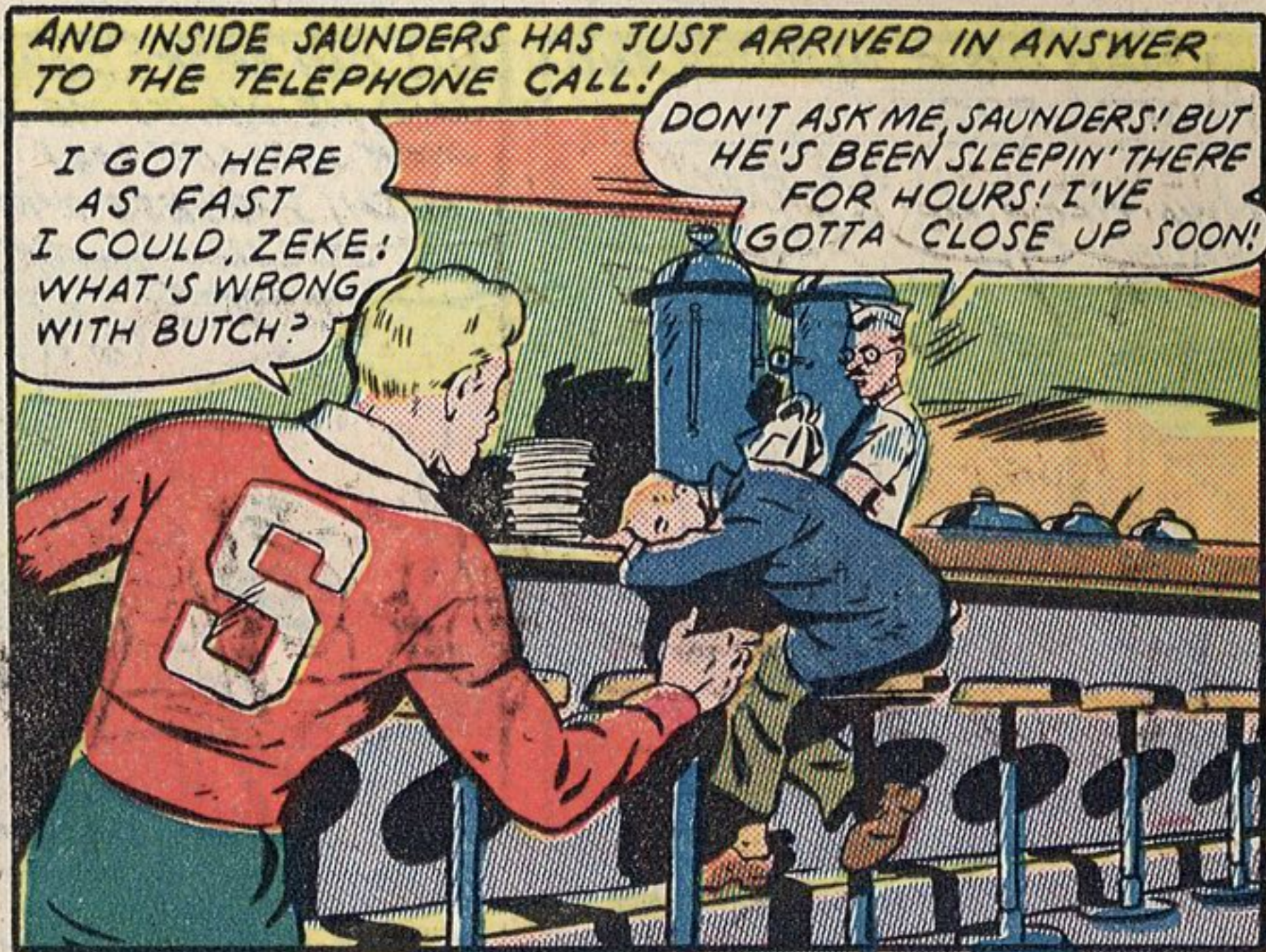
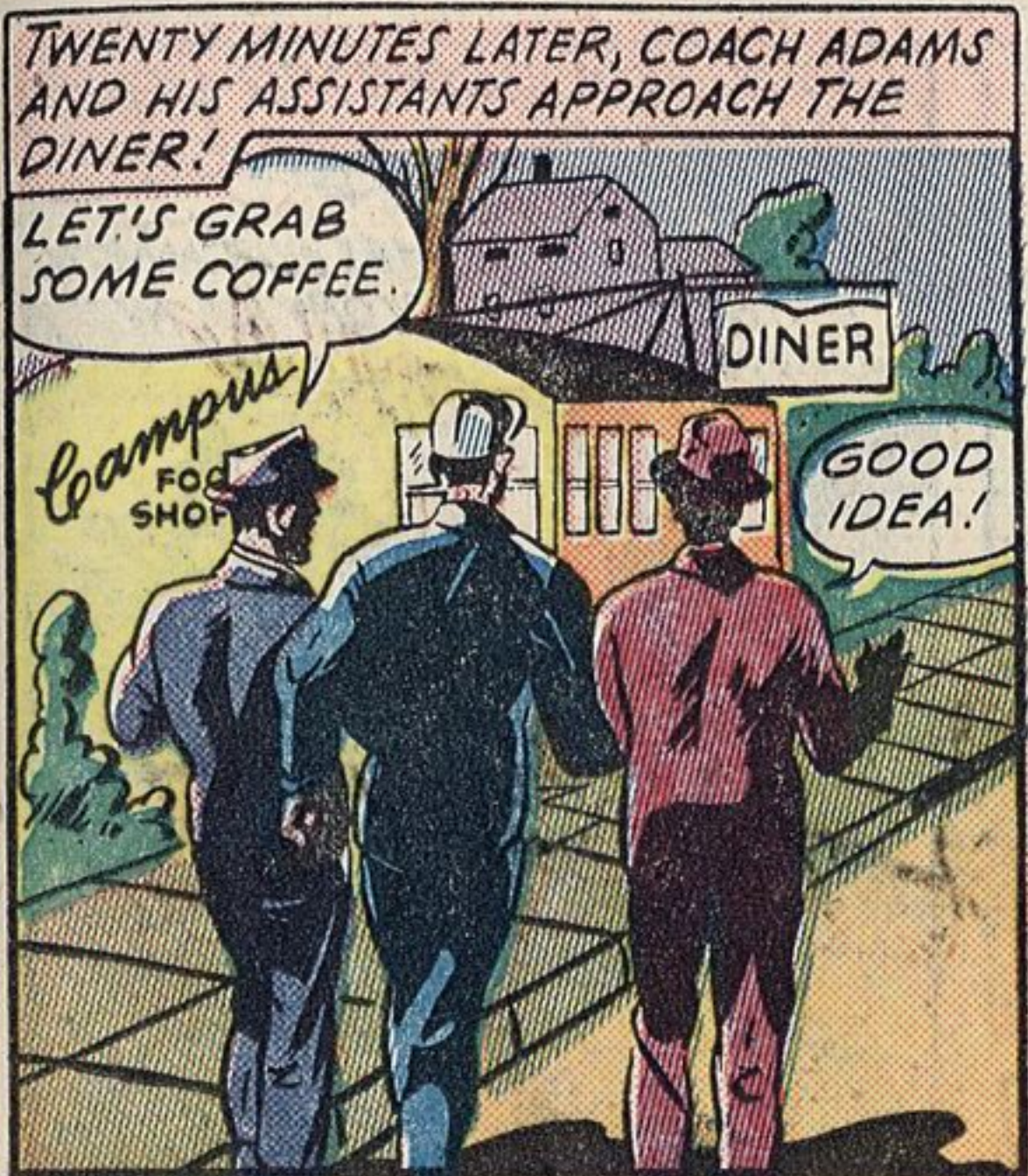
WHICH OF THESE MEN COMMITTED THE CRIME? WHAT WERE THE CLUES (ALL OF THEM ARE AS OBVIOUS TO YOU AS THEY WERE TO AUNT SARAH), THAT POINTED HIM OUT? SEE IF YOU CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY BY YOURSELF-- THEN LOOK FOR THE ANSWER ON THE BOTTOM OF PAGE 25.

SAUNDERS OF STATE









THE NEXT NIGHT, IN BUTCH AND SANDY'S ROOM

WHO WAS THE 'PHONE CALL FROM?

OH, BOY! IT WAS THE COACH!



HIS CAR BROKE DOWN AND HE WANTS ME TO PICK HIM UP! ME! GOSH, I GUESS I'M IN SOLID!



LATER, AT A DESERTED ROADHOUSE

HA! HA! HERE COMES BUTCH NOW! I'D KNOW THAT JALOPY OF HIS ANYWHERE!



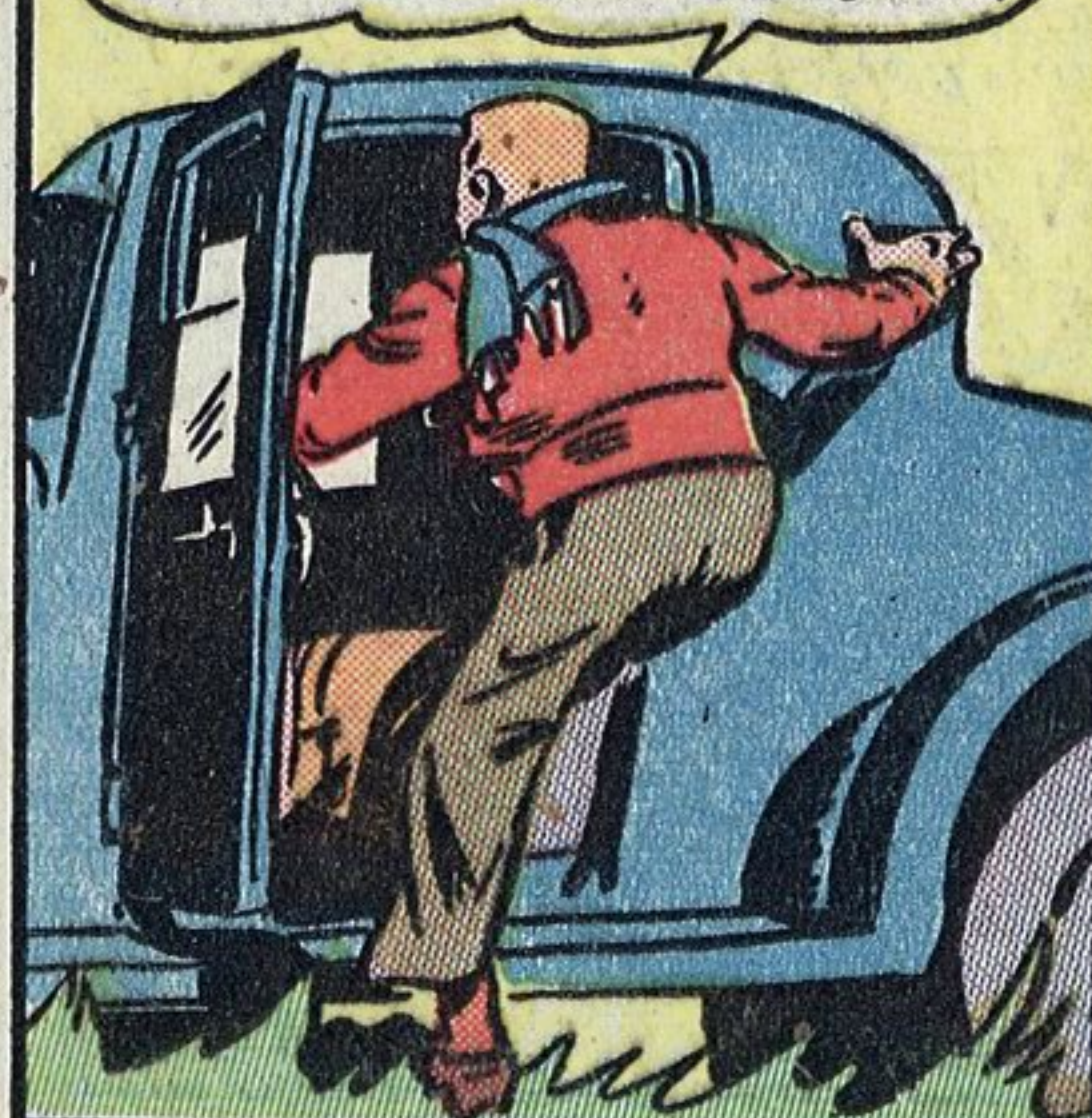
GOSH, IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF THE COACH IS HERE! WONDER IF I GOT HIS MESSAGE RIGHT!



AS BUTCH LEAVES HIS CAR, A SHADOWY FIGURE POURS SAND INTO HIS GAS TANK!



WELL, "USELESS"! HE ISN'T HERE! WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK TO TOWN!



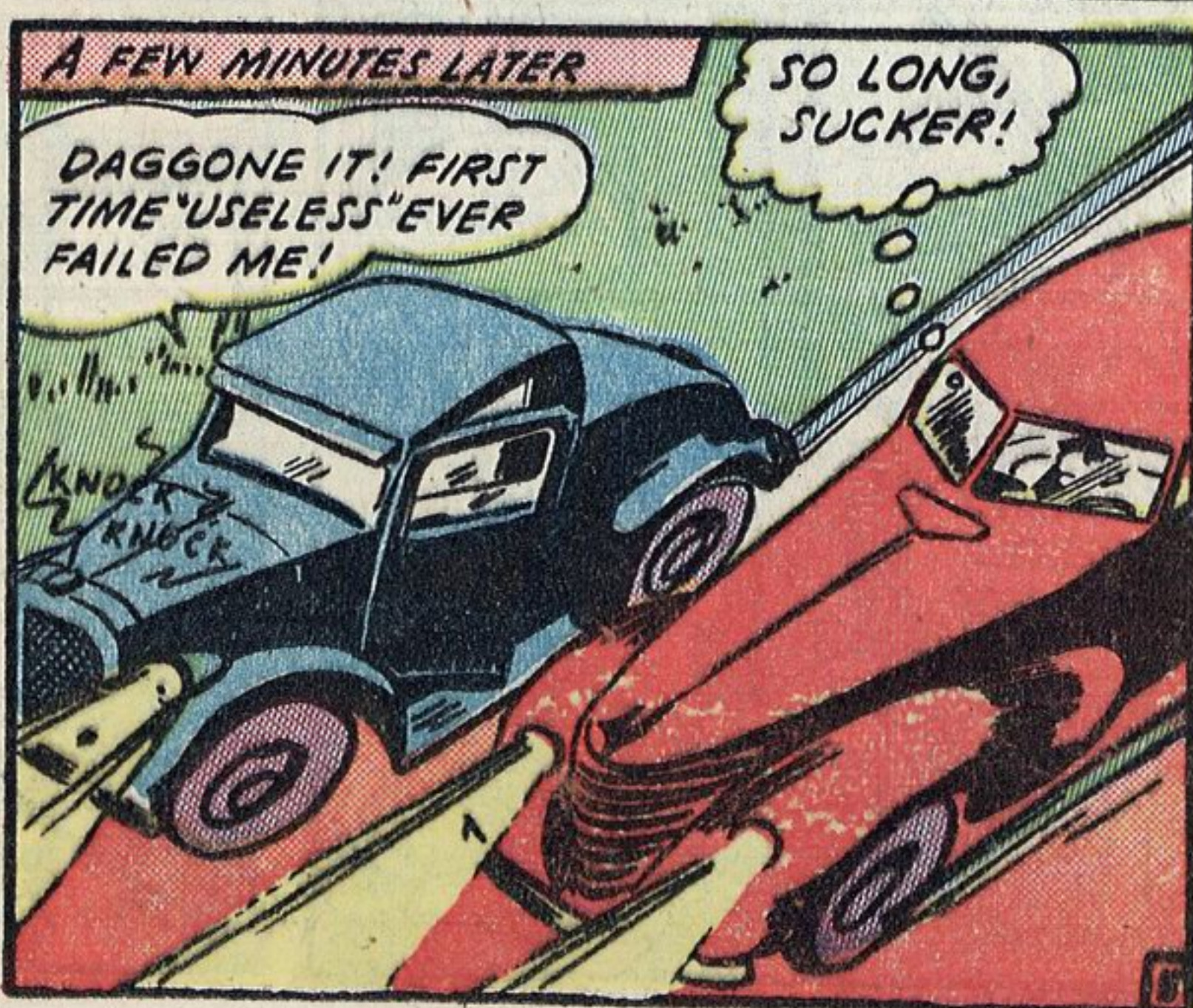
HA! HA! BUTCH AND "USELESS" AREN'T GOING FAR WITH THAT SAND IN THE GAS TANK! BOY! THAT WAS GOOD!

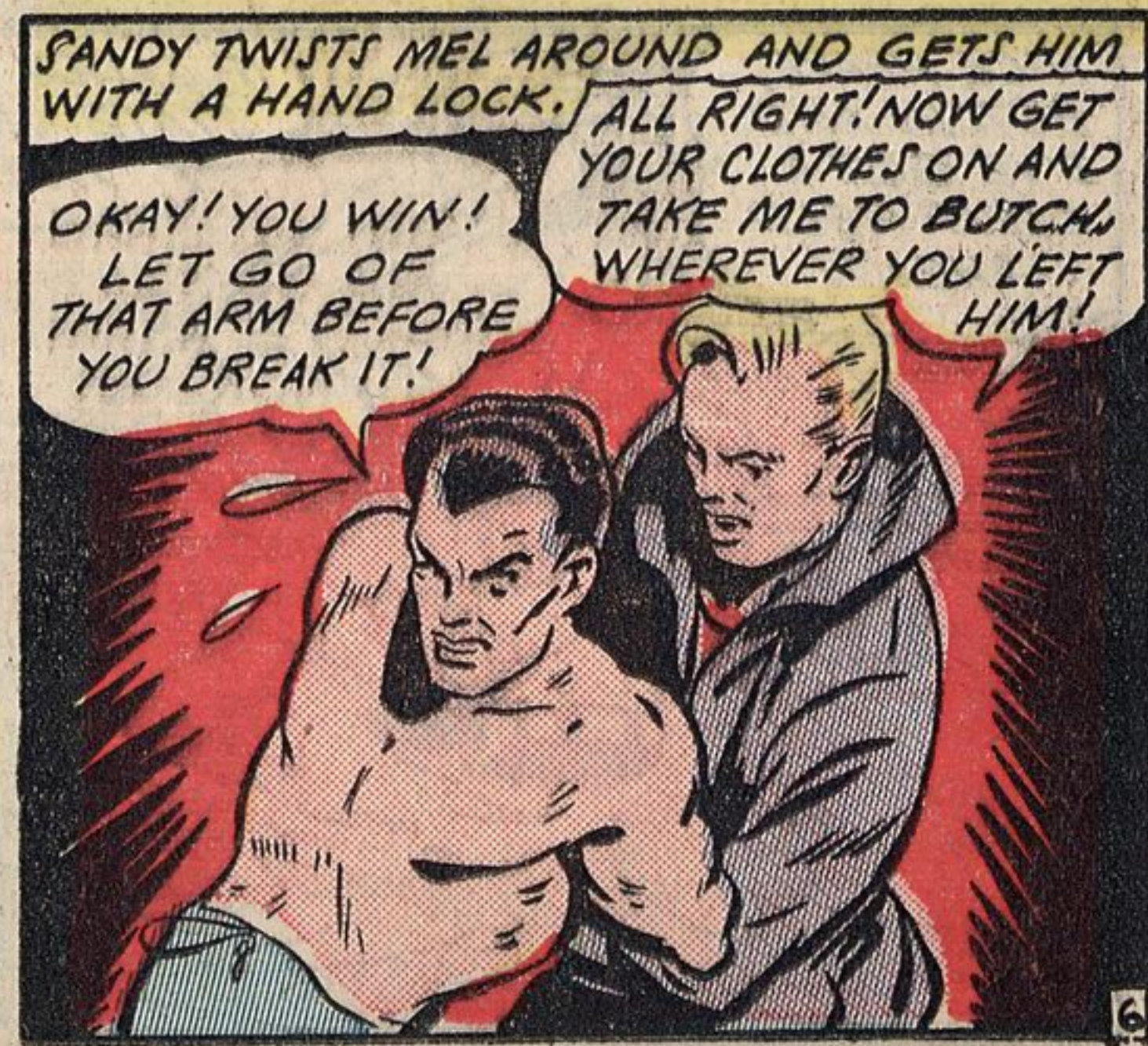
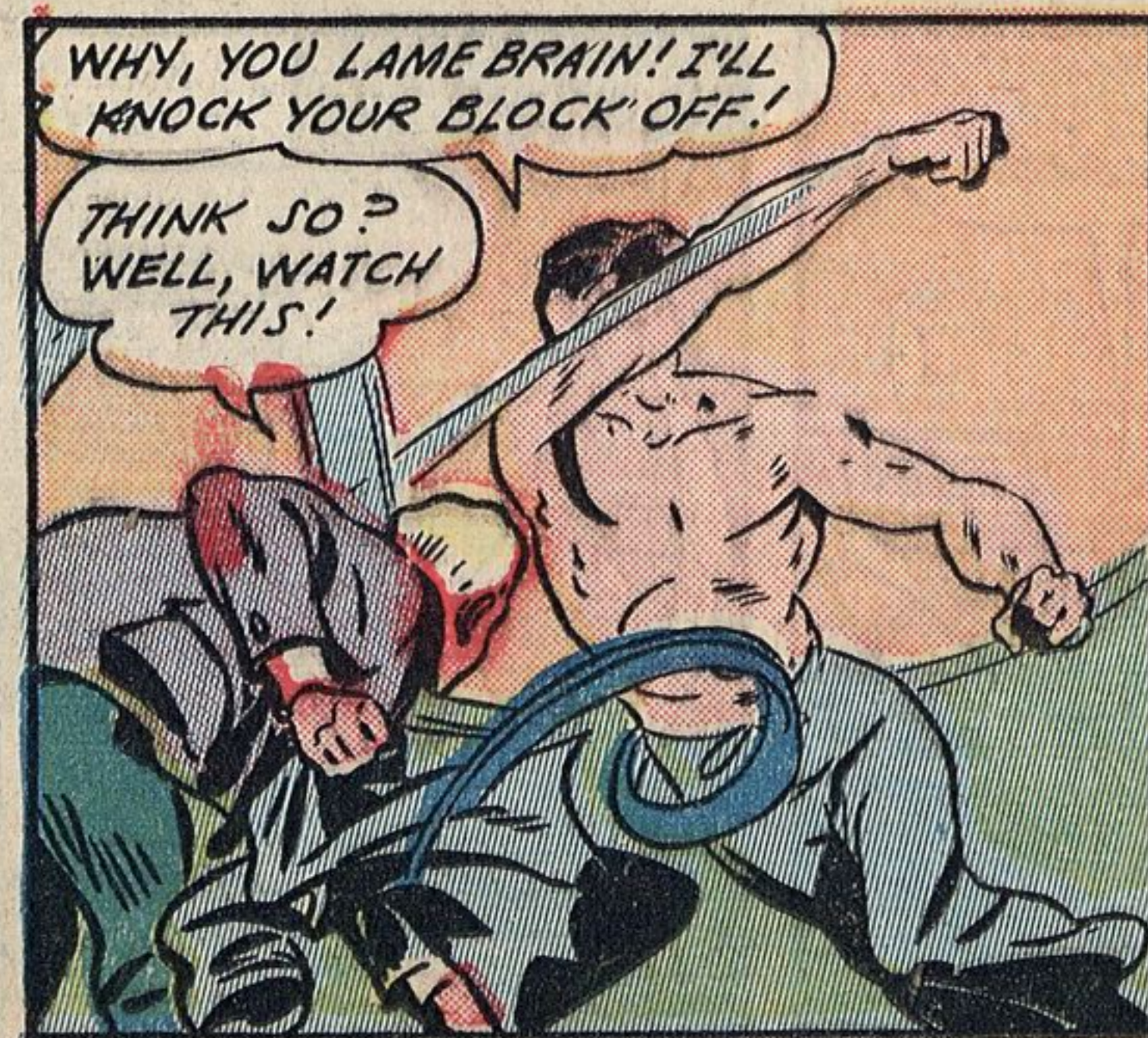
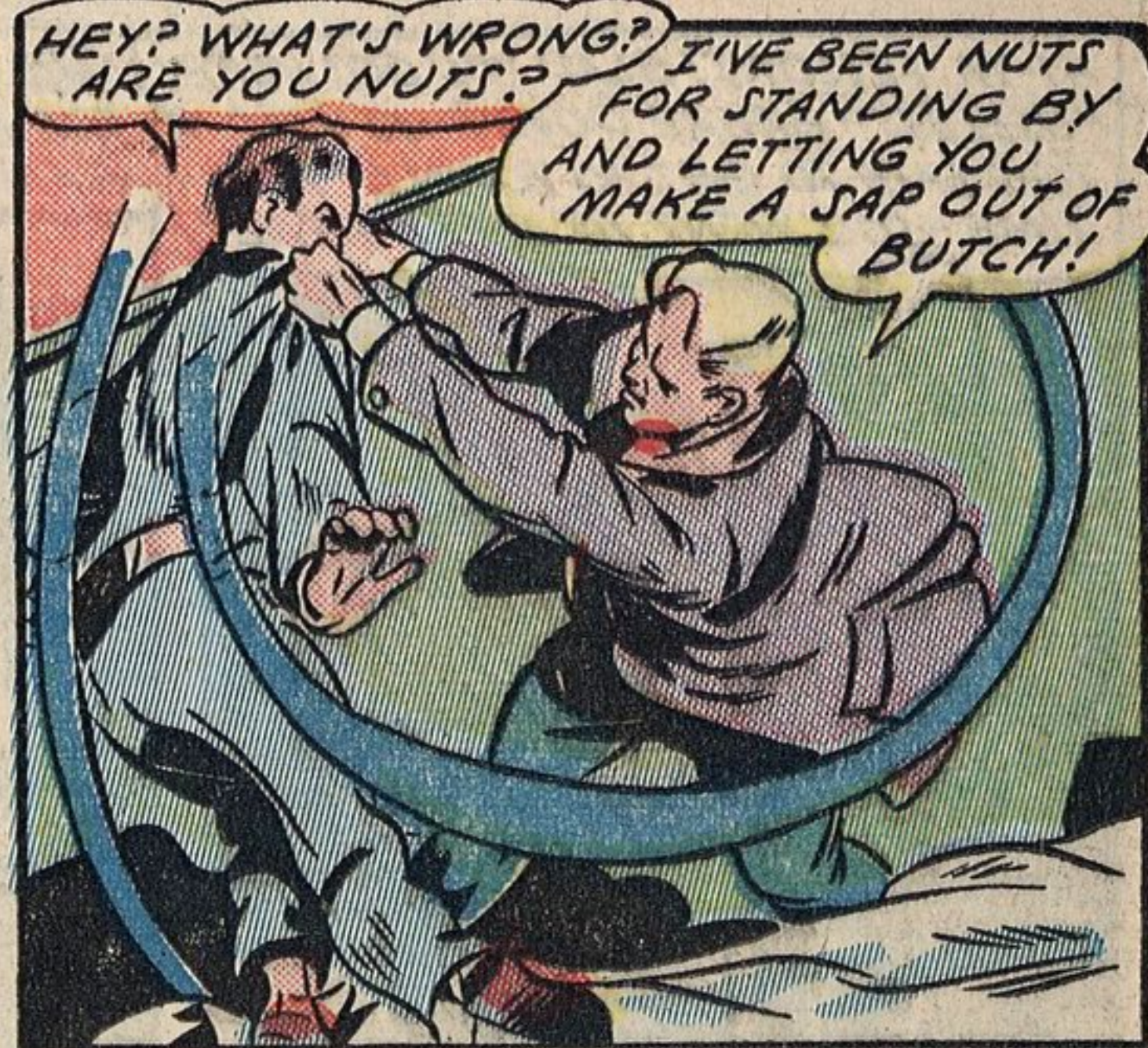
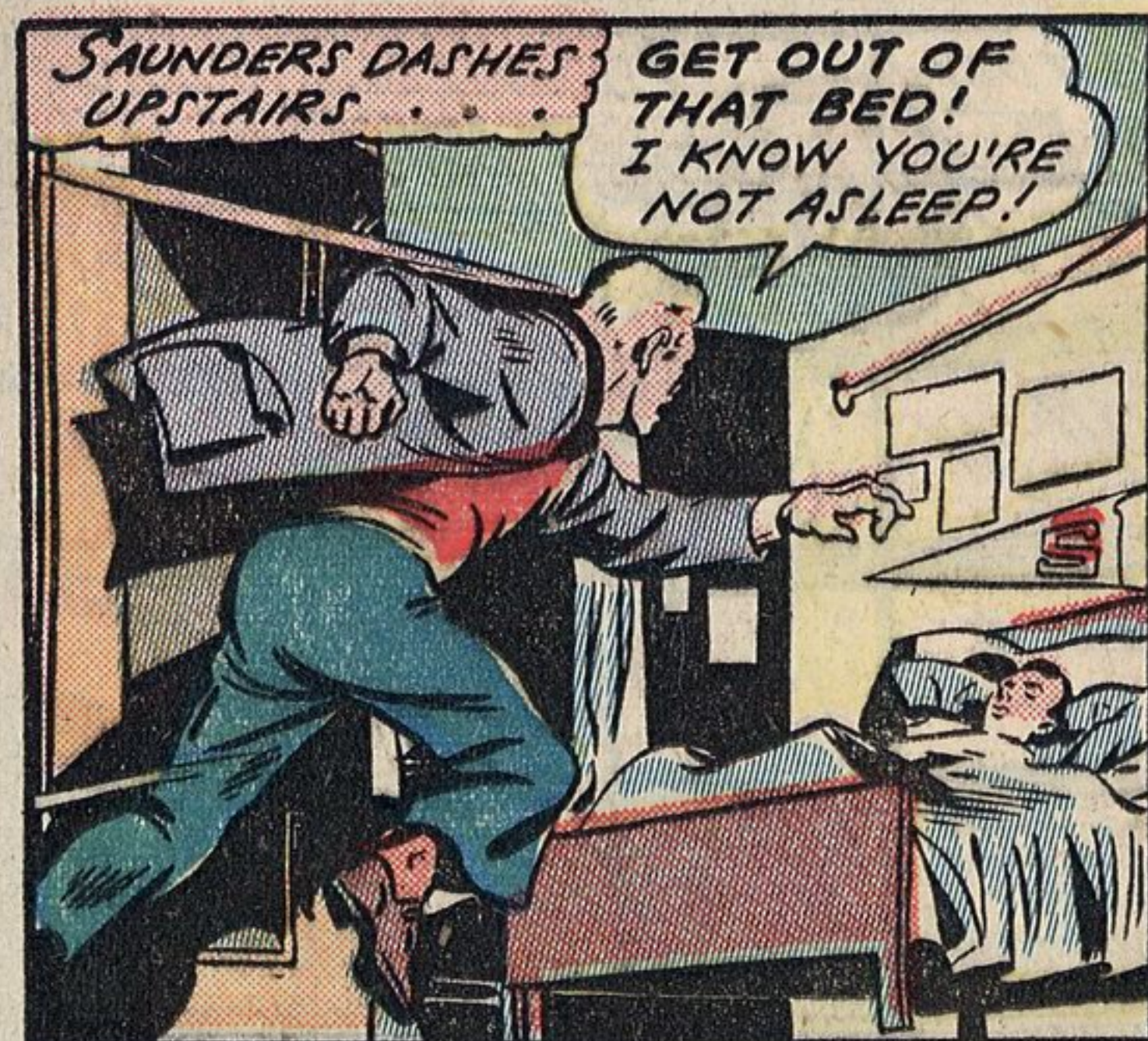
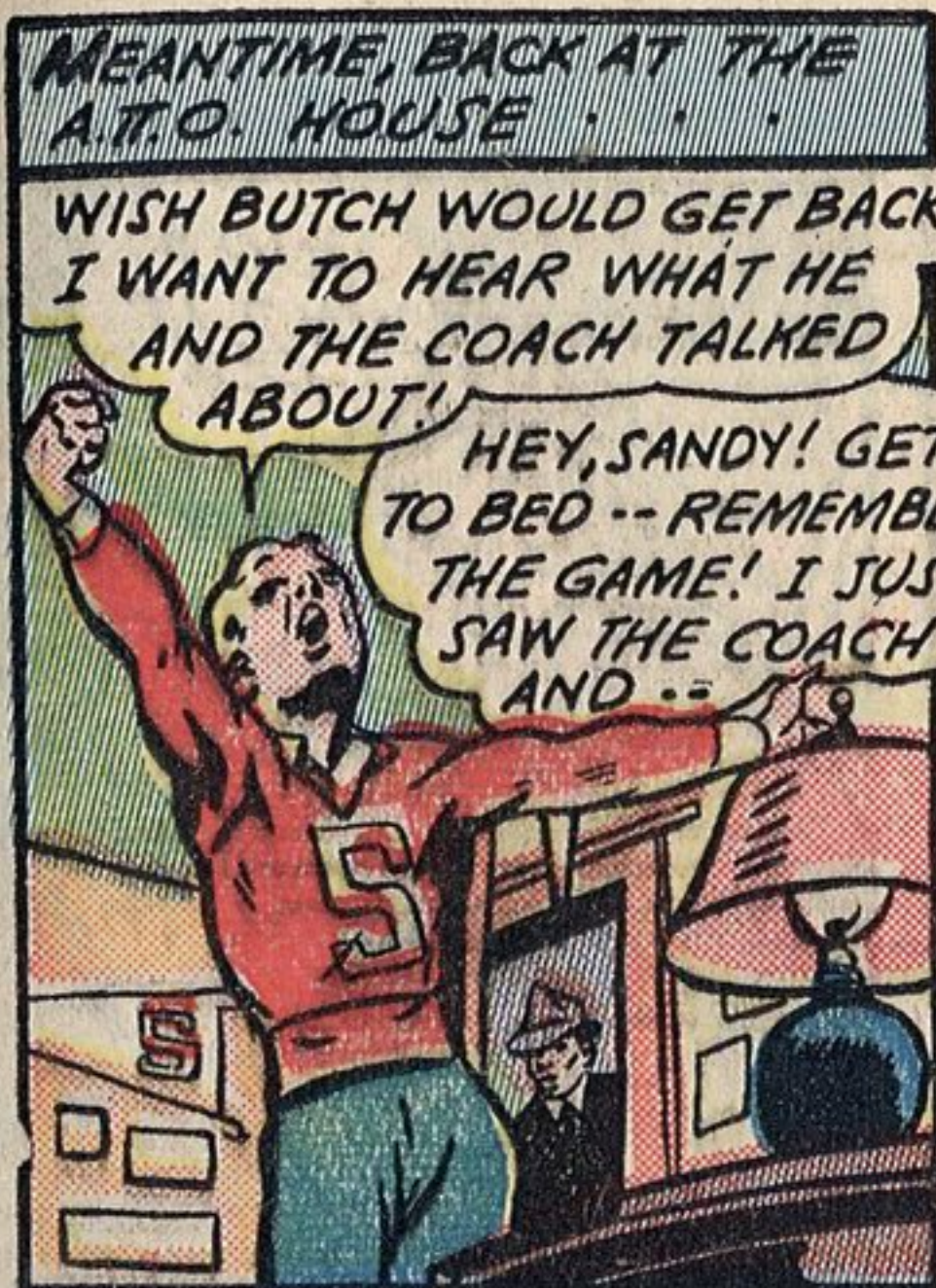


A FEW MINUTES LATER

DAGGONE IT! FIRST TIME "USELESS" EVER FAILED ME!

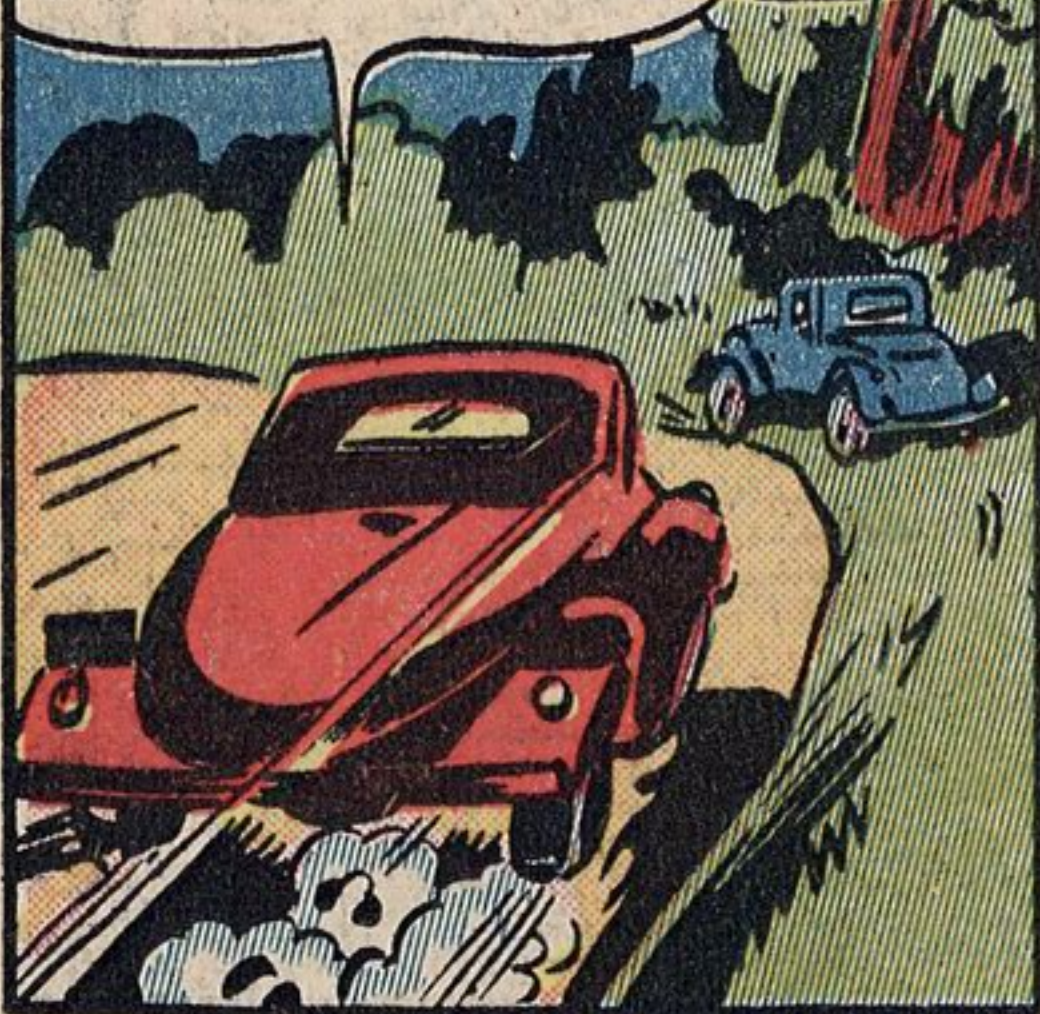
SO LONG, SUCKER!



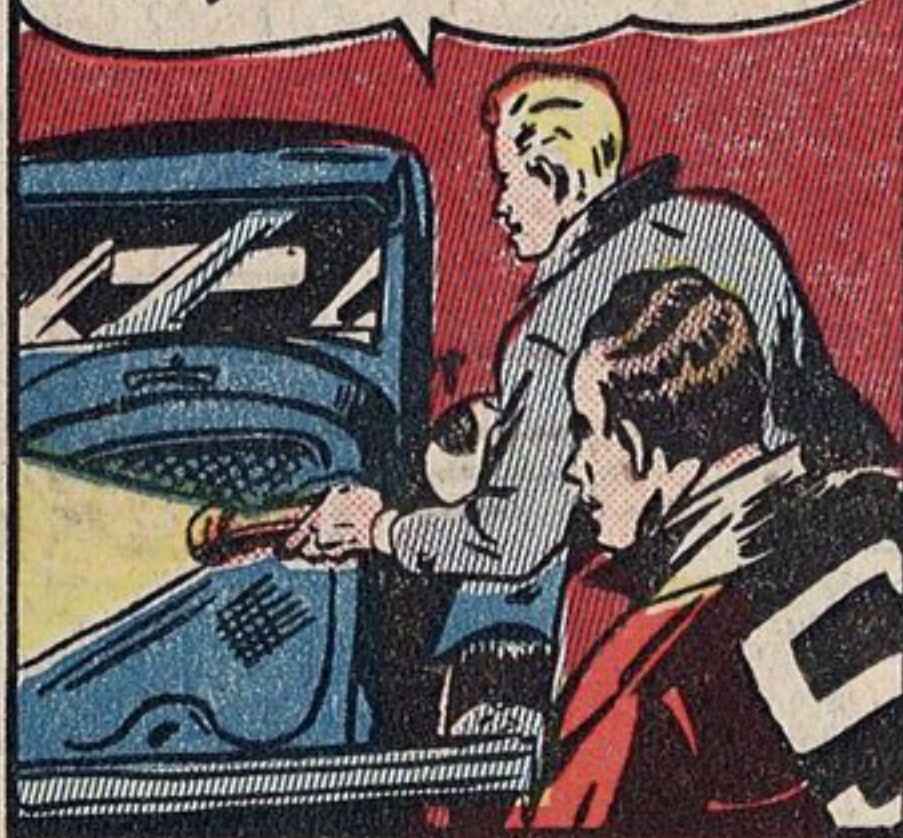


A HALF HOUR LATER . . .

SLOW DOWN, MEL! THERE'S HIS CAR! AND IT'S A GOOD THING FOR YOU!

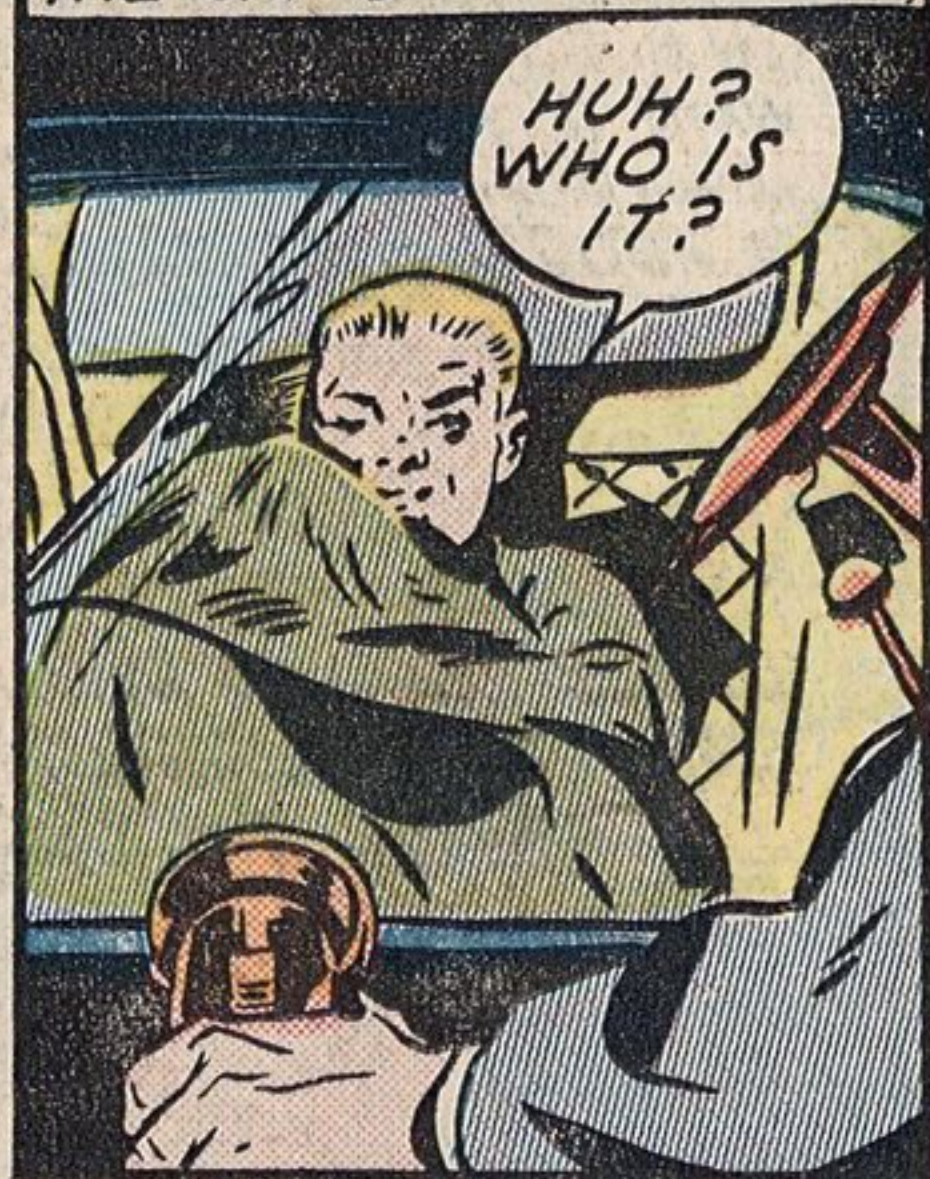


YOU KNEW IF HE WALKED ALL THE WAY BACK TO TOWN, HE'D BE TOO TIRED TO PLAY TOMORROW! HUH! HE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE AROUND HERE! NOW, WHERE'D HE GO!

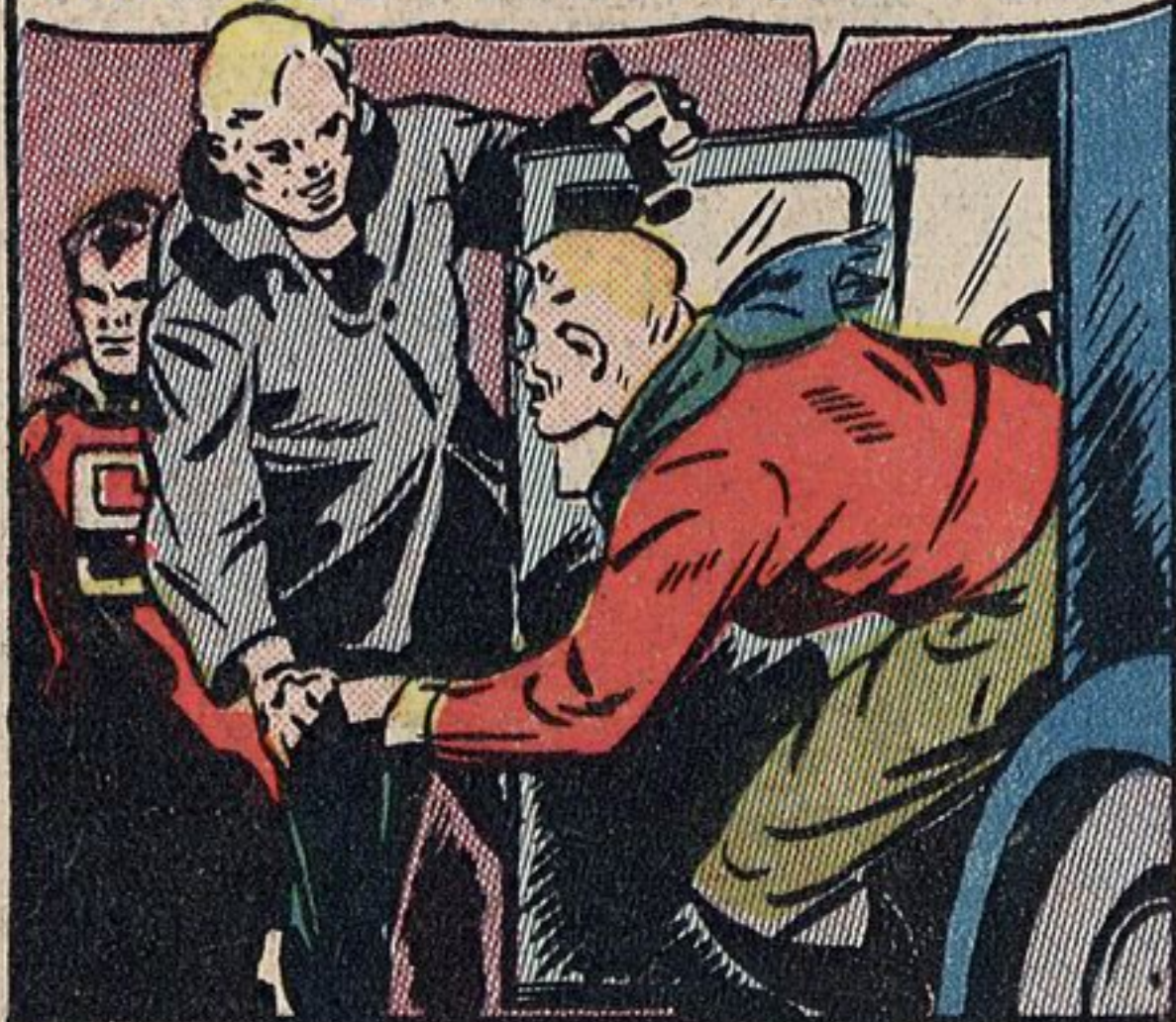


FLASHING THE LIGHT INTO THE CAR SANDY FINDS...

HUH? WHO IS IT?



HI-YA, FELLOWS! GLAD YOU GOT HERE! "USELESS" BROKE DOWN--IT WAS TOO LATE TO GET TO TOWN BY BED TIME--SO I WENT TO SLEEP HERE!



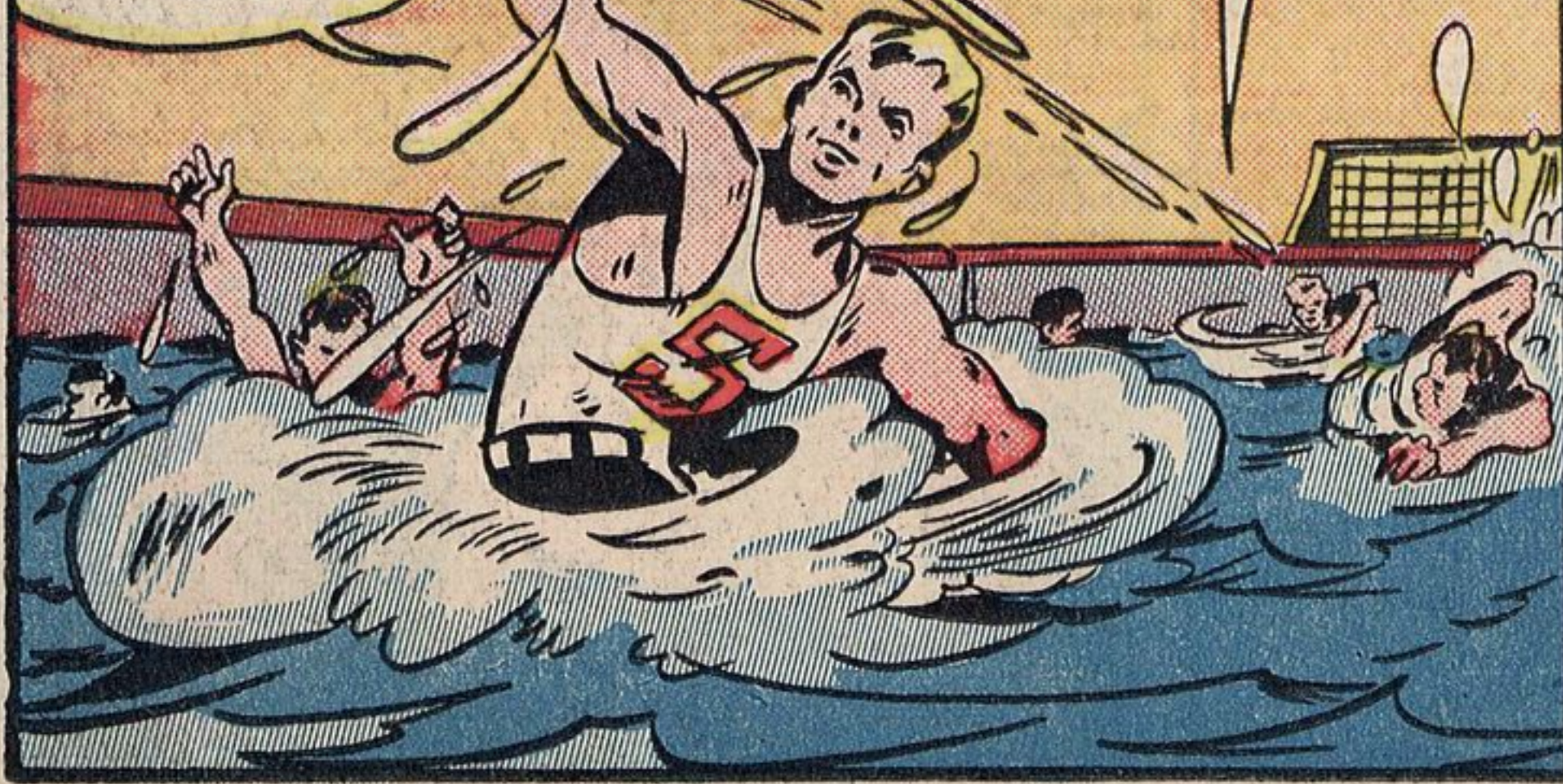
THE NEXT DAY--THE BIG GAME!



WOW! LOOK AT BUTCH STOP THAT BALL! HE'S HOT!

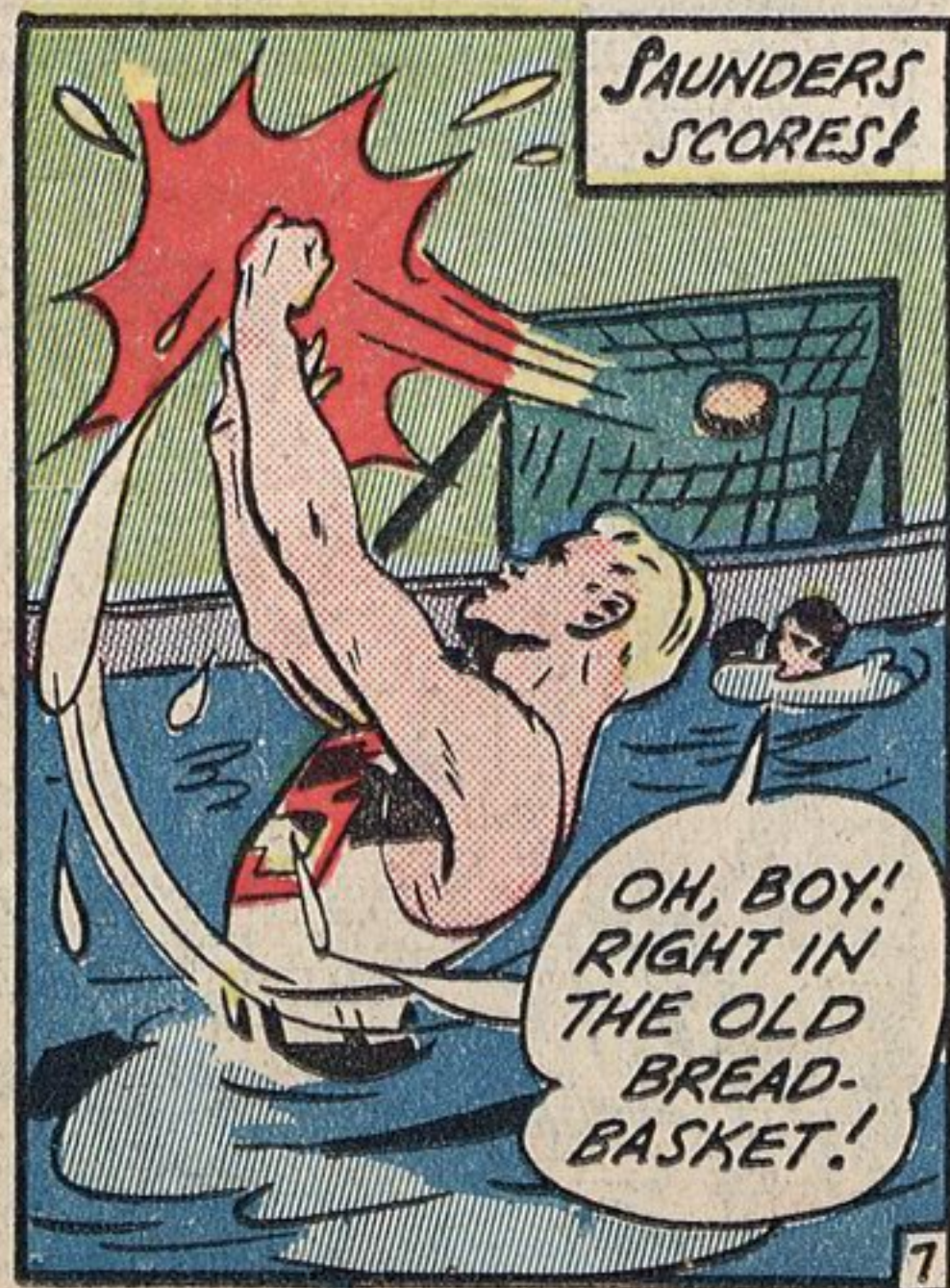
NICE HEAVE, BUTCH! AND I'VE GOT A CLEAR FIELD AHEAD!

IF SANDY MAKES IT, STATE WILL TAKE THE LEAD!



SAUNDERS SCORES!

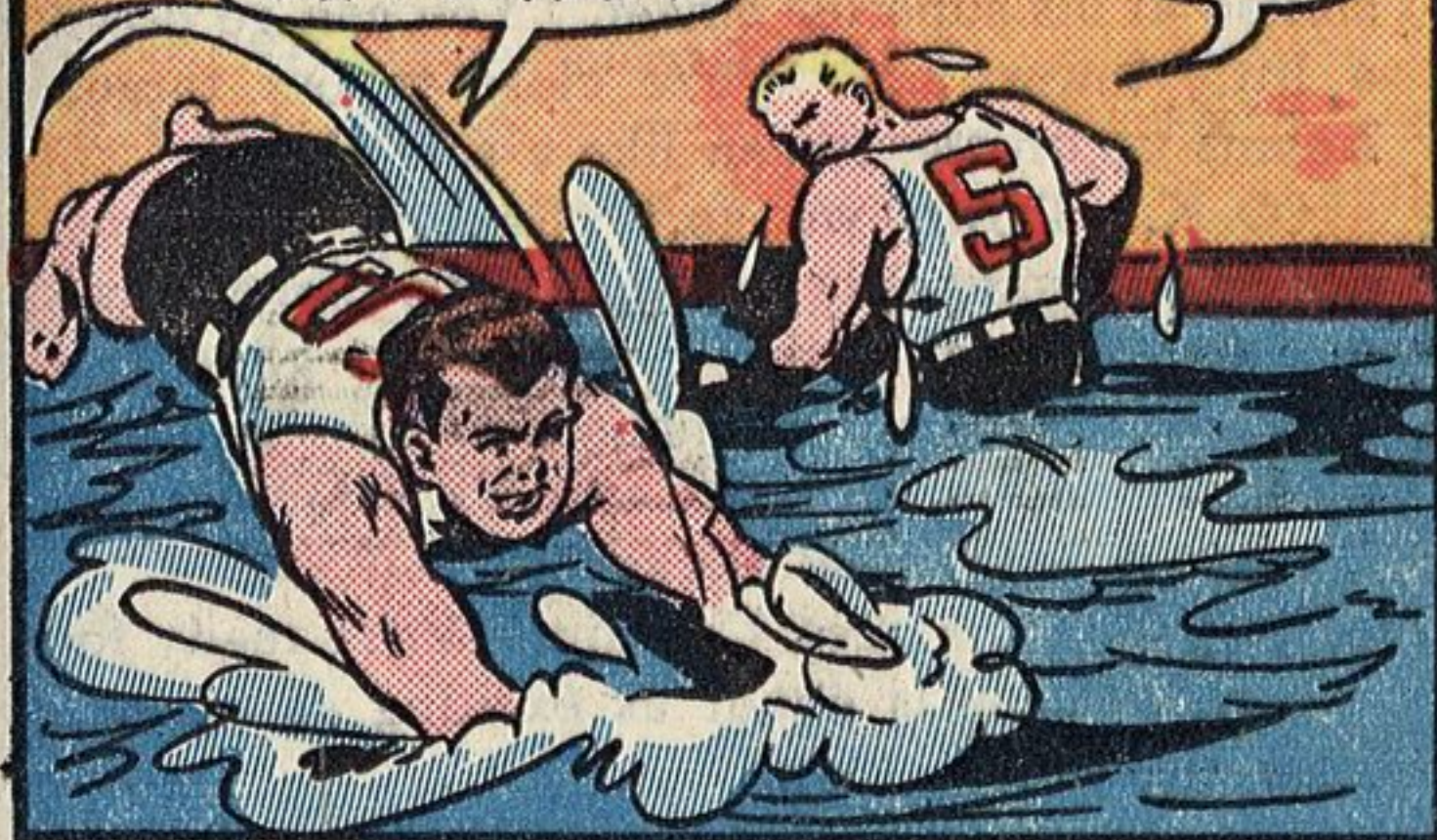
OH, BOY! RIGHT IN THE OLD BREAD-BASKET!



THE COACH PUTS MEL IN BUTCH'S POSITION
IN THE FADING MOMENTS OF THE GAME!

ABOUT TIME COACH PUT ME
IN! I'LL SHOW THESE MUGS
HOW THE GAME SHOULD
BE PLAYED!

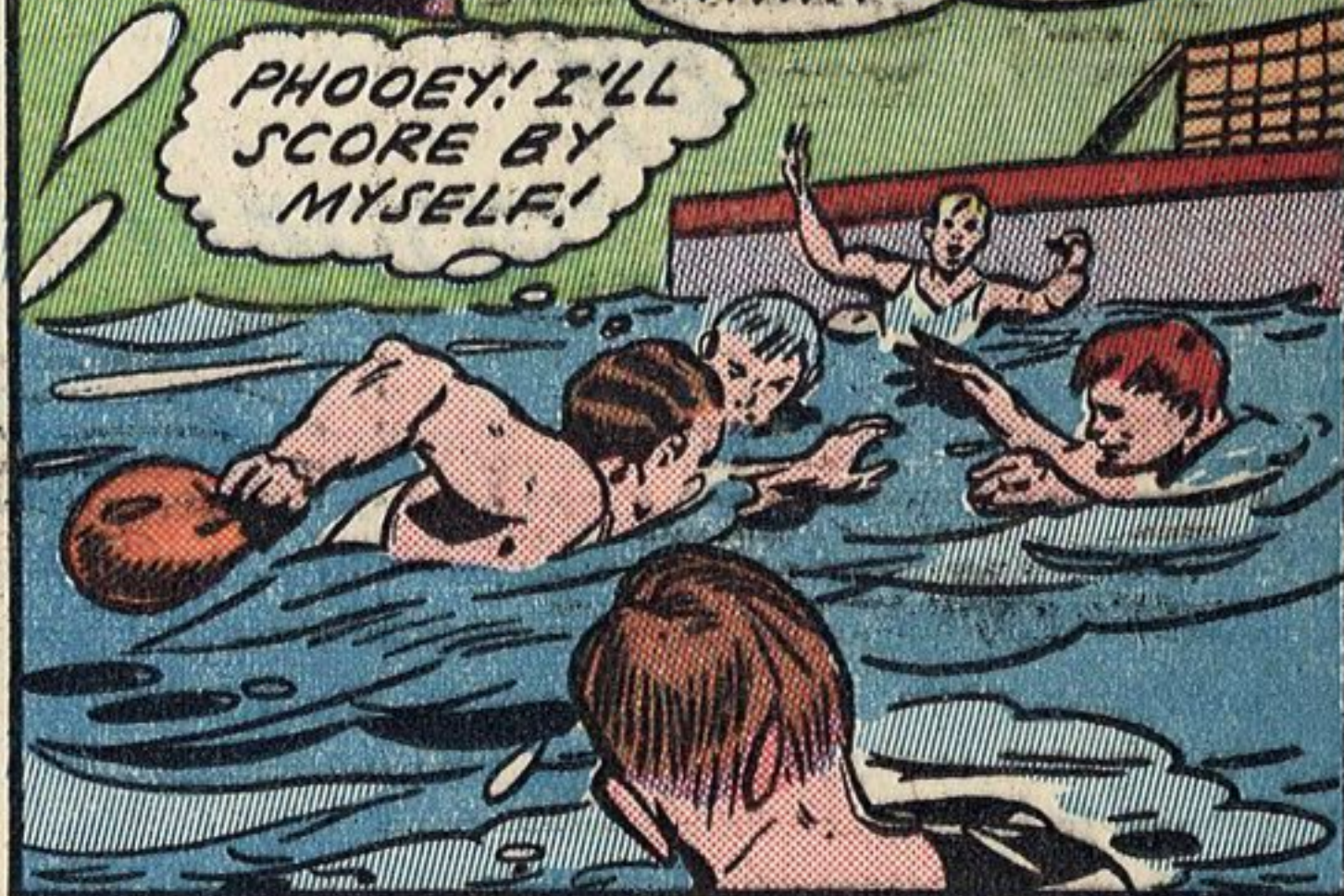
GOOD
LUCK,
MEL!



MEL GETS THE BALL --
TOSS IT TO SAUNDERS!

HEY, MEL! SANDY'S
FREE! TOSS IT TO
HIM!

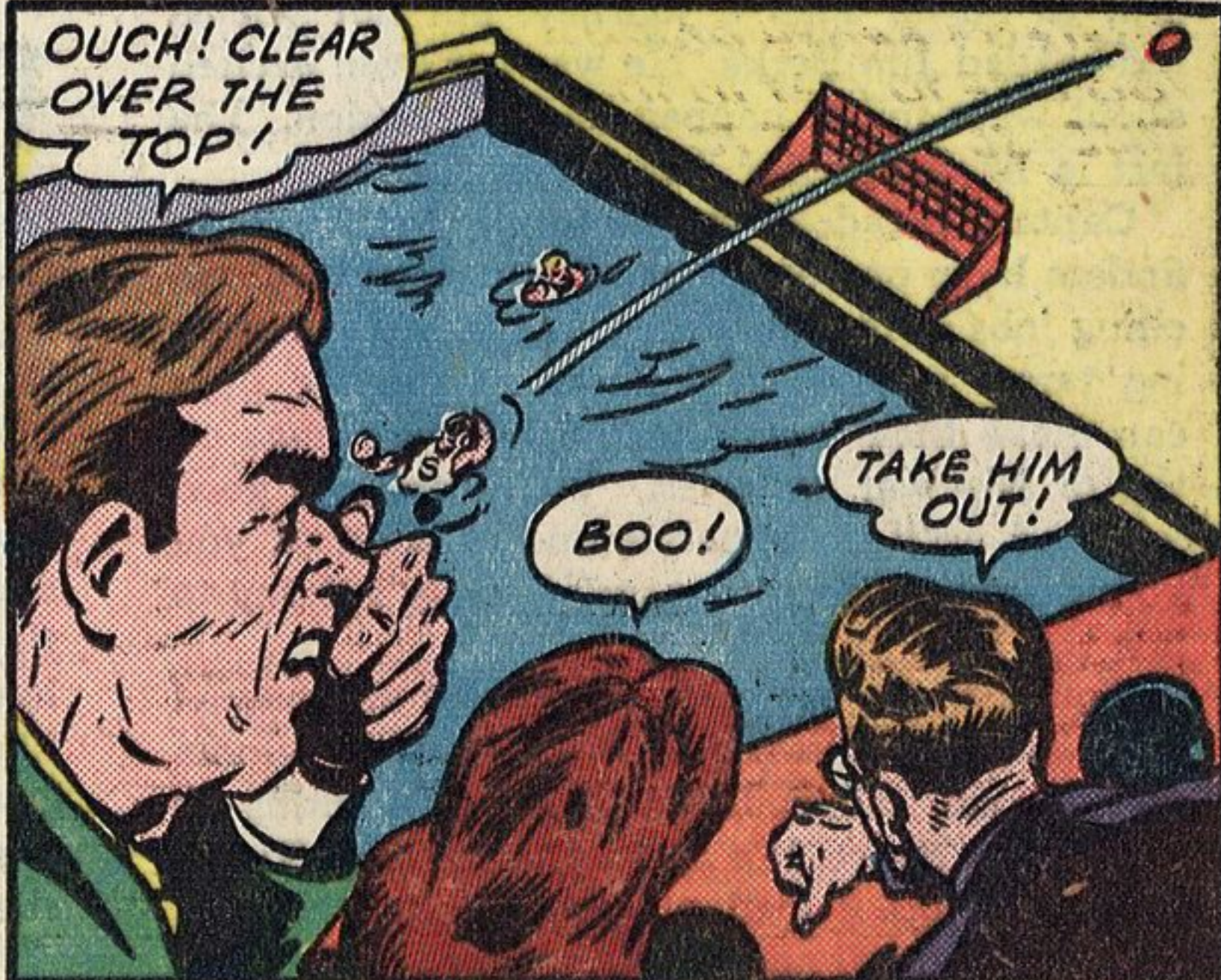
PHOOEY! I'LL
SCORE BY
MYSELF!



JUST WATCH
THIS! RIGHT
IN THE GOAL!



OUCH! CLEAR
OVER THE
TOP!



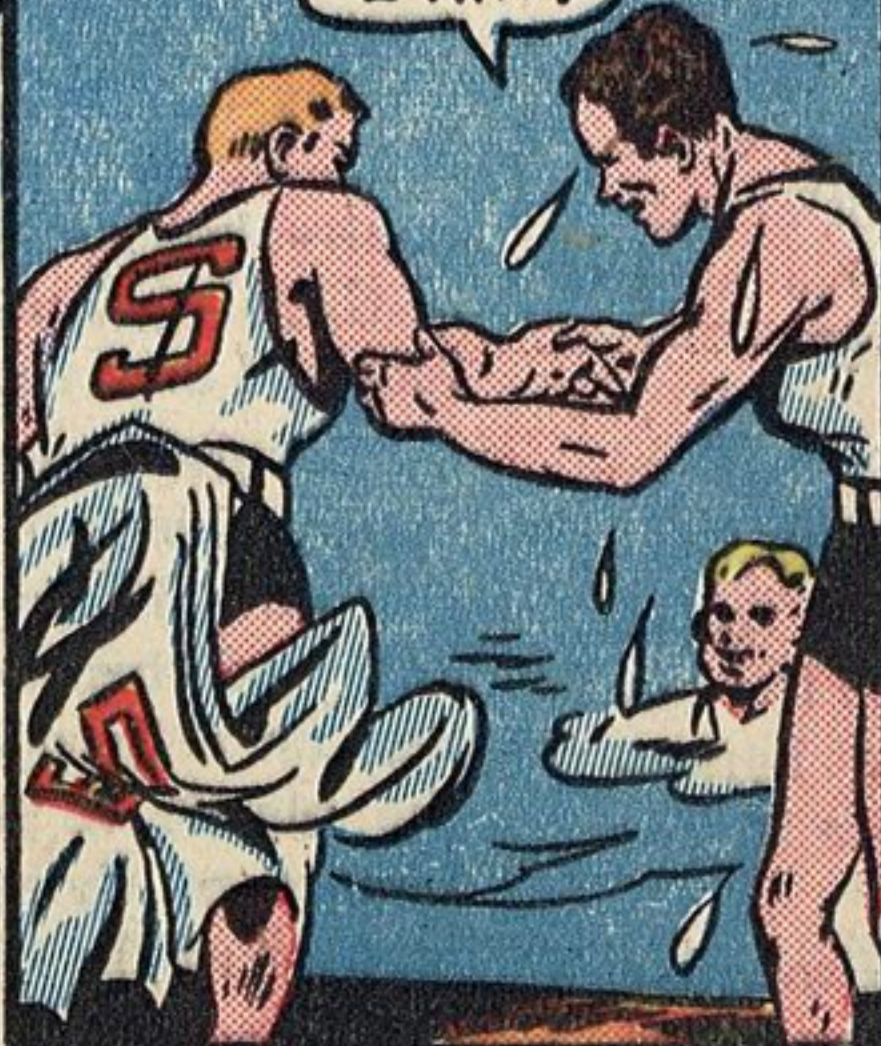
A FEW SECONDS LATER...

HEY, MEL--
YOU'RE
NOT
FINISHED
YET!

I'M TAKING MYSELF
OUT, SANDY! I KNOW
THAT WAS A STUPID
PLAY -- AND A
CRUMMY TRICK!



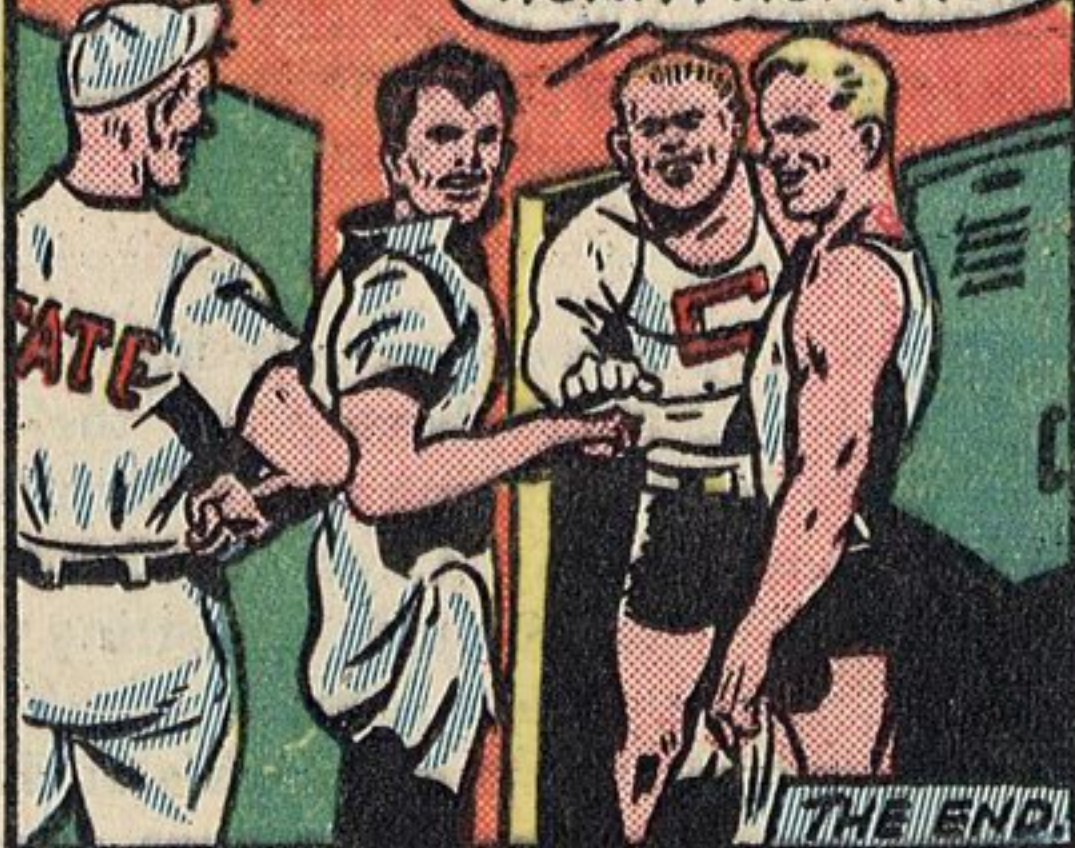
GET IN THERE AND
FIGHT, BUTCH! YOU'RE
A BETTER MAN THAN
I AM!



AFTER THE GAME...

WELL! SO MEL
MARTIN FINALLY
LEARNED HIS
LESSON!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
COACH! FROM
NOW ON--
YOU'LL ALL GET
REAL TEAM
WORK FROM ME!



THE END!

PATHFINDER

By

CARL G. HODGES

THE American attack bomber streaked through the moonlit night like a bullet. Below it was the dark, forbidding bulk of north-west Japan. Behind it was the singing motor of another plane exactly like their own, bent on seeking out for destruction a certain armament factory in Tokio.

Many youngsters would have given their right arm to be on such a journey, but not young, red-headed Jim Berke. He was not even excited about what might happen on this mission. The fact is, he was rather disappointed.

Captain Meadows smiled kindly. "The Pathfinders have one of the most dangerous and exciting jobs in the Air Force. We light the bombing target with special flares so the big boys can make their runs and unload their eggs on top of Nip war factories. We're doing a good job, and we'll do a better one as soon as you young scamps learn that we're really helping to lick the Japs."

Young Berke sat in his scoop seat and peered sadly through the plastic nose into the gloom of the sky. "This looks about as exciting as a Maypole dance. We fly to a target over Tokio, then we drop a load of pretty fireworks, and then we turn tail and scoot for home. We don't even get to pull a trigger, or watch bombs explode on Jap buildings. The fighters and the bombers have all the fun."

Captain Meadows chuckled deep in his breast. "Every one of you kids wants to be a hero." He paused and smiled at the youngster. "This is your first flight on a Pathfinder mission. You don't want to believe all the stories you hear about how tame it is. Before this night is over, maybe you'll change your mind."

* * * * *

THE prop screwed crazily into the dark night and Jim could barely see the wing tip of their accompanying plane slightly to the left and above them. Captain Meadows barked suddenly: "We should be getting close to our target, Berke. Take a look."

Jim pushed the cold controls of the Browning fifties out of his way and bent over the sensi-

tized screen that was their secret and mysterious target finder. A secret that the Japs would be willing to pay millions of dollars for. A screen that utilized infra-red rays to ferret out cleverly camouflaged target areas.

Jim looked up from the sensitized screen and smiled at his superior officer. "You can go down a little lower, sir. We're close to our target. Looms up on the screen like a sore thumb."

"O.K. Down we go." Captain Meadows pulled the control toward him. The plane's nose aimed down to earth for a gradual glide and they leveled off at five thousand feet. The ship raced along under the Captain's steady hand. "How's it look now, Berke?"

"Right on the nose, Captain. We're ready for our run. This is about as exciting as making mud pies in Brooklyn."

* * * * *

THE Captain roared at the top of his voice above the snarl of the motors: "Cut loose with the flares, kid! Pronto! Here comes a covey of Zeros and they're spitting lead! They're playing for keeps. Hurry up! Pull that lever!"

Jim got excited. His pulses were throbbing in his temples and his heart seemed ready to burst under his ribs at this danger from the dark sky. He grabbed for the Browning fifty, swung the stock to his shoulder so hard it hurt, and pulled the trigger. The gun spat its whistling death into the face of a Nip Zero. Jim must have hit the fuel tank. The plane blew up like a firecracker and exploded its raining debris all over the sky. Huge blossoms of burning gasoline trailed across their wake as they zoomed forward.

The Captain was yelling in fury: "No time for target practice! Cut loose with your flares! Those Zeros won't let us make a second run!"

Jim obeyed quickly. He jerked the flare release lever furiously and he knew the doors had opened. Then the pack of Jap fighters was closing in again and lead smothered them in its stern embrace as their guns shot whistling, tracer-streaked death. Bullets ripped into the skin of the big plane and others rattled off the wings like hail on a tin roof.

He grabbed the Browning and threw his sturdy shoulder into the stock. He turned the gun until it moved on its swivel in the plastic nose and then he squeezed the trigger as a Red Sun on a Zero filled his sights. As he did so, the plastic in front of him shivered with the impact of flying lead and ricocheted off the interior of the cabin.

Rat-tat-tat! His gun jolted roughly against

his shoulder as he squeezed the trigger and the recoil slammed back. Slugs rained out viciously from his spitting gun and he could see the bright rainbow of his tracers going home in the Nip's fuselage. Jackpot! He hit his target.

* * * * *

THE Nip plane seemed to stall in midair. He stood on one wing tip, balanced crazily in the black night, like an acrobat trying to hold his balance on a tight wire in a circus tent. The battered wing dropped off. Black smoke and bright flame licked around the fuselage. The sky rocked with the blast as the fire hit the gas tanks. The Nip blew up, and threw flaming debris all over the heavens. The Jap went down, down, down. Vanished into nothingness below them.

Captain Meadows chuckled and his voice showed pride in the exploit of his young pupil. "Nice shooting, kid! You're really on the beam with that Browning." He peered out of the plastic nose that now sported dozens of bullet holes that they hadn't even noticed in the excitement.

"Look downstairs, Berke. You can see the pretty fireworks you just laid on the Jap factory. The B-29's will go to work on them in a few minutes. They won't waste a single bomb, the way you lighted up that target for them."

Jim peered over the side as the Captain banked sharply so he could see below. His eyes bulged with amazement. For, down on the ground below them two long strips of glowing cascading bright fires outlined a target a mile wide and five or six miles long.

Blue fire, red fire, and yellow fire alternated for the entire quadrangle of the target area. The flames leaped crazily and flickered in the breeze but their marking of the target area was perfect. Jim could even see the dark shadows of the stubby chimneys on the main buildings of the Jap war plant and the dark bulk of a tiny locomotive puffing in the main yard of the armament works.

Jim said, "Why all the colors, Captain? Why not drop one color flares and let it go at that?"

The Captain grinned in the darkness. "When we first started the Pathfinder force that's what we did. But the Japs got smart and the minute we'd drop yellow flares, they set off dummy yellow flares in several other areas and when our bombers came over they could not tell the real target from the dummies, because they all looked alike from the air. That way we wasted a lot of bombs by dropping them on false targets."

"Why can't the Japs fake with different colors, too?"

"Because we change the combination of colors we use on every raid. Tonight it's red, blue and yellow. Tomorrow it might be green and white."

* * * * *

JIM smiled, "I'd like red, white and blue."

A heavy concussion rocked the plane and the flying shrapnel of bursting ack-ack pounded on the wing surfaces. He could see the black puff-balls of the ack-ack shells blasting the sky around them.

Captain Meadows pushed the plane upward and banked slowly. Then he started climbing upstairs to get above the bouncing jolt of the anti-aircraft fire.

Jim Berke suddenly shouted and pointed. "Captain, there're a hundred planes right above us."

"Sure enough!" The Captain smiled calmly at Jim and his eyes crinkled at the corners. "Those are our B-29's, kid, coming in to lay their eggs on the target you just outlined for them."

A lump of pride swelled in Jim's throat as he watched the wings of the majestic air armada sail on overhead. "Captain," he said, "I take back everything I said about the Pathfinder service. I'm proud to be a Pathfinder. We're really helping to lick the Japs."

The Captain laughed. "I thought you wanted more excitement and danger?"

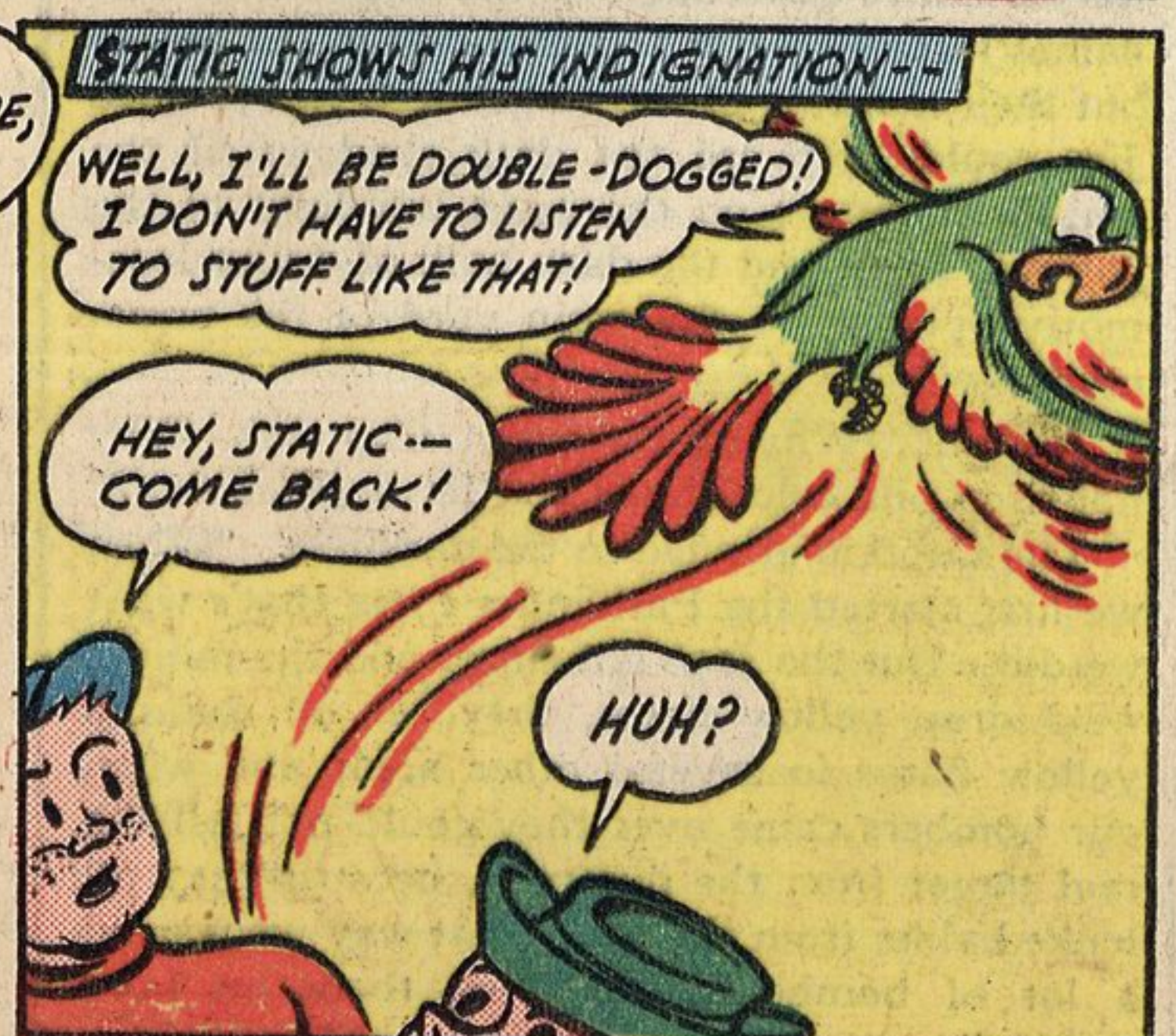
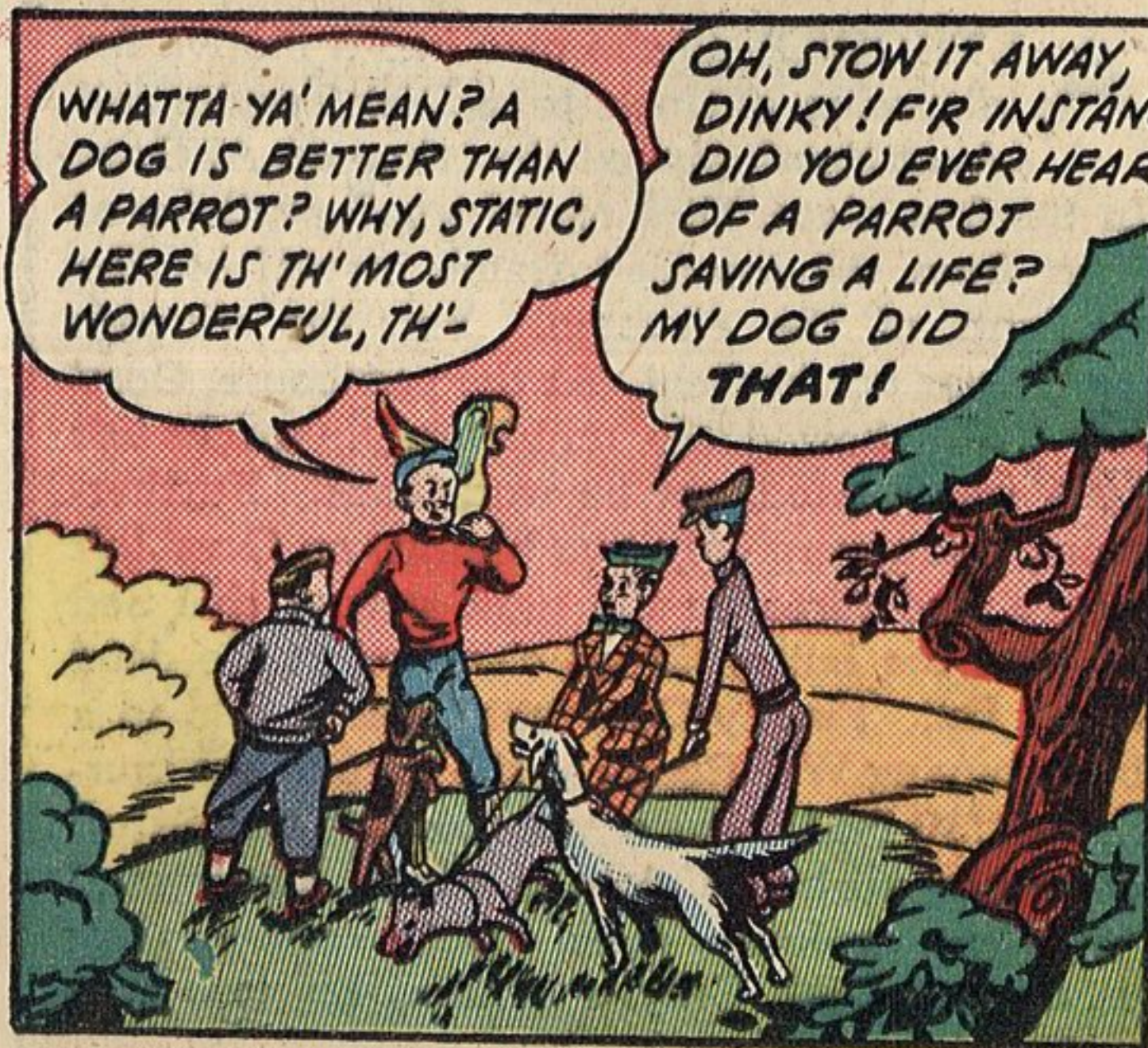
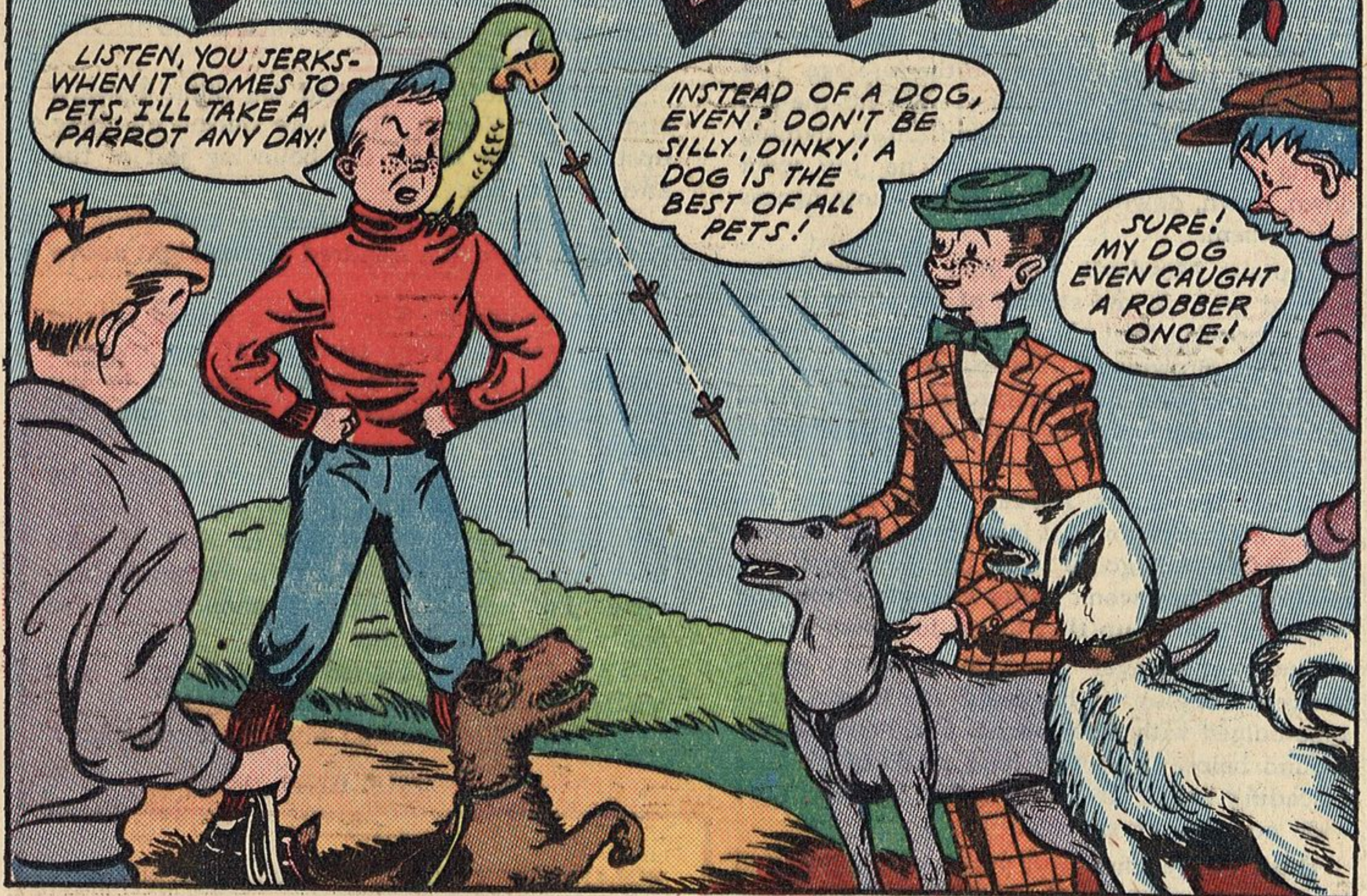
Jim smiled. "I've had my fill for one night."

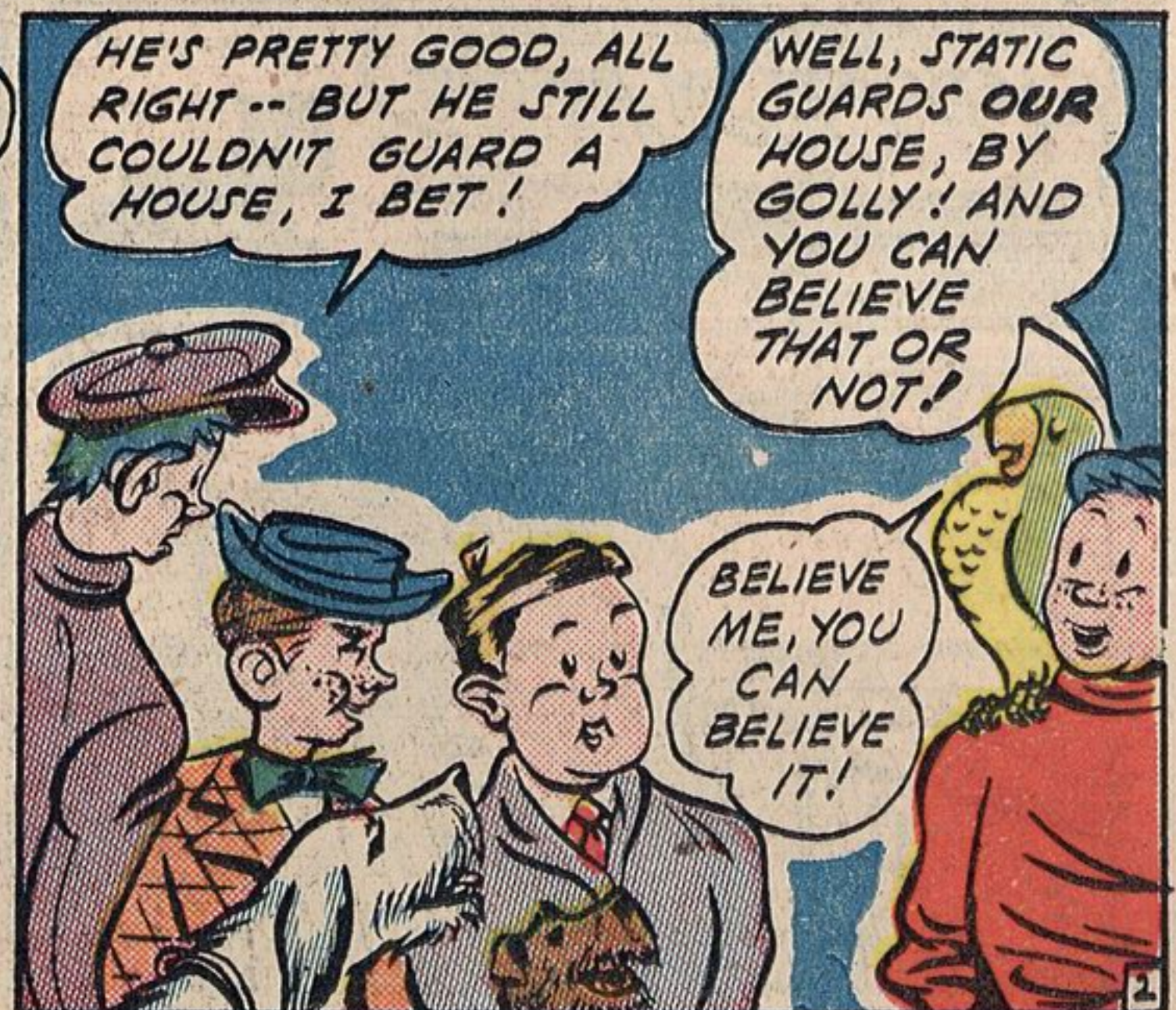
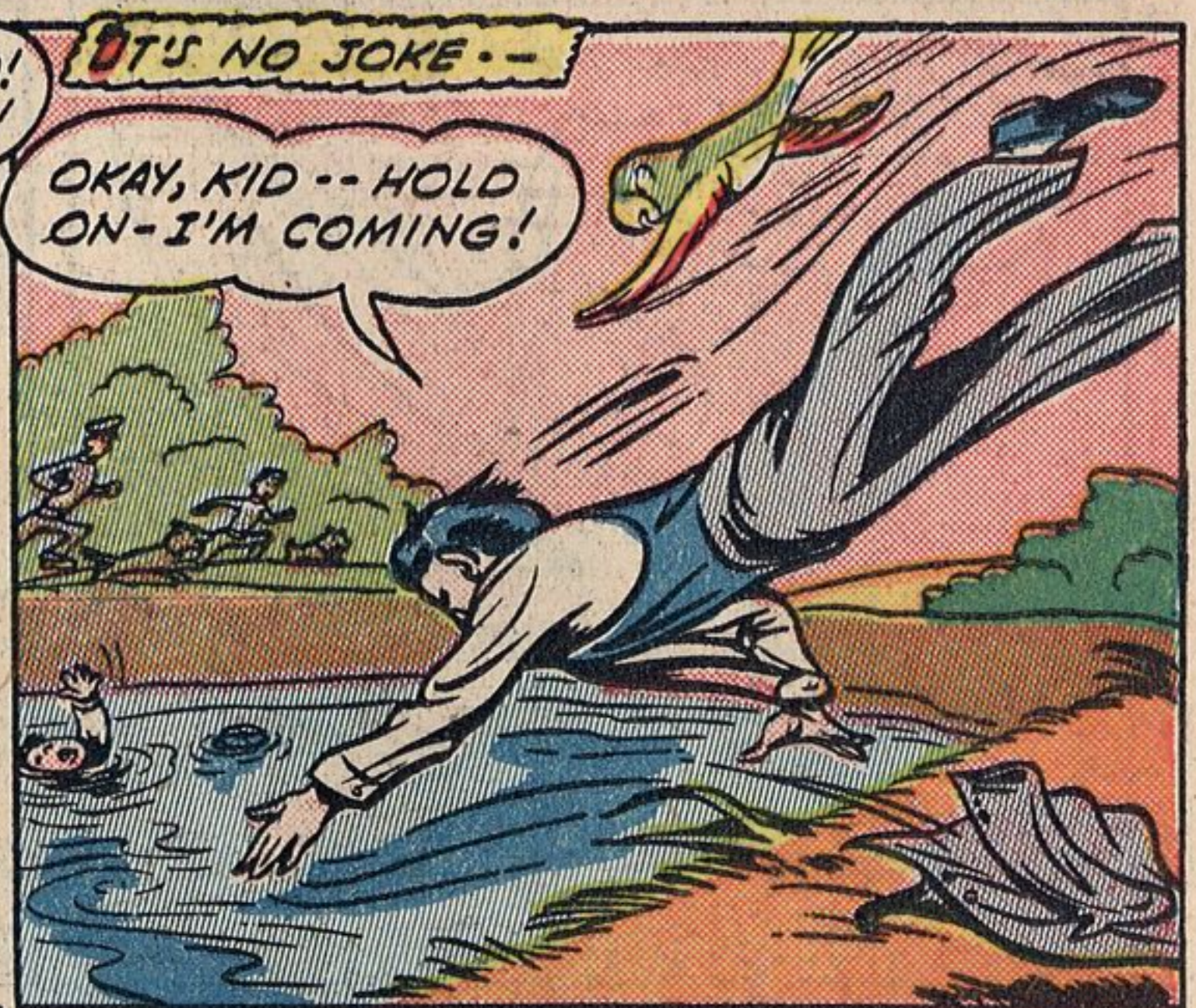
THE END

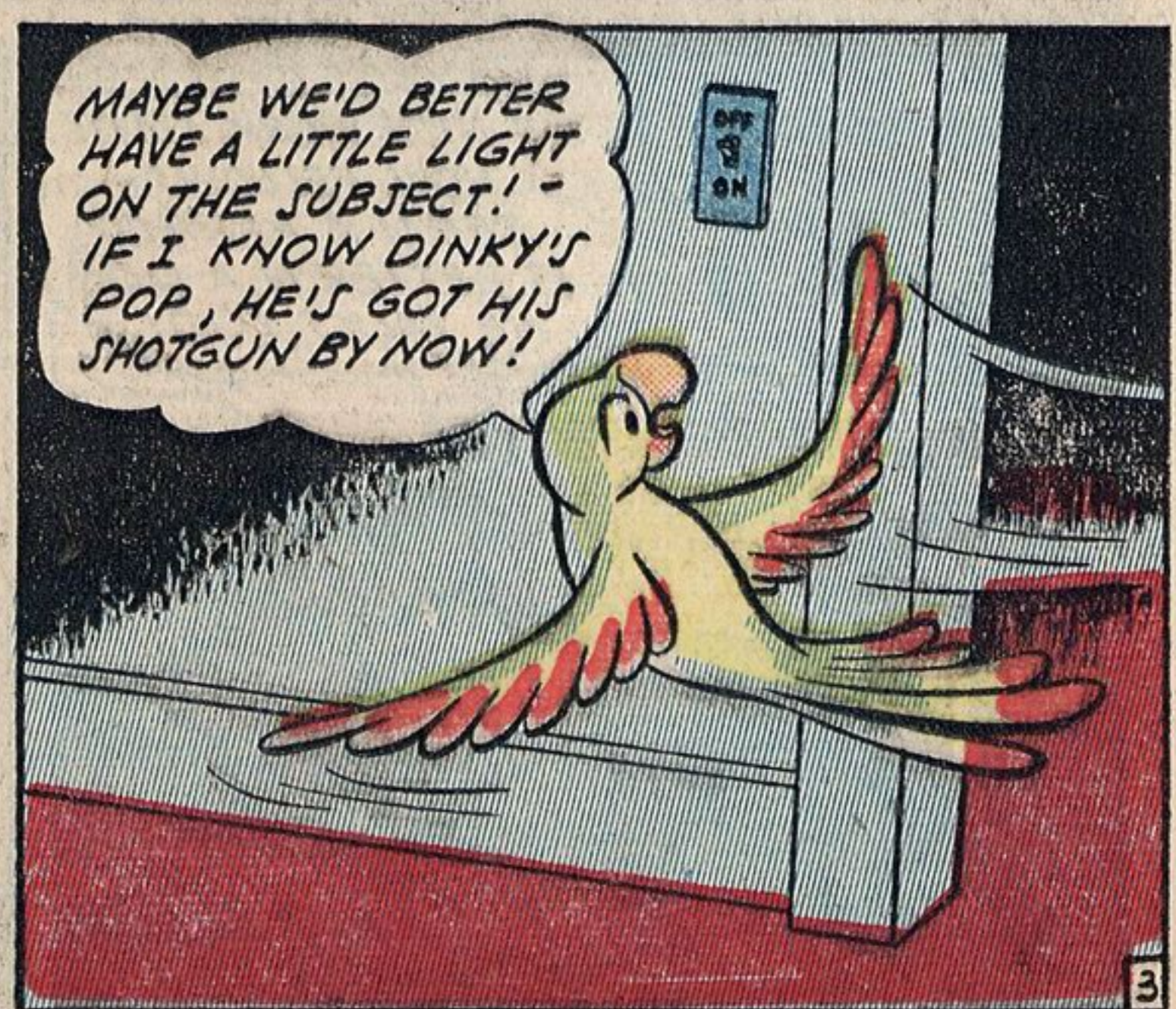
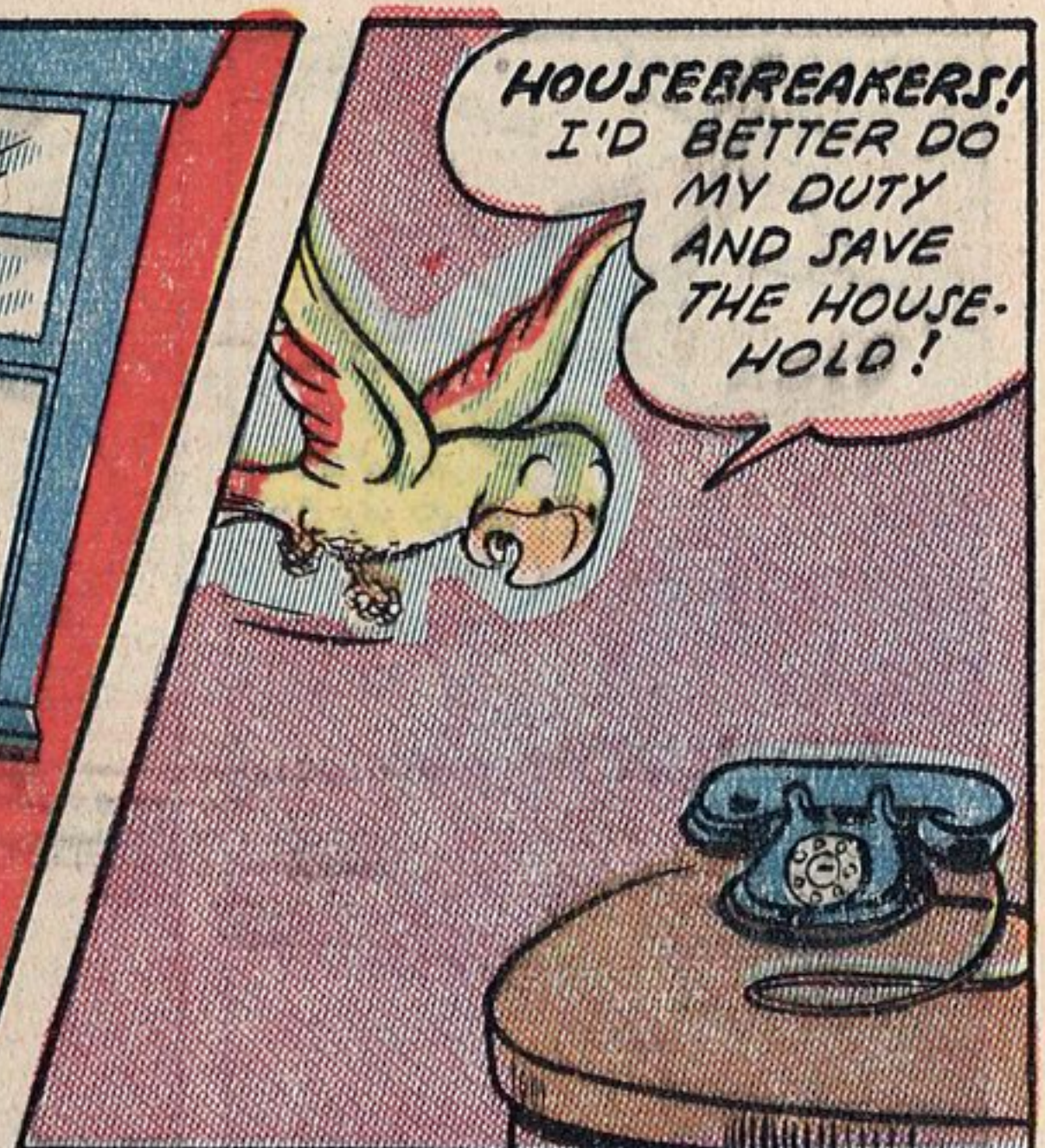
SOLUTION TO THE SOLVE-A-CRIME

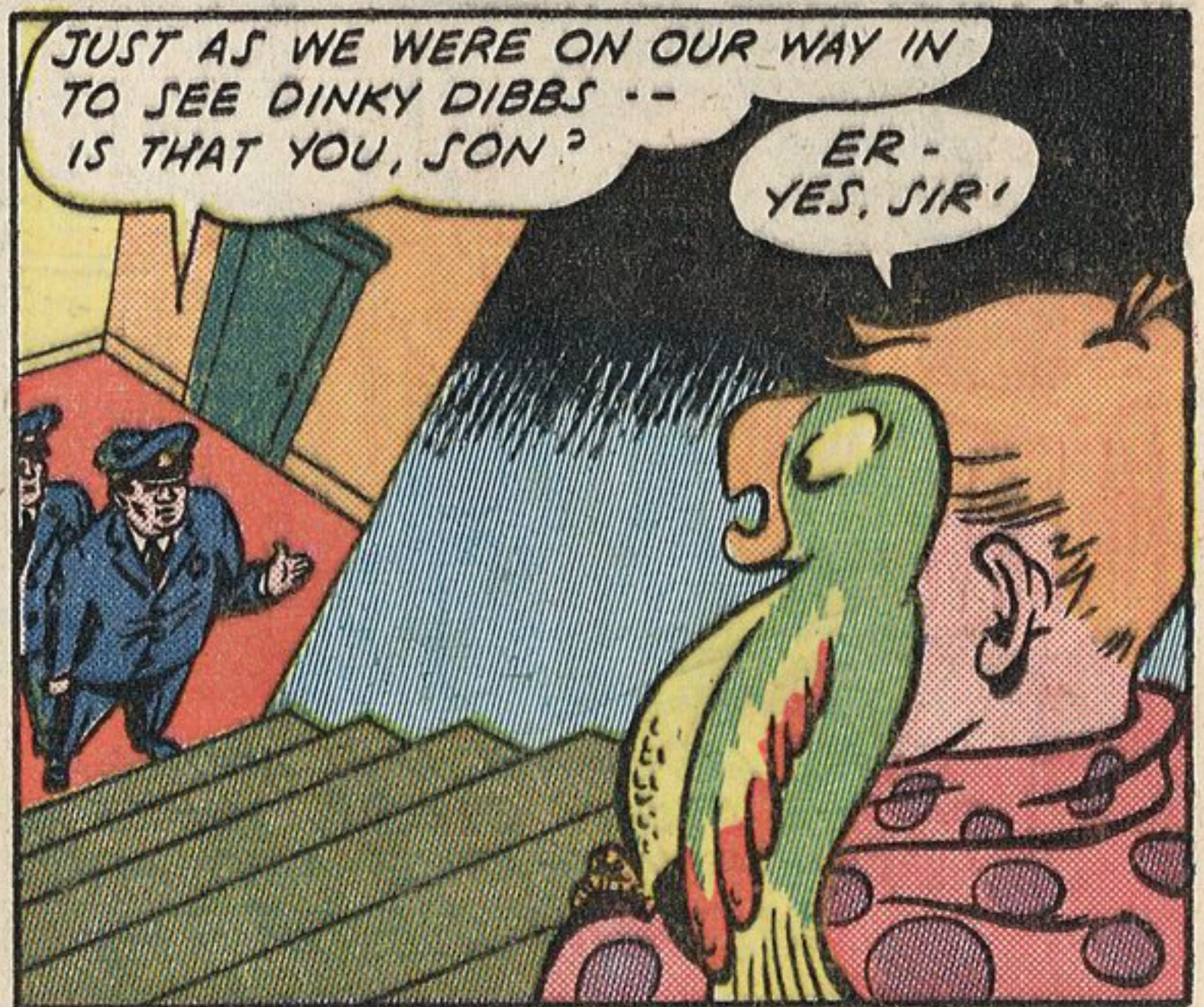
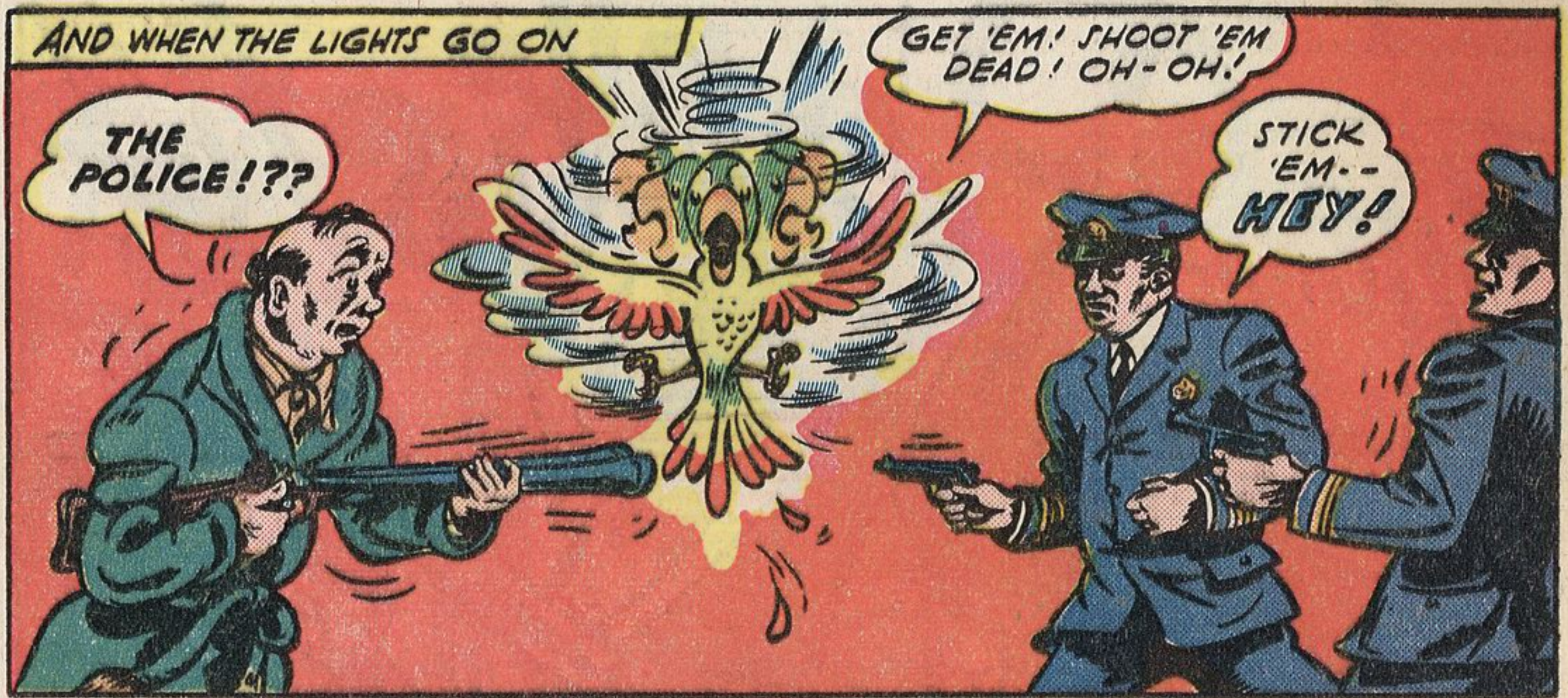
ALTHOUGH all the men had a motive for disposing of Uncle John, Dick Traylor and Aunt Sarah pinned the crime on Al Goss. In the first place, Dick found small particles of glass from the smashed watch crystal on the platform of the elevated. Yet, the victim's watch was not broken! At the penthouse, Goss' left wrist showed the unmistakable marks left by a watch band, yet he wore none. Furthermore, there were only two buttons on Goss' left sleeve, and three on the right sleeve: this tied up with the button found clenched in the dead man's fist. Finally Goss' alibi placed him in a bank buying War Bonds at the time of the murder—1:30 P.M. But remember, this was Saturday—and all banks close at noon! Confronted with this evidence, Goss finally confesses his crime and Dick Traylor obtains his first conviction.

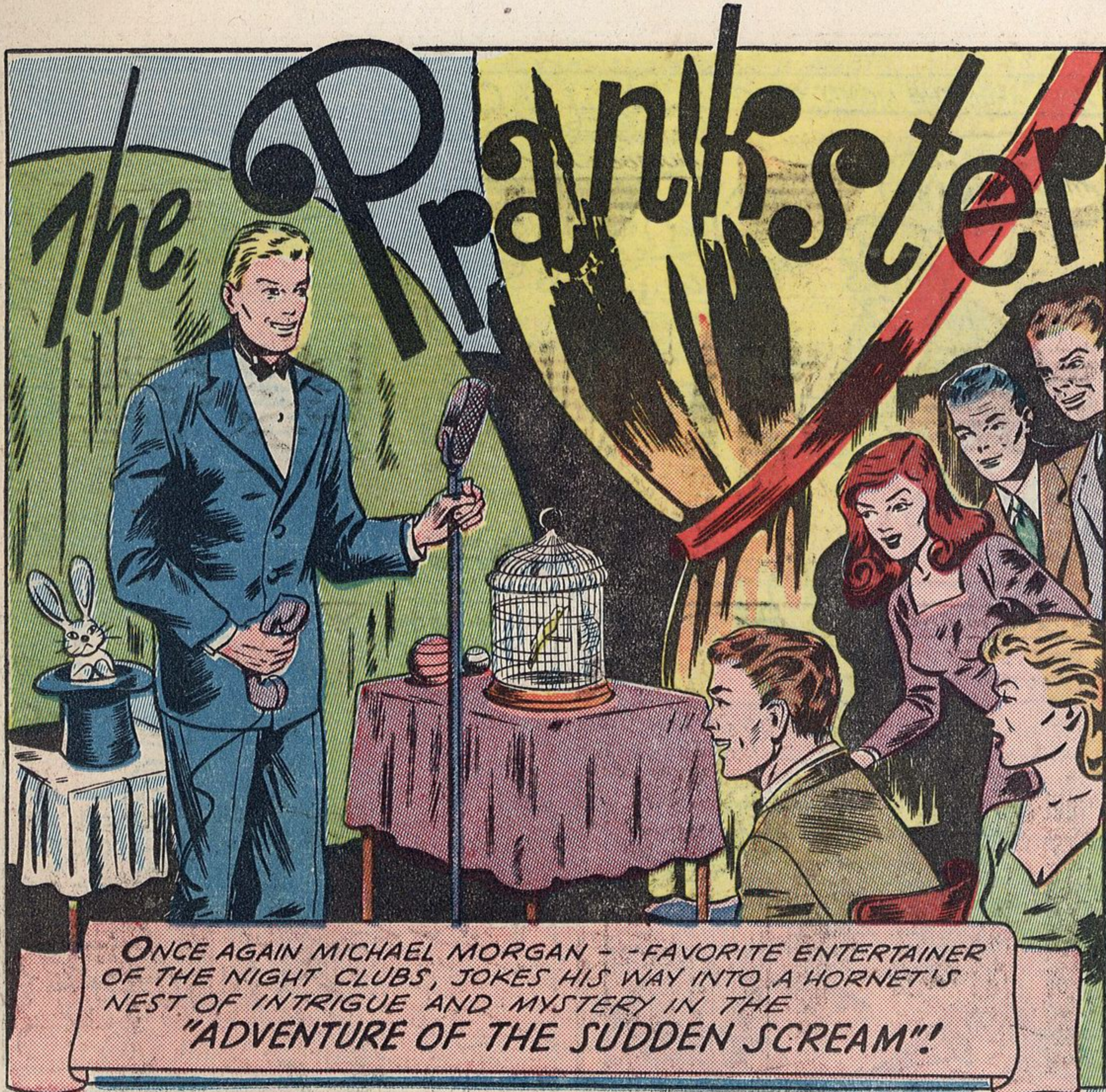
DINKY DIBBS





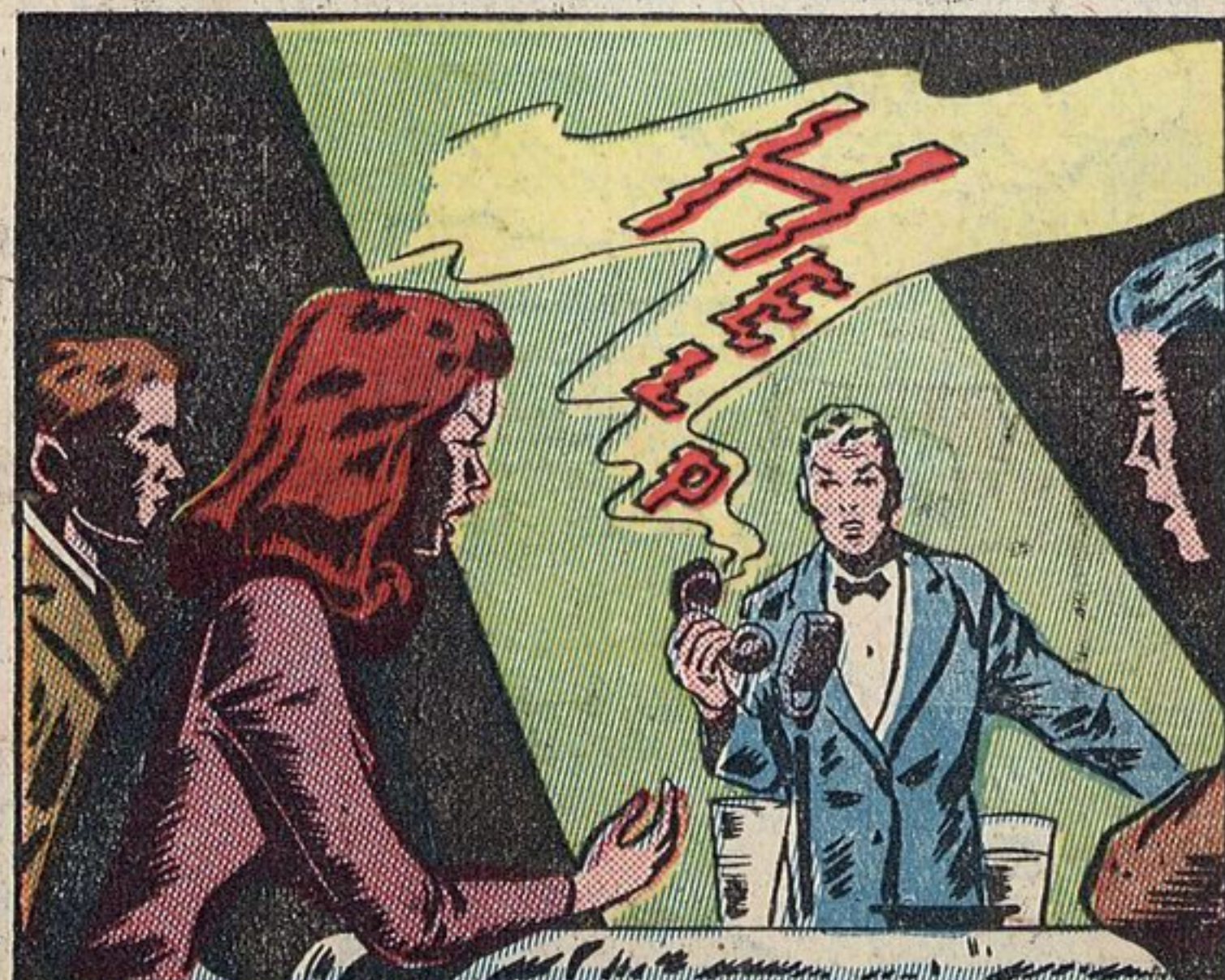






ONCE AGAIN MICHAEL MORGAN - - FAVORITE ENTERTAINER OF THE NIGHT CLUBS, JOKES HIS WAY INTO A HORNET'S NEST OF INTRIGUE AND MYSTERY IN THE "ADVENTURE OF THE SUDDEN SCREAM"!

FIRST, WE'LL JUST CALL A 'PHONE' NUMBER AT RANDOM! THEN WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH WHOMEVER ANSWERS! AH! SOMEONE IS ANSWERING!

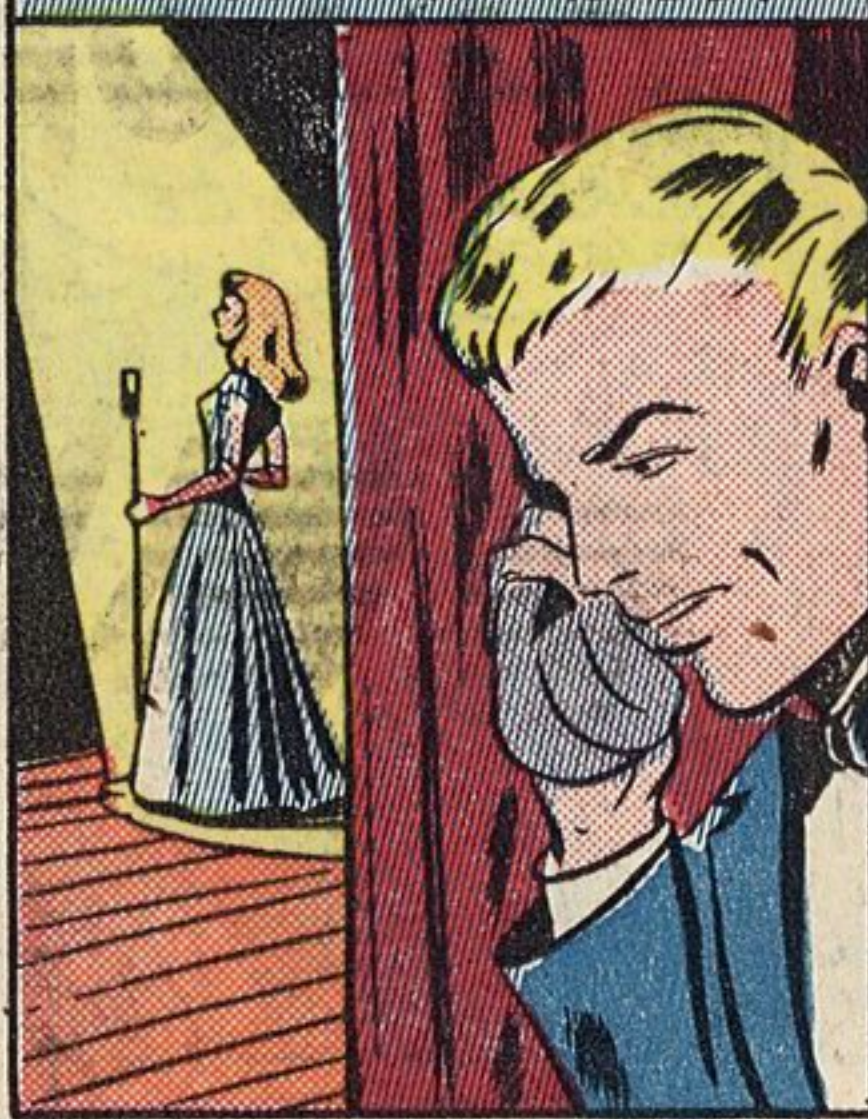


AND, AS MICHAEL MORGAN PREPARES TO AMUSE HIS AUDIENCE, A WEIRD SCREAM RESOUNDS THROUGH THE CLUB!

AND THAT CONCLUDES THE ACT, FOLKS! IT WAS SO AWFUL, EVEN A TOTAL STRANGER NEEDED HELP AFTER HEARING MY VOICE!



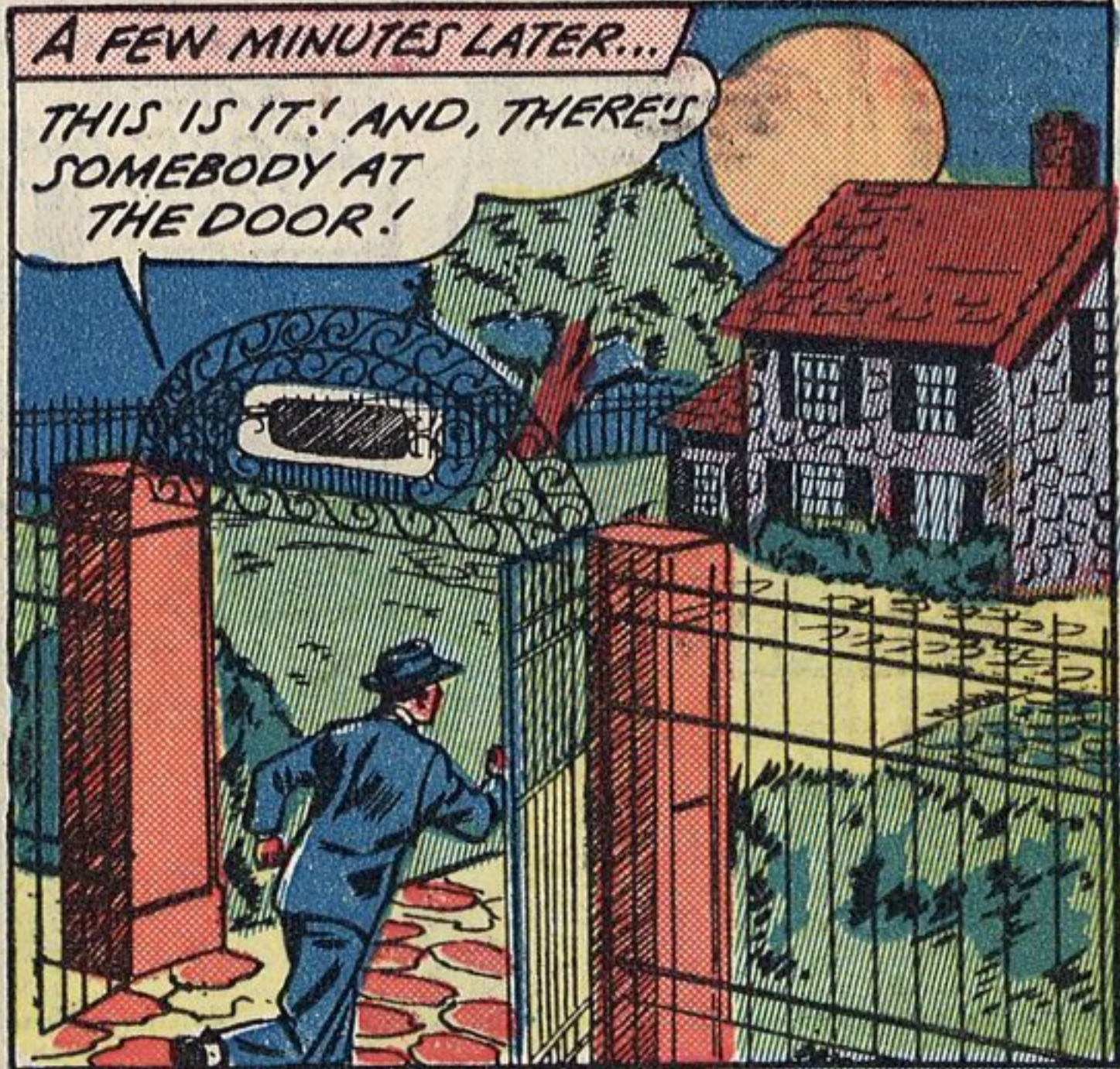
AS MORGAN MOVES BACK-STAGE, HE HURRIEDLY TRACES THE PHONE NUMBER HE CALLED!



THE OPERATOR SAID THE NUMBER WAS LISTED IN THE RALSTON HOME. I'LL GET OUT THERE IN A HURRY!

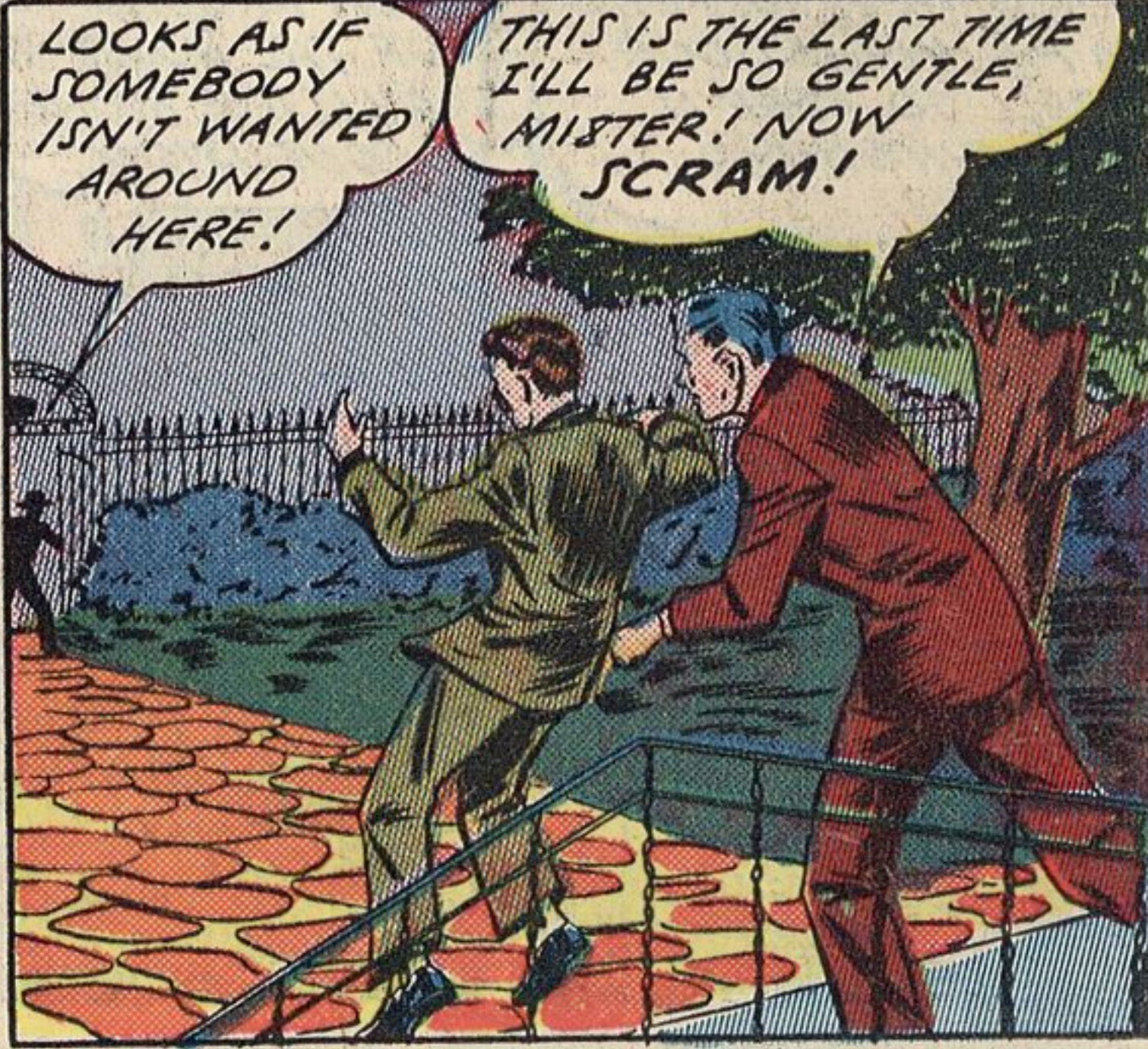


A FEW MINUTES LATER... THIS IS IT! AND, THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR!



LOOKS AS IF SOMEBODY ISN'T WANTED AROUND HERE!

THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL BE SO GENTLE, MISTER! NOW SCRAM!



HOWDY, YOUNG MAN! HAVING TROUBLE? NEVER FEAR! SHAKE HANDS AND BE FRIENDS!

MY NAME'S BOB LA MONT! SAY-HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE?



HEY! A DUMMY HAND! NOW I KNOW - YOU'RE MICHAEL MORGAN!

CORRECT, MY BOY! NOW, LET'S HEAR YOUR TROUBLES AND I'LL HELP YOU TO LAUGH 'EM OFF!



I'M ENGAGED TO RUTH RALSTON!
BUT THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS
SOME MEN I'VE NEVER SEEN
BEFORE HAVE RUN ME OFF
THE PLACE!



I THINK RUTH IS IN
DANGER BUT
I CAN'T GET
TO HER!

WAIT.
A MINUTE!
ISN'T HER
FATHER ON THE
JURY THAT'S TRYING
RICK GRANT, THE
GANGSTER FOR
MURDER? GO GET
THE POLICE!



MEANTIME...

I'LL JUST TAKE THIS CASE
INTO MY OWN HANDS! THE
FIRST THING IS TO GET
INSIDE SOMEHOW!



FIRST WE'LL JUST STICK
A PIN IN THE DOOR
BELL TO KEEP IT
RINGING...



THEN AROUND TO THE SIDE
OF THE HOUSE TO CREATE
A LITTLE MORE
CONFUSION!



I'LL ATTACH THIS
GADGET HERE
TO RATTLE
AGAINST THE
GLASS!



AND RIGHT AROUND HERE
AGAIN WHERE I CAN
GET IN - I HOPE!



WELL, WELL!
WHAT DO MY
EYES
BEHOLD?



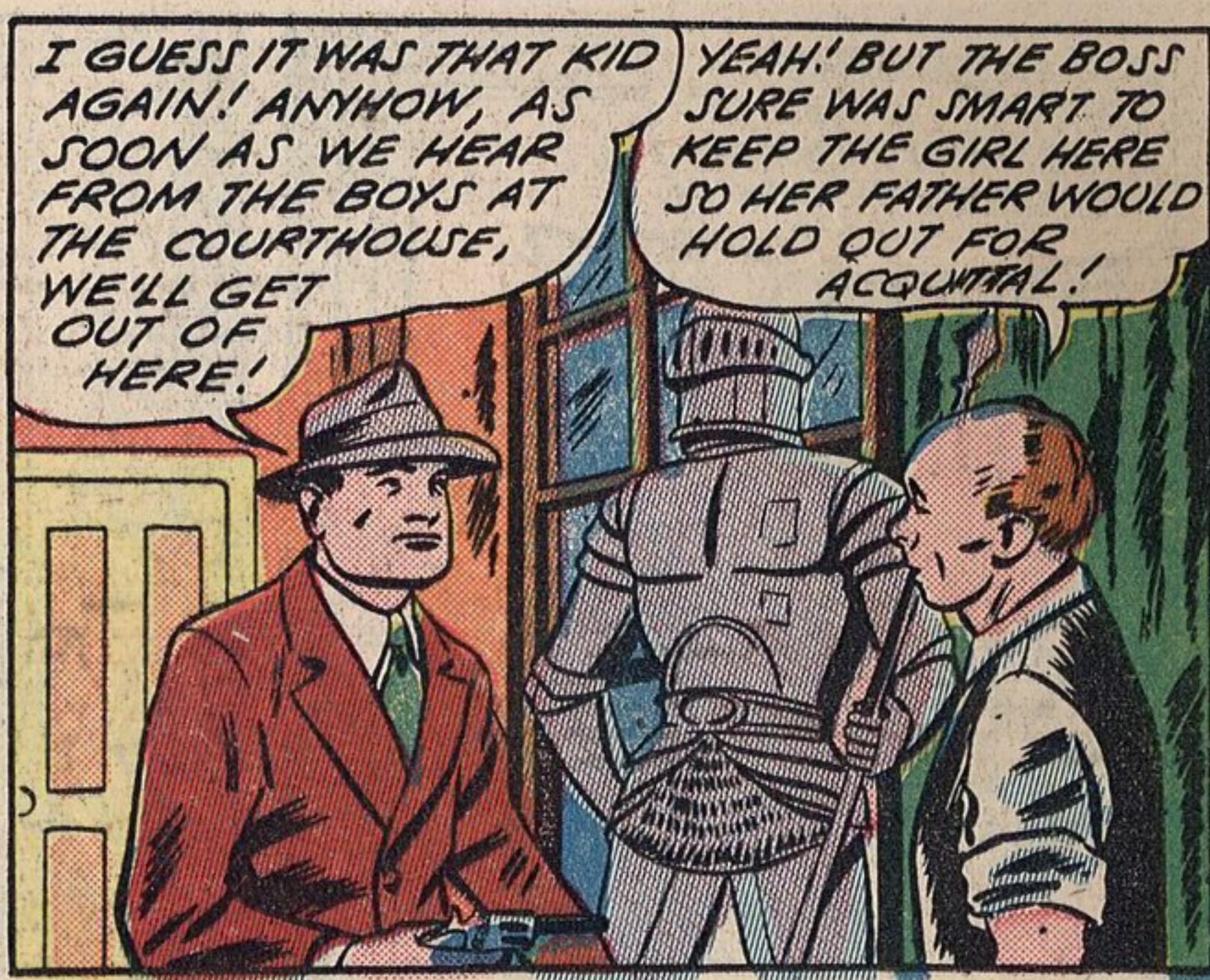
BAH! NOBODY
WAS AT THE
DOOR!

LISTEN! SOMETHING'S
RATTLING THAT
WINDOW DOWN
THE HALL!
COME ON!





I'D BETTER
DUCK INSIDE
THIS ARMOR
FOR A
MINUTE!



I GUESS IT WAS THAT KID
AGAIN! ANYHOW, AS
SOON AS WE HEAR
FROM THE BOYS AT
THE COURTHOUSE,
WE'LL GET
OUT OF
HERE!

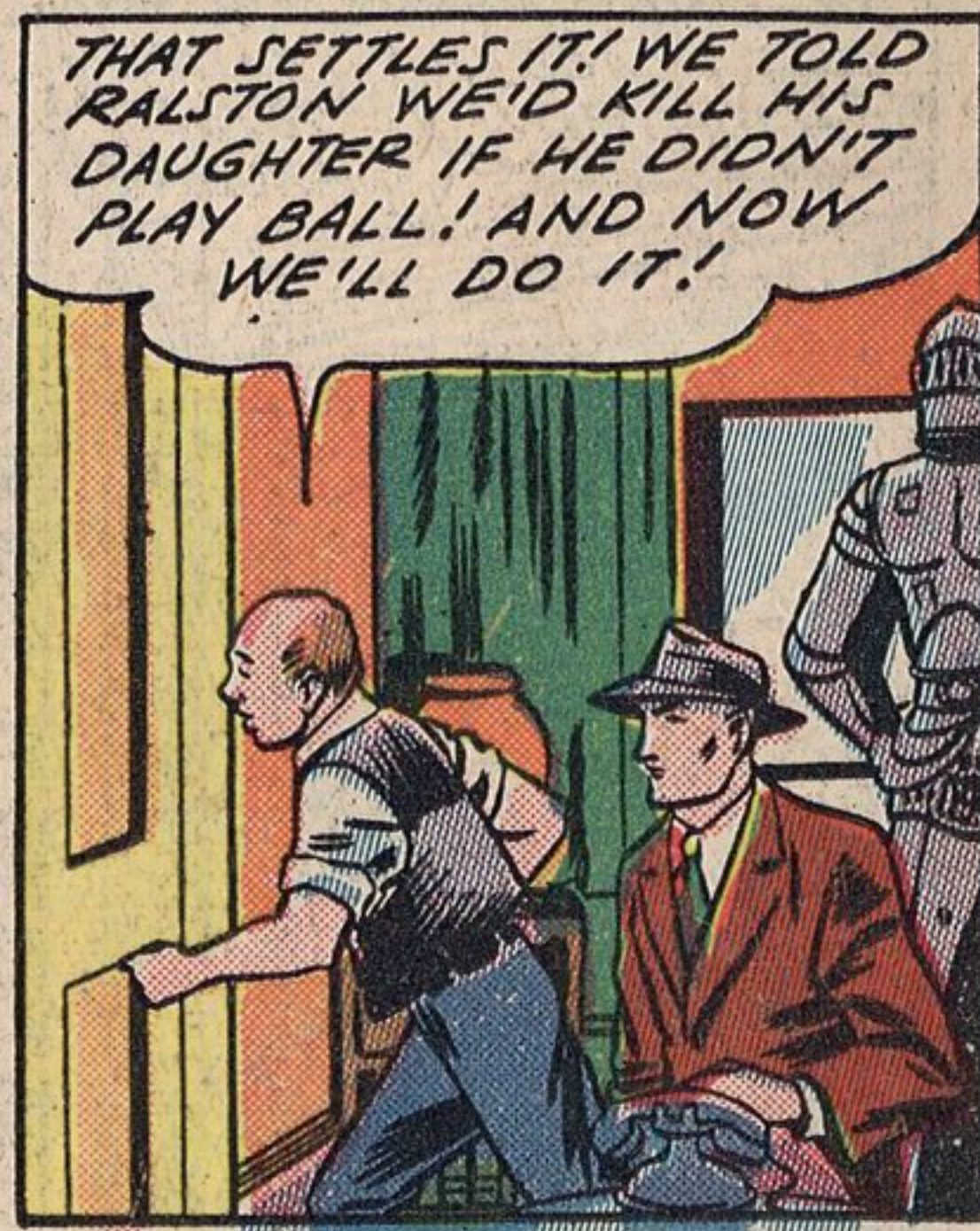
YEAH! BUT THE BOSS
SURE WAS SMART TO
KEEP THE GIRL HERE
SO HER FATHER WOULD
HOLD OUT FOR
ACQUITTAL!



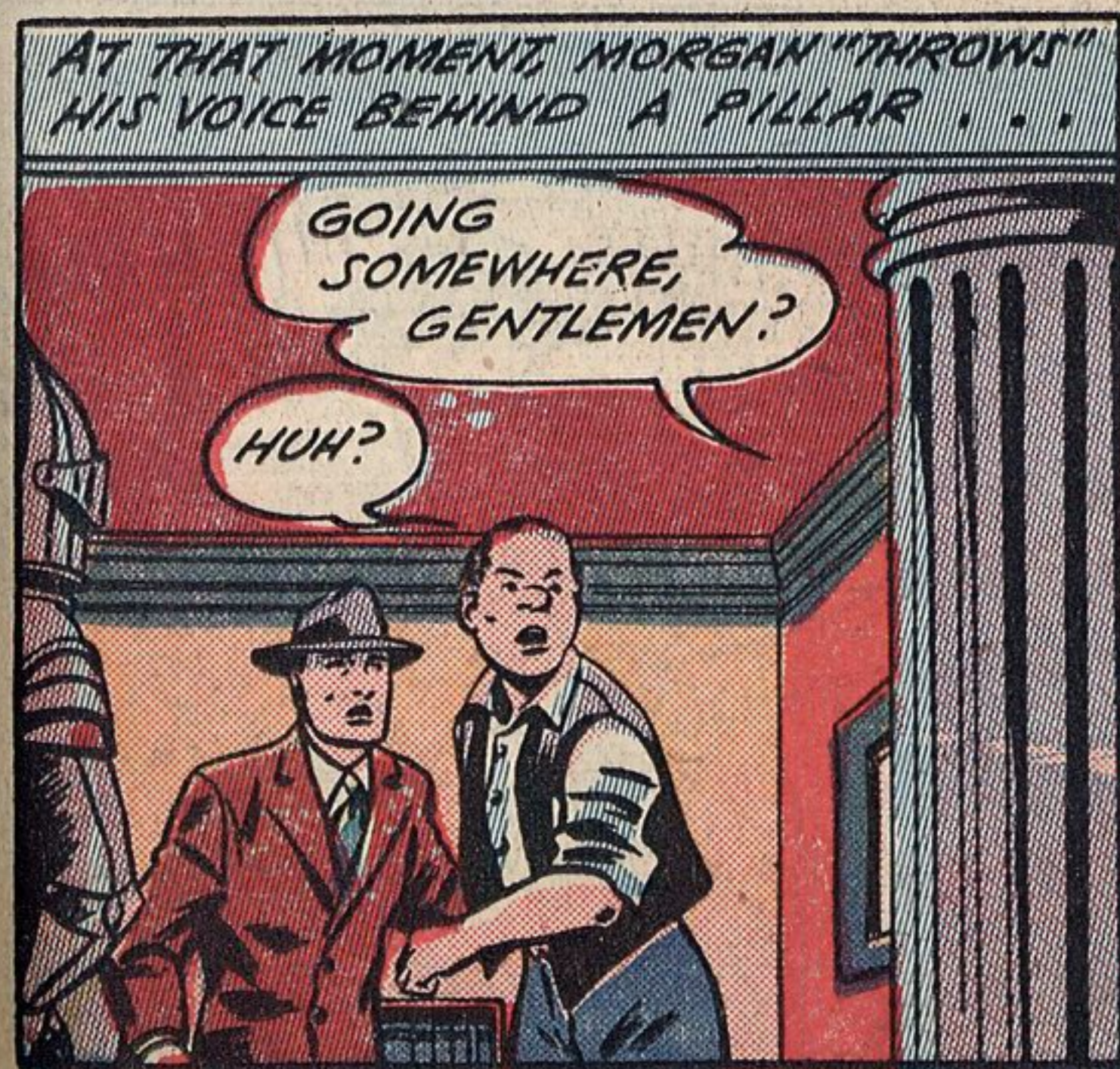
THERE'S THE 'PHONE NOW!
IF THE JURY HAS ACQUITTED
RICK, WE'RE ALL SET!



WHAT??? THEY FOUND
HIM GUILTY? YEAH?
OKAY, I KNOW
WHAT TO DO!



THAT SETTLES IT! WE TOLD
RALSTON WE'D KILL HIS
DAUGHTER IF HE DIDN'T
PLAY BALL! AND NOW
WE'LL DO IT!



AT THAT MOMENT, MORGAN "THROWS"
HIS VOICE BEHIND A PILLAR . . .

GOING
SOMEWHERE,
GENTLEMEN?

HUH?

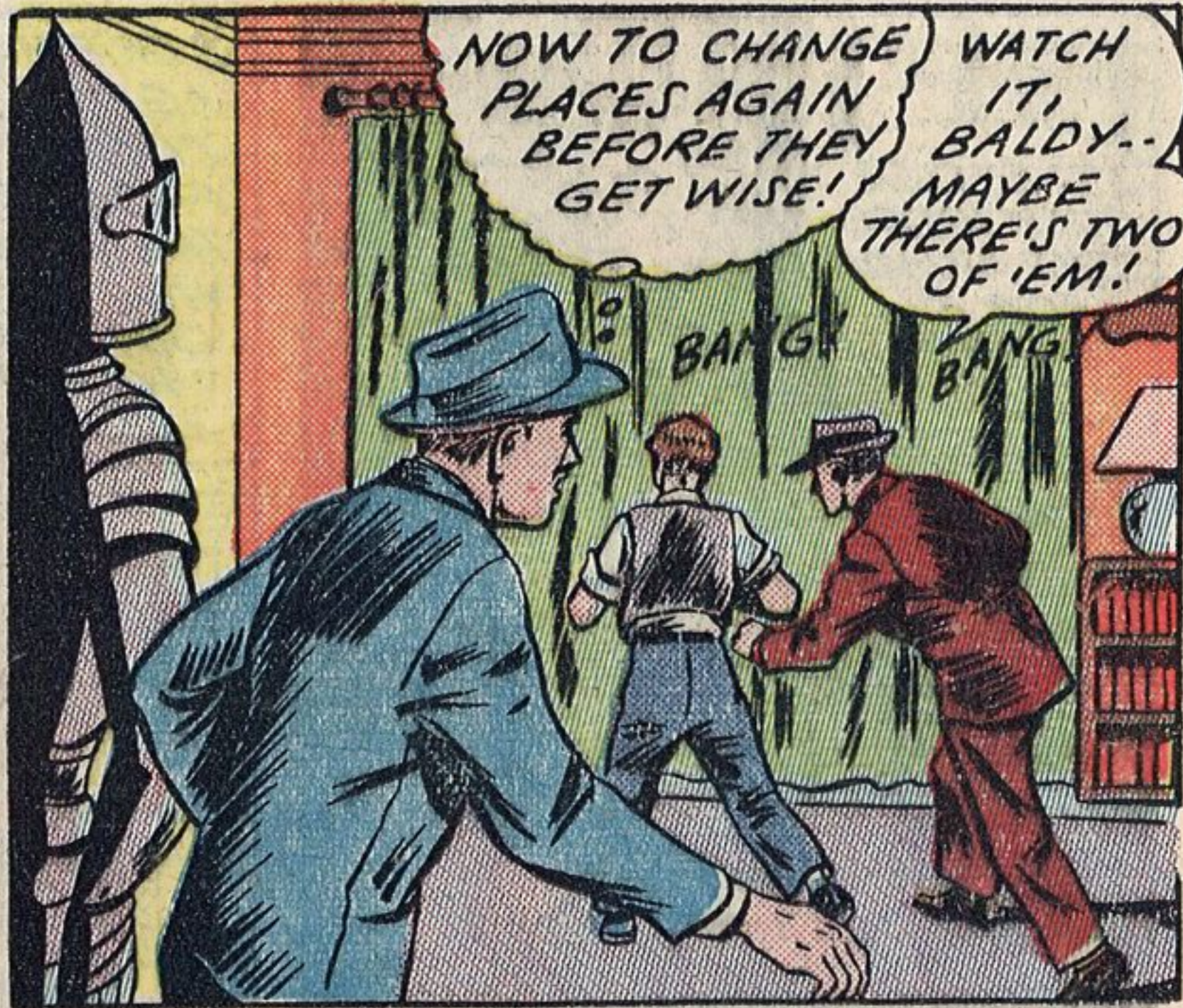


DRILL HIM,
BALDY!
HE'S
OVER
THERE!

WAIT A MINUTE!
THERE'S NO -
ONE HERE!
LOOK - - -

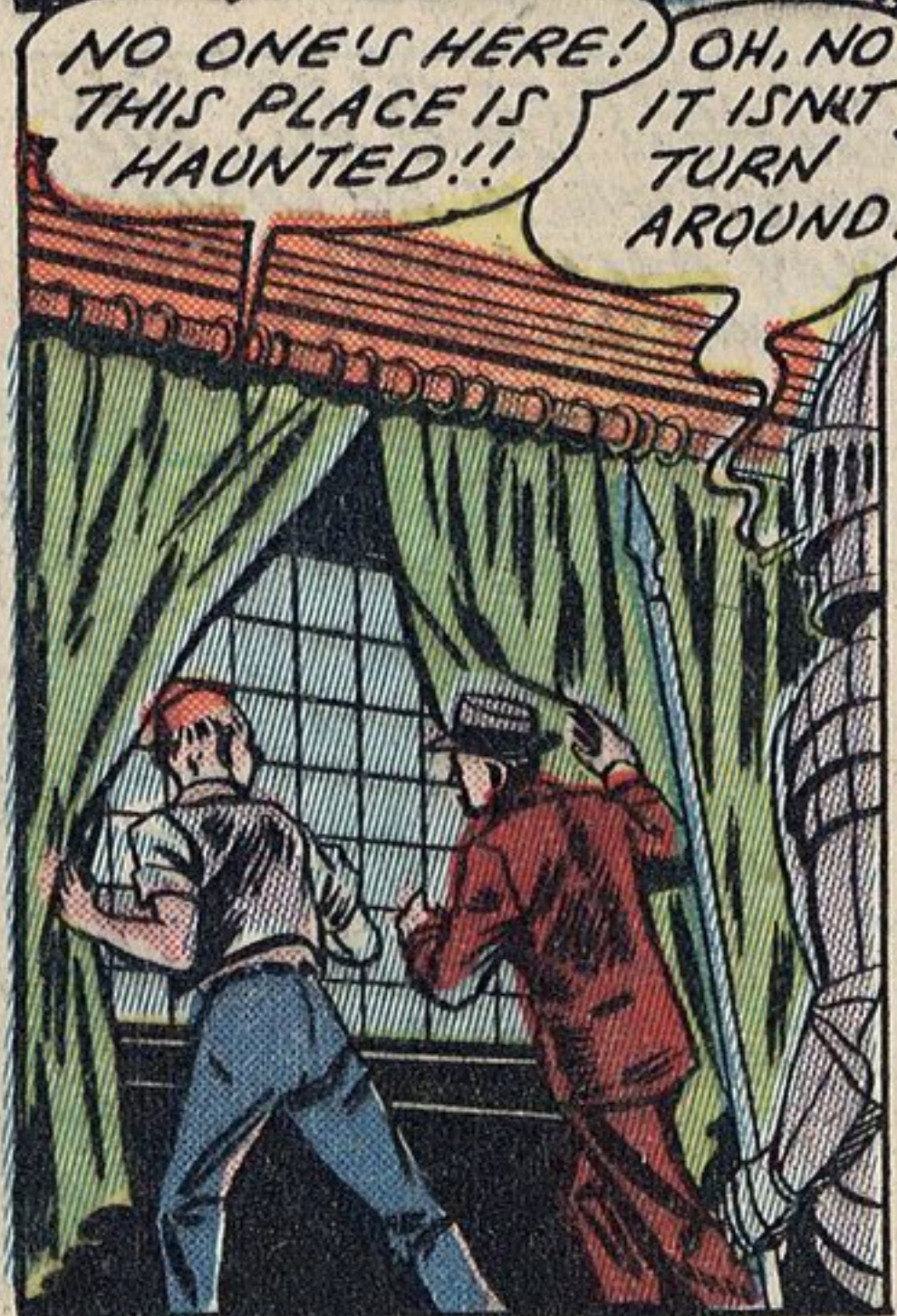


I'M OVER HERE,
BEHIND THESE
CURTAINS! COME
AND GET ME!



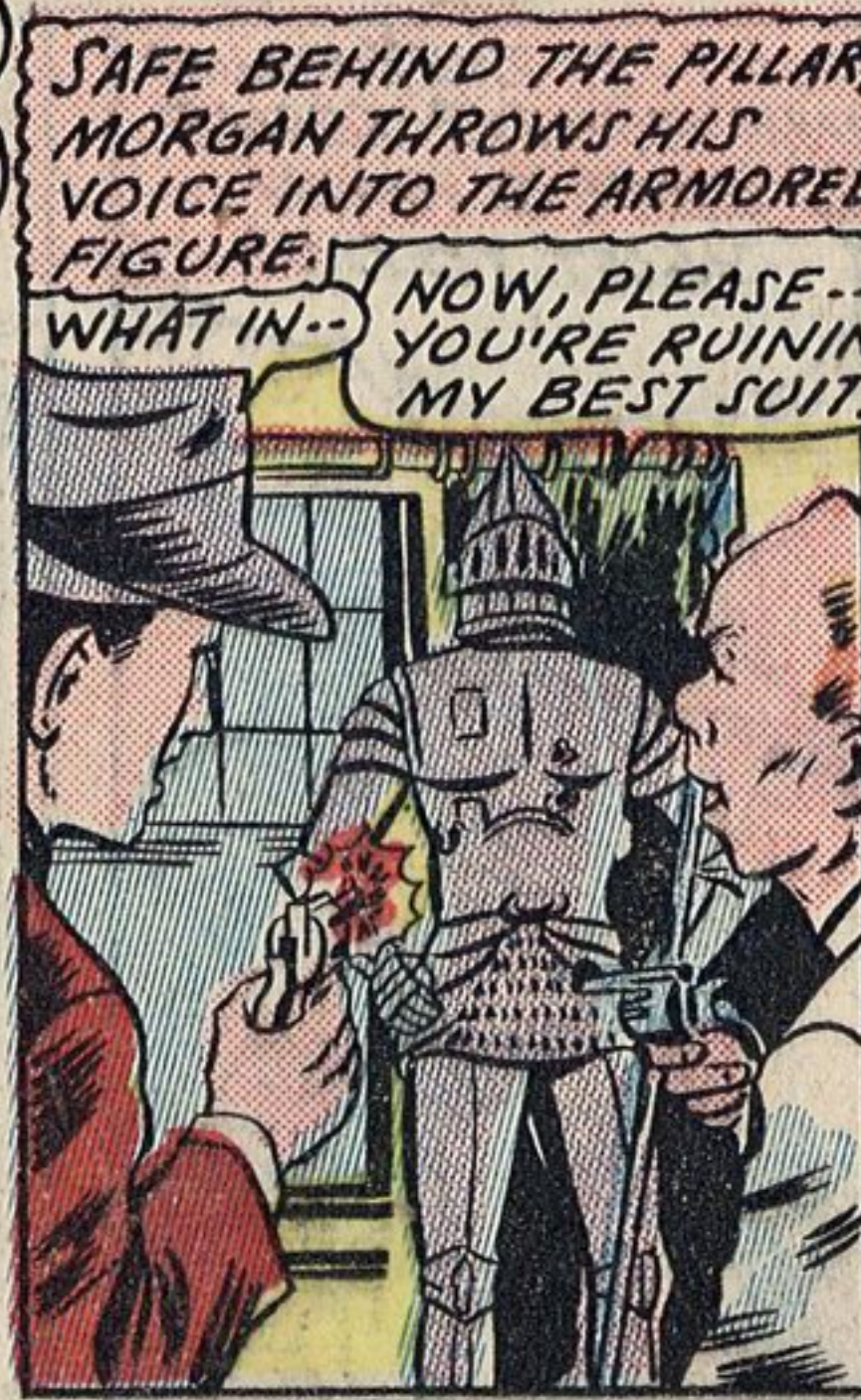
NOW TO CHANGE
PLACES AGAIN
BEFORE THEY
GET WISE!

WATCH
IT, BALDY--
MAYBE
THERE'S TWO
OF 'EM!



NO ONE'S HERE!
THIS PLACE IS
HAUNTED!!

OH, NO
IT ISN'T
TURN
AROUND!



SAFE BEHIND THE PILLAR,
MORGAN THROWS HIS
VOICE INTO THE ARMORED
FIGURE.

NOW, PLEASE--
YOU'RE RUINING
MY BEST SUIT!



NO MORE
BULLETS!
BUT
WE'LL
SLUG
'IM!



MIKE CREEPS UP ON THEM CAUTIOUSLY...

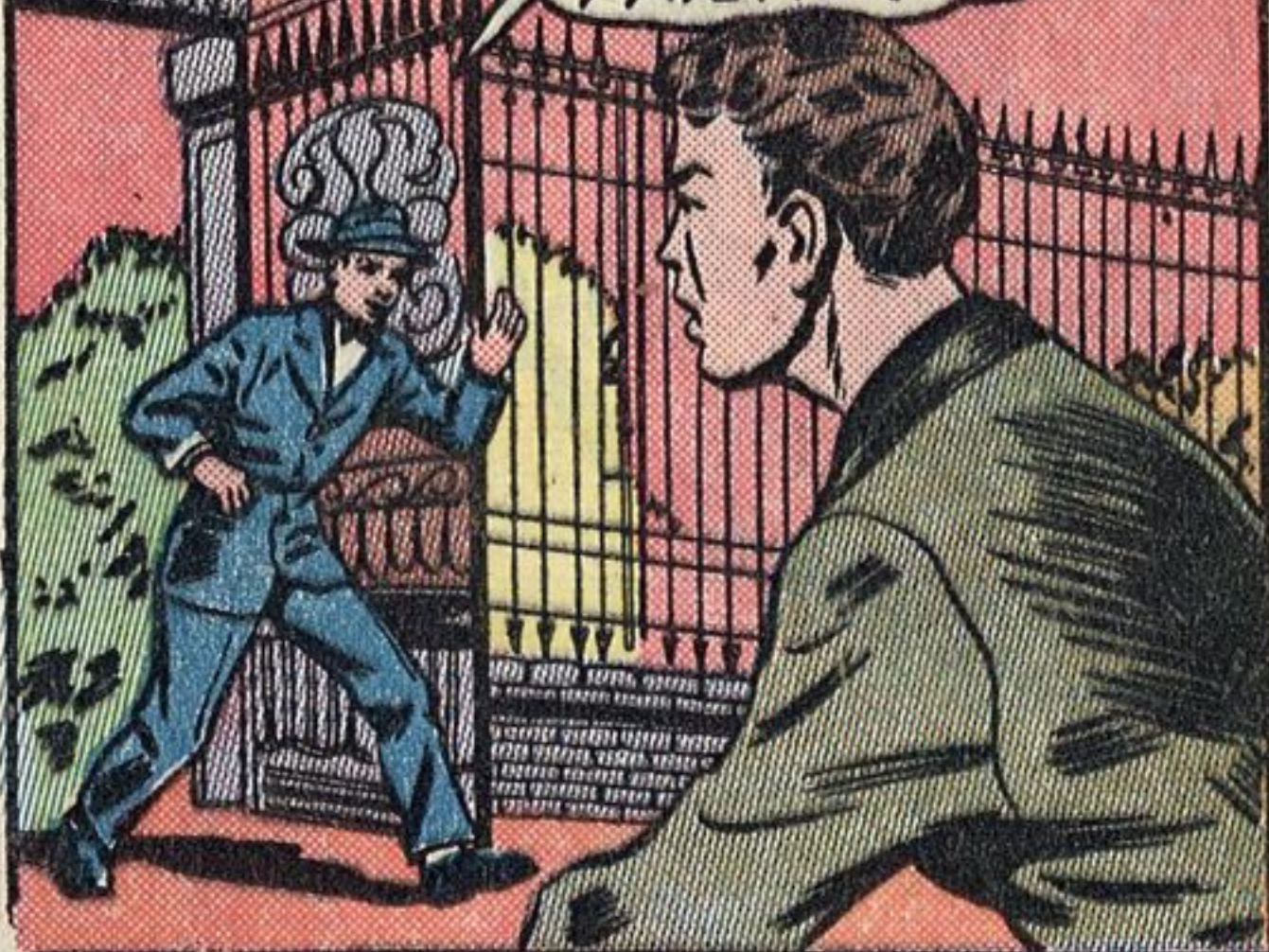
SO YOU
LIKE TO SLUG,
EH MUG?



I ENJOY DOING A
LITTLE OF THAT MYSELF...
TO GUYS LIKE YOU!

HAVING KNOCKED OUT THE TWO MUGS AND TIED THEM SECURELY, MIKE LEAVES! BUT AT THE GATE ...

OH, BOB--GO ON IN AND RESCUE YOUR GIRL FRIEND!



RUTH'S ALL RIGHT? THE POLICE WILL BE HERE SOON!

OH, YES-- THERE ARE A COUPLE OF GUYS OUT COLD ON THE FLOOR! JUST TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!



BOB DASHES INTO THE HOUSE--

RUTH! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

OH, BOB-- IT'S BEEN AWFUL...



RUTH EXPLAINS...

THERE WAS A LONG TIME WHEN I WASN'T SURE I WAS GOING TO BE ANYTHING BUT A VERY DEAD LADY! NO JOKING!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG-- THERE WAS PLENTY OF JOKING-- ALL DONE BY ONE MICHAEL MORGAN!



HURRYING BACK TO THE CLUB, MICHAEL GOES ON FOR HIS NEXT PERFORMANCE!

OOOH, THANKS FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE FOR US! OTHERWISE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!

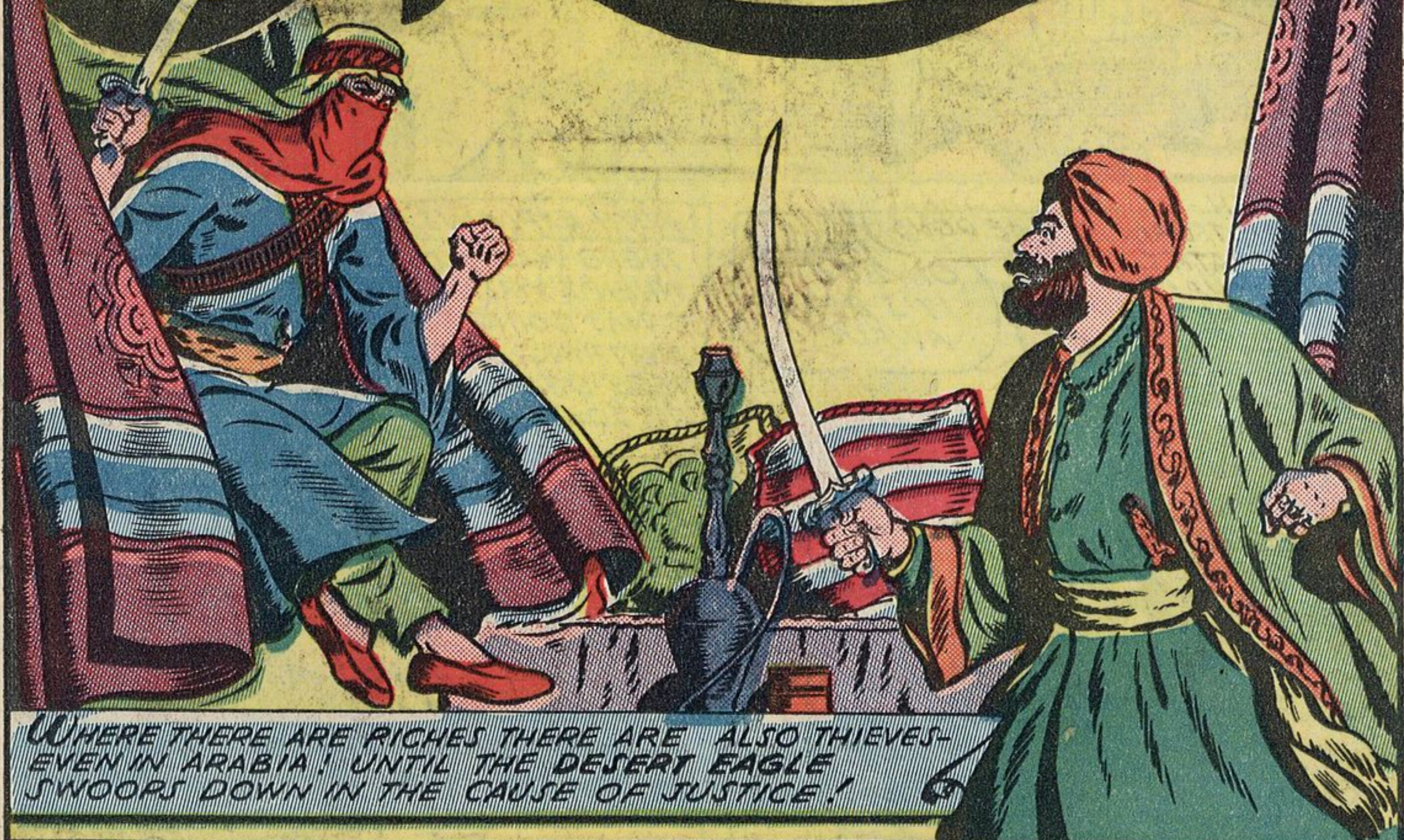
HUH-- LOOKS AS IF SOMEBODY THINKS I'M SOMEBODY ELSE! OR, AM I? ANYHOW, THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT--

NOW, WE'LL CALL A NUMBER! ER-AH- HELLO- THIS IS THE PRANKSTER CALLING!

HUMOR IS AN ART!



El KURAN



WHERE THERE ARE RICHES THERE ARE ALSO THIEVES—
EVEN IN ARABIA! UNTIL THE DESERT EAGLE
SWOOPS DOWN IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE!

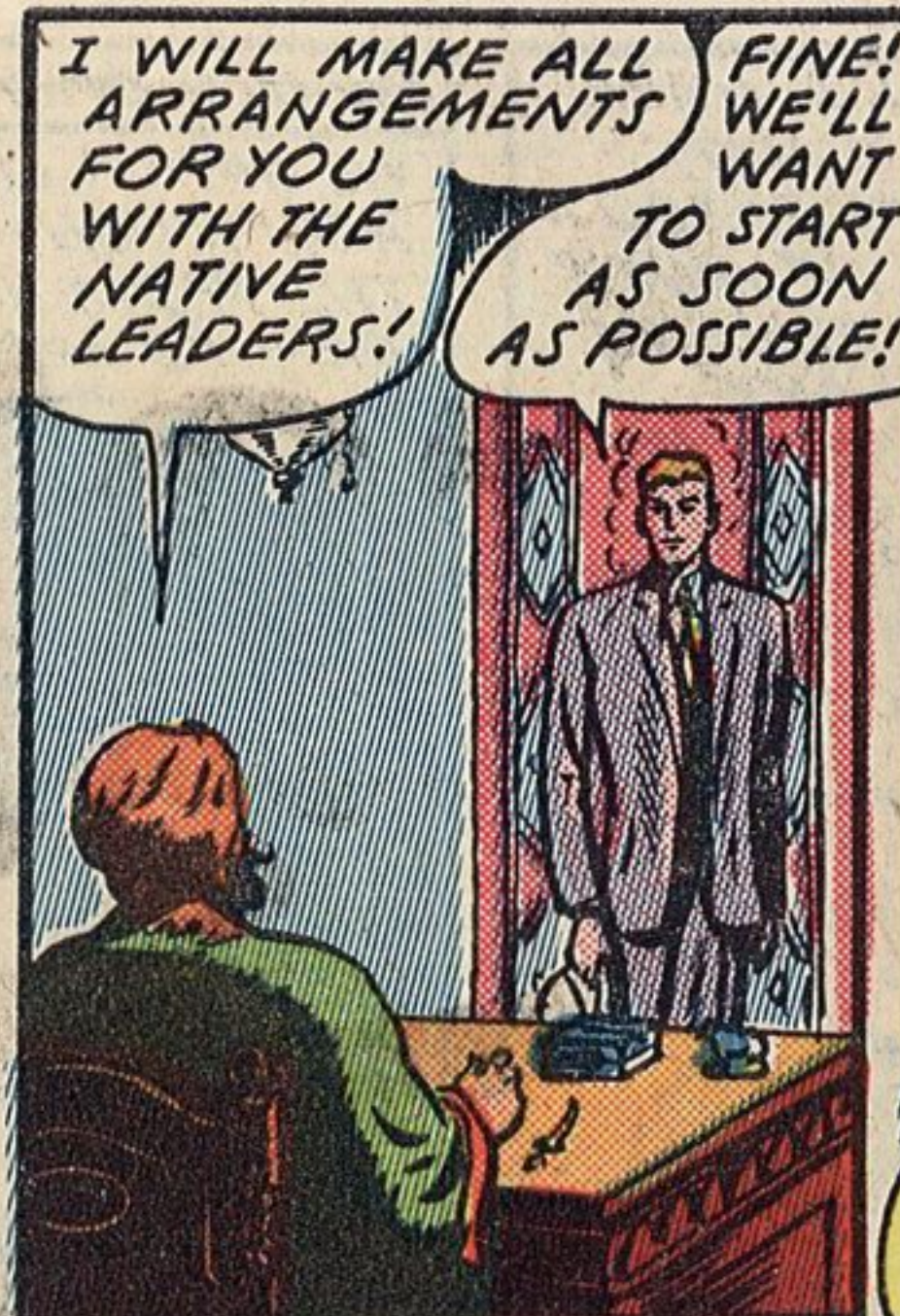
PAUL CONWAY, AN AMERICAN ENGINEER,
PROSPECTS FOR OIL IN ARABIA...

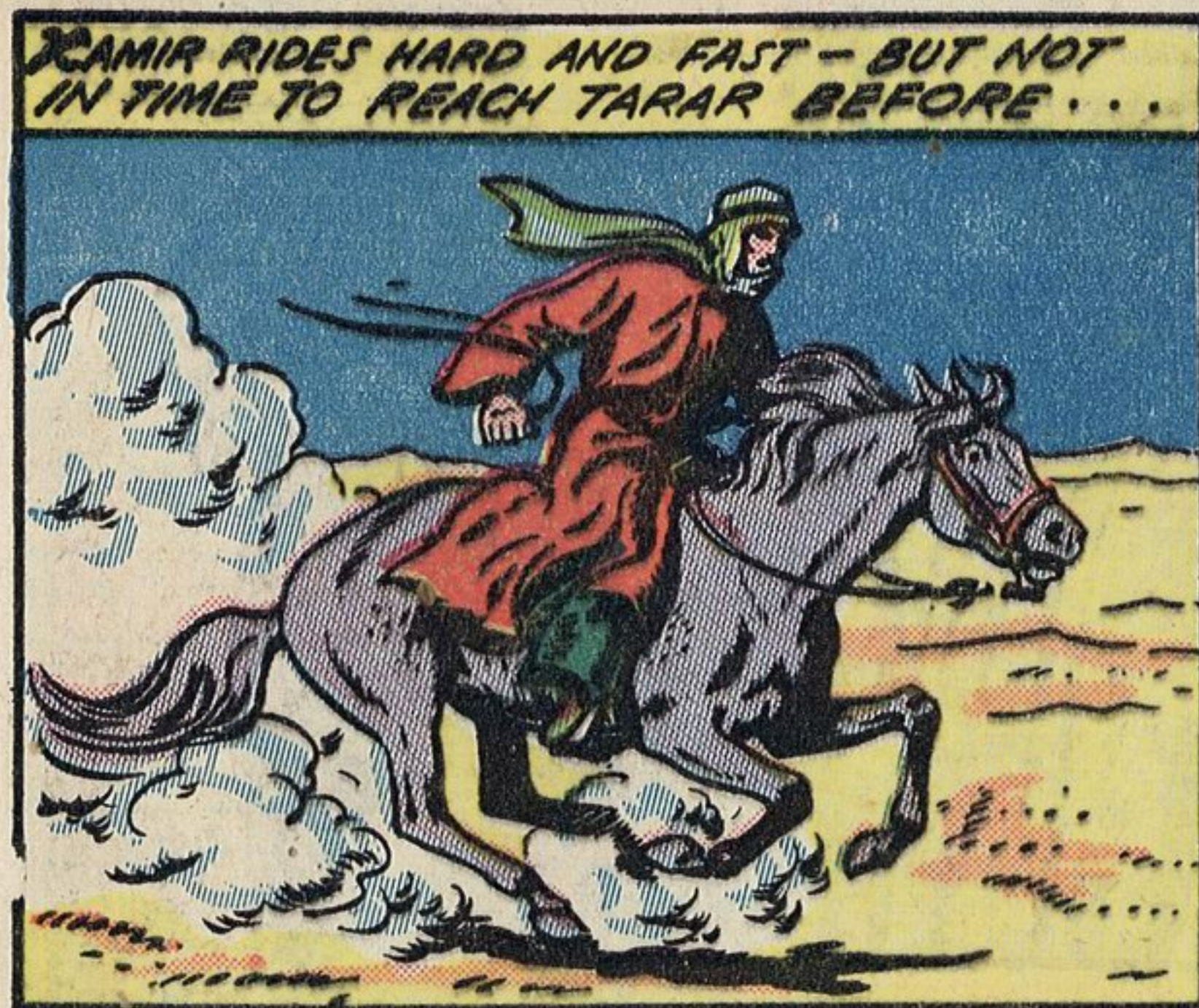
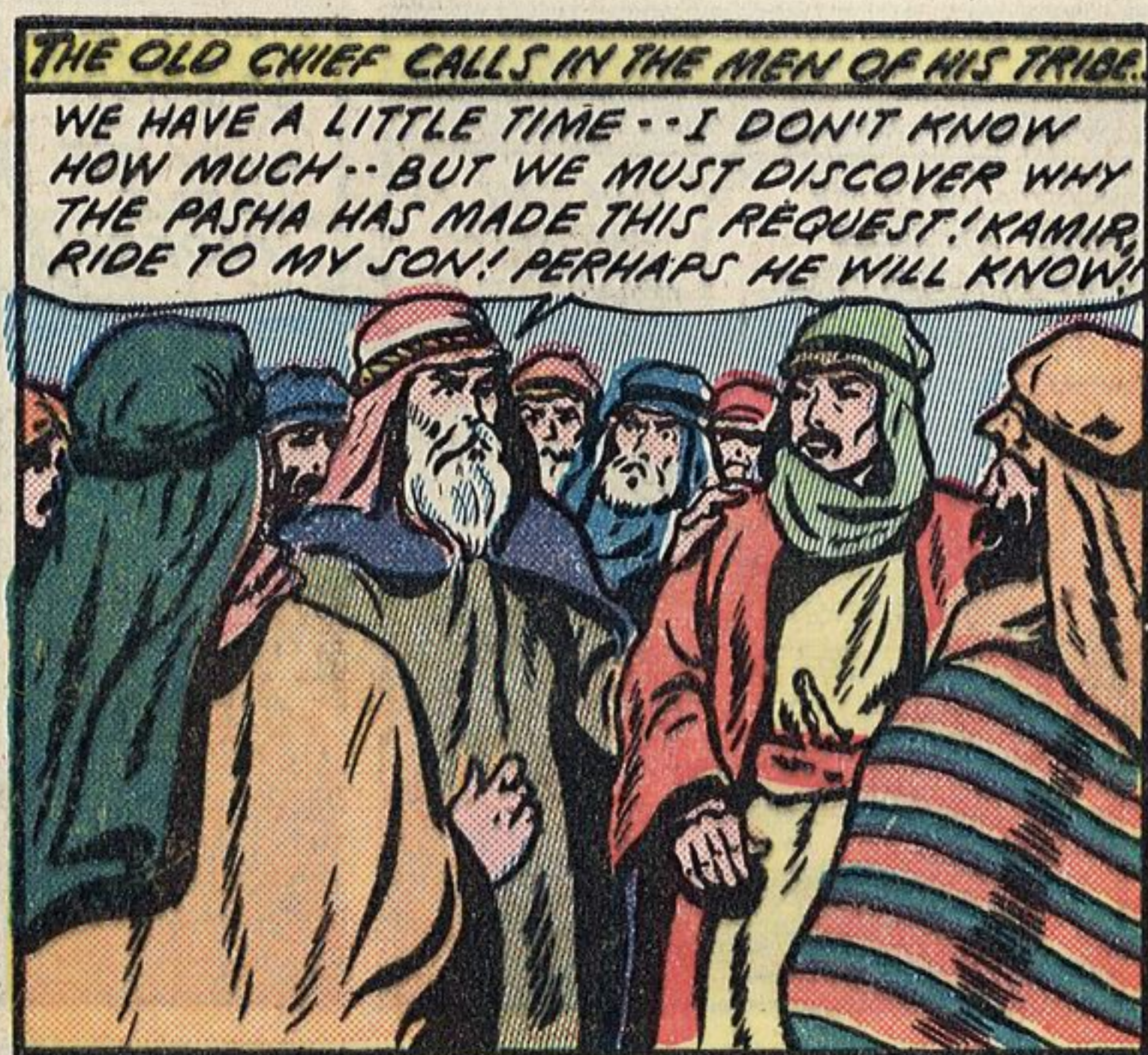


THE SOIL TESTS FOR
THIS SECTION LOOKED
FAVORABLE --

YES! IT IS OIL! WOW!! IT'LL BE A CINCH
TO GET THE STUFF - IT'S CERTAINLY
RUNNING DARNED CLOSE TO THE
SURFACE! I WISH I COULD TALK
THIS NATIVE TONGUE -- OH, WELL,
THE HEAD CHEESE
PROBABLY KNOWS
HOW TO HANDLE
THESE
LOCAL
TRIBES!







AT THIS SAME TIME, THE PASHA'S MEN ARE RIDING ACROSS THE SANDS - ARMED WITH SWORDS AND THE URGE TO KILL.

SPREAD OUT, NOW -- WE ARE APPROACHING THE VILLAGE!

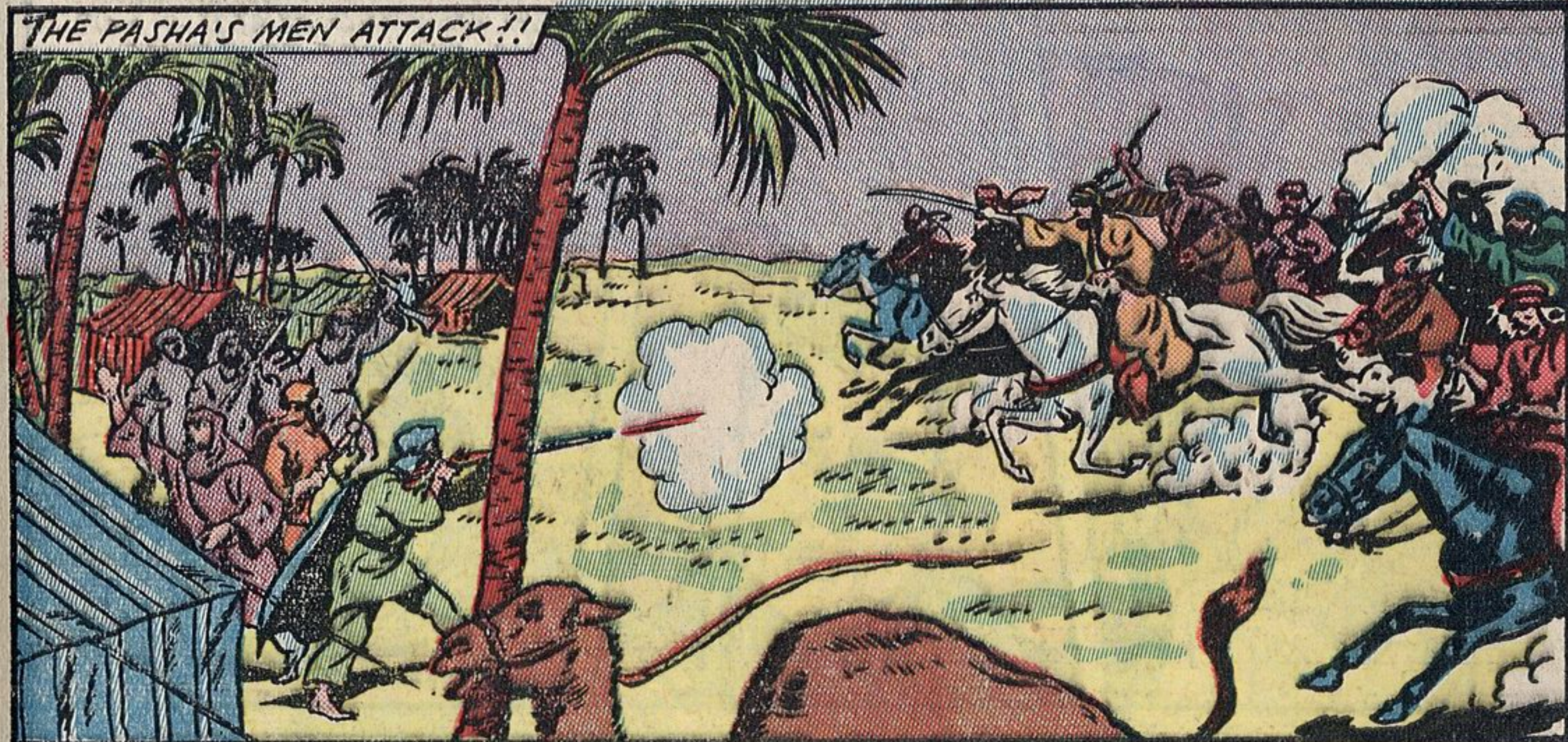


THEY DO NOT EXPECT US! GOOD! HA -- THEY TRUST US SO COMPLETELY, THEY DID NOT EVEN HAVE SENTRIES POSTED!



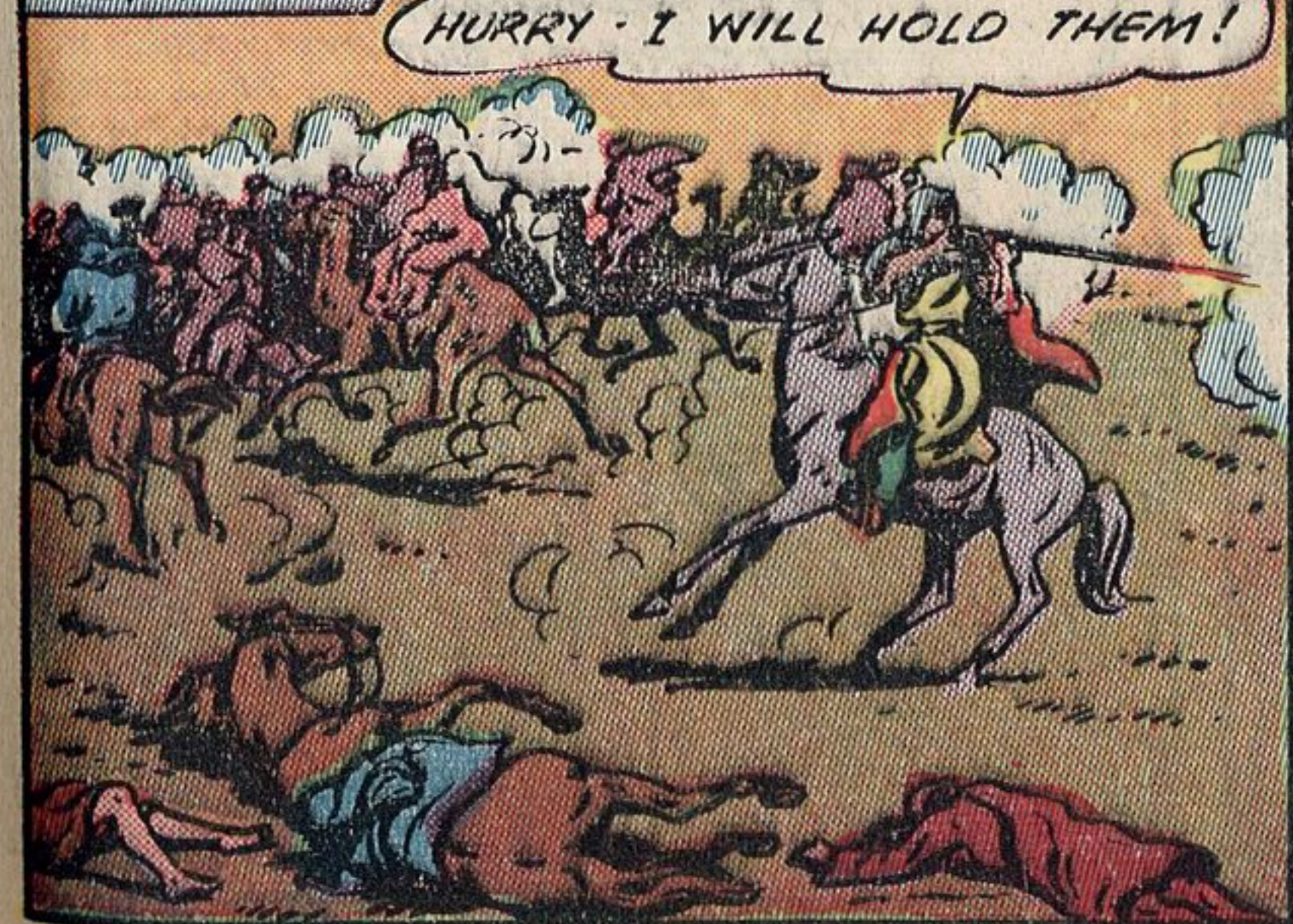
THE MEN AWAIT THE ORDER!

THE PASHA'S MEN ATTACK!!



THE SURPRISED VILLAGERS ARE FORCED TO RETREAT!

HURRY - I WILL HOLD THEM!



ALI REPORTS -- GOOD!! ALI, SEND FOR THE AMERICAN AND TELL HIM I HAVE KEPT MY PART OF THE BARGAIN!

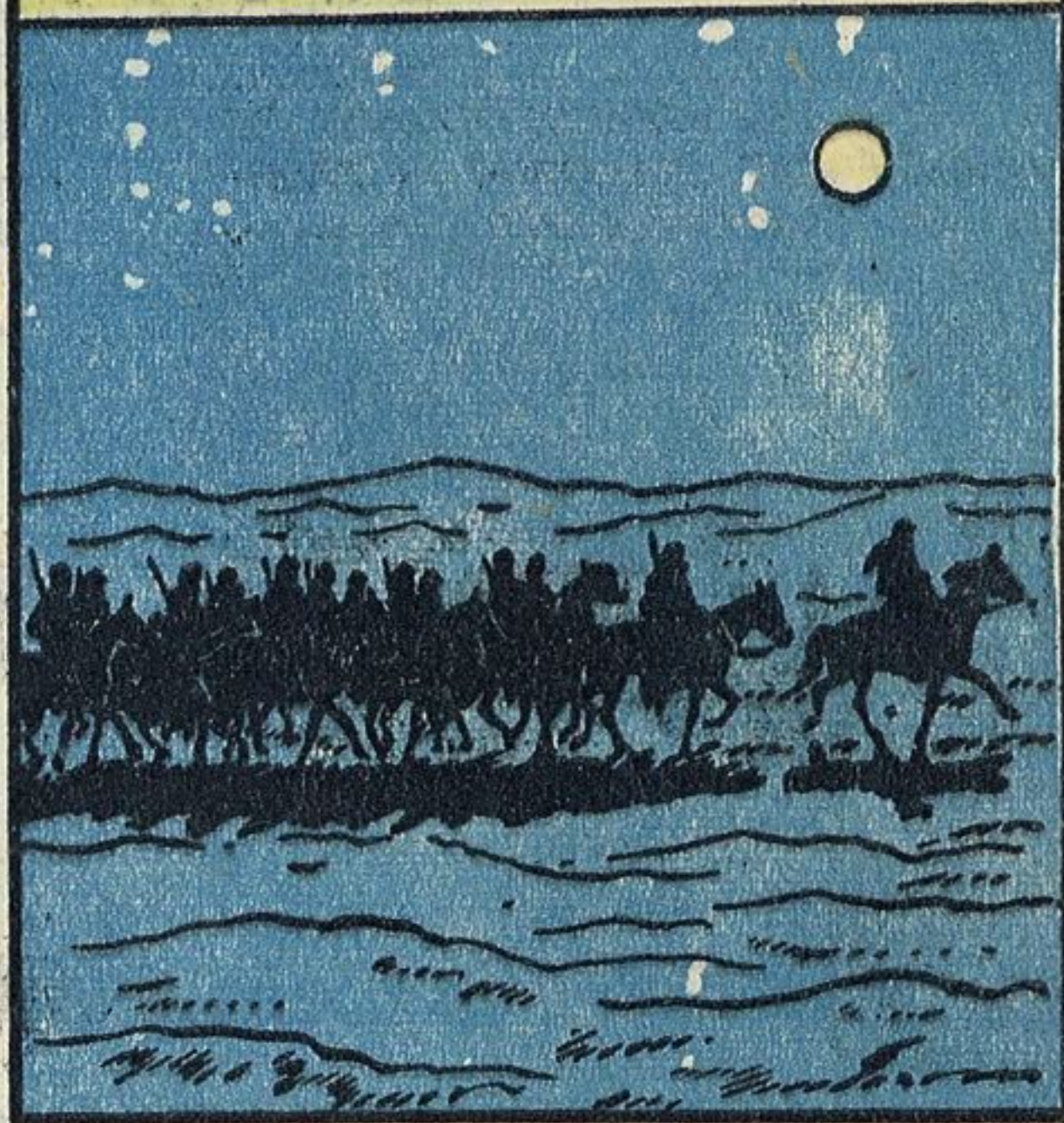




MY FATHER IS OLD IN YEARS,
SO I WILL LEAD YOU! SINCE
I AM WELL KNOWN IN
TARAR, I MUST GO IN
DISGUISE! YOU WILL
KNOW ME ONLY AS
EL KURAAN!



EL KURAAN LEADS HIS MEN OUT
INTO THE NIGHT!



MEANWHILE, PAUL CONWAY HAS JUST LEFT
THE PALACE, AND --

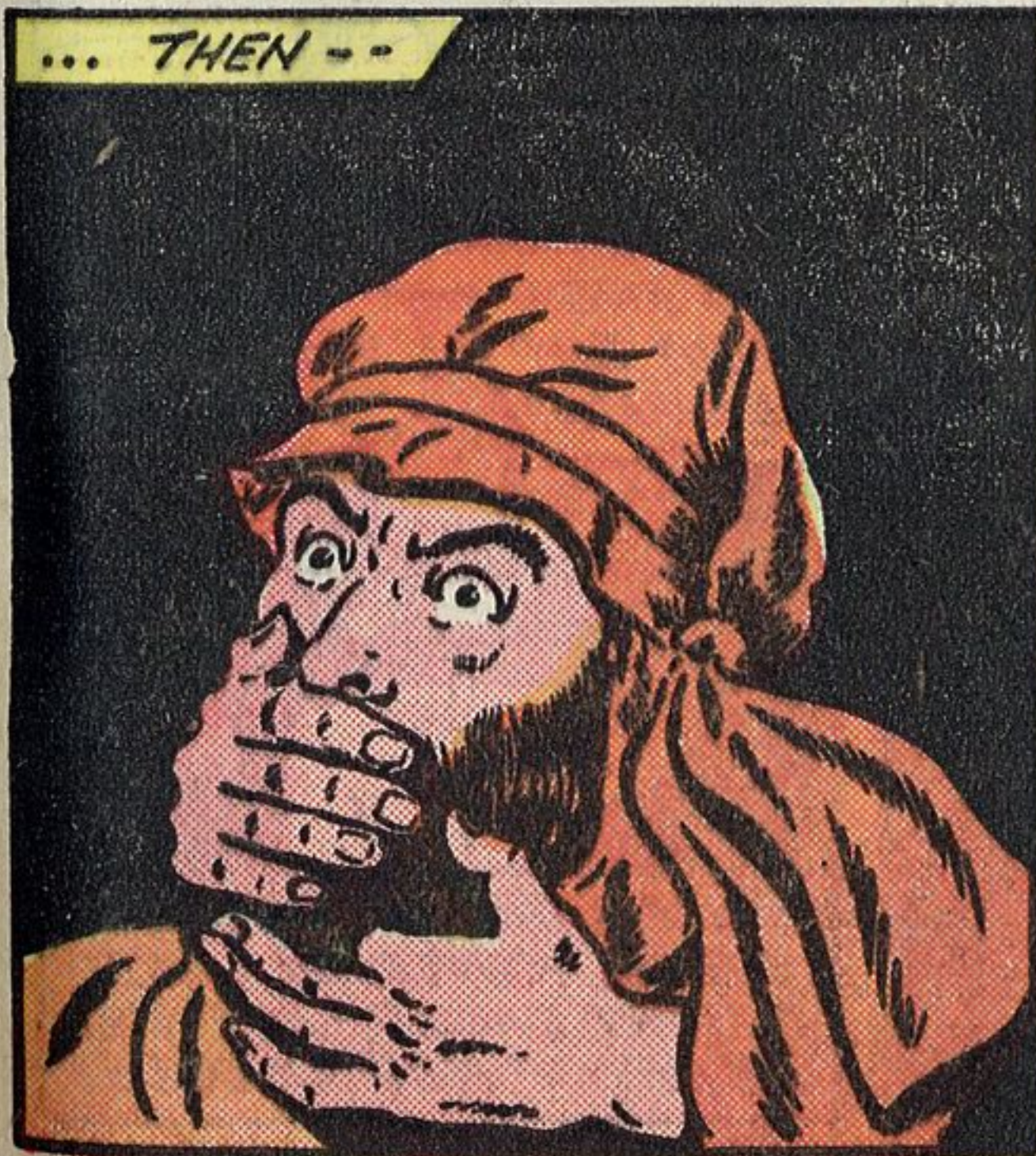
\$500,000 - HAH! I
WILL SPEND IT
TOMORROW!



LATER, ALL IS QUIET...



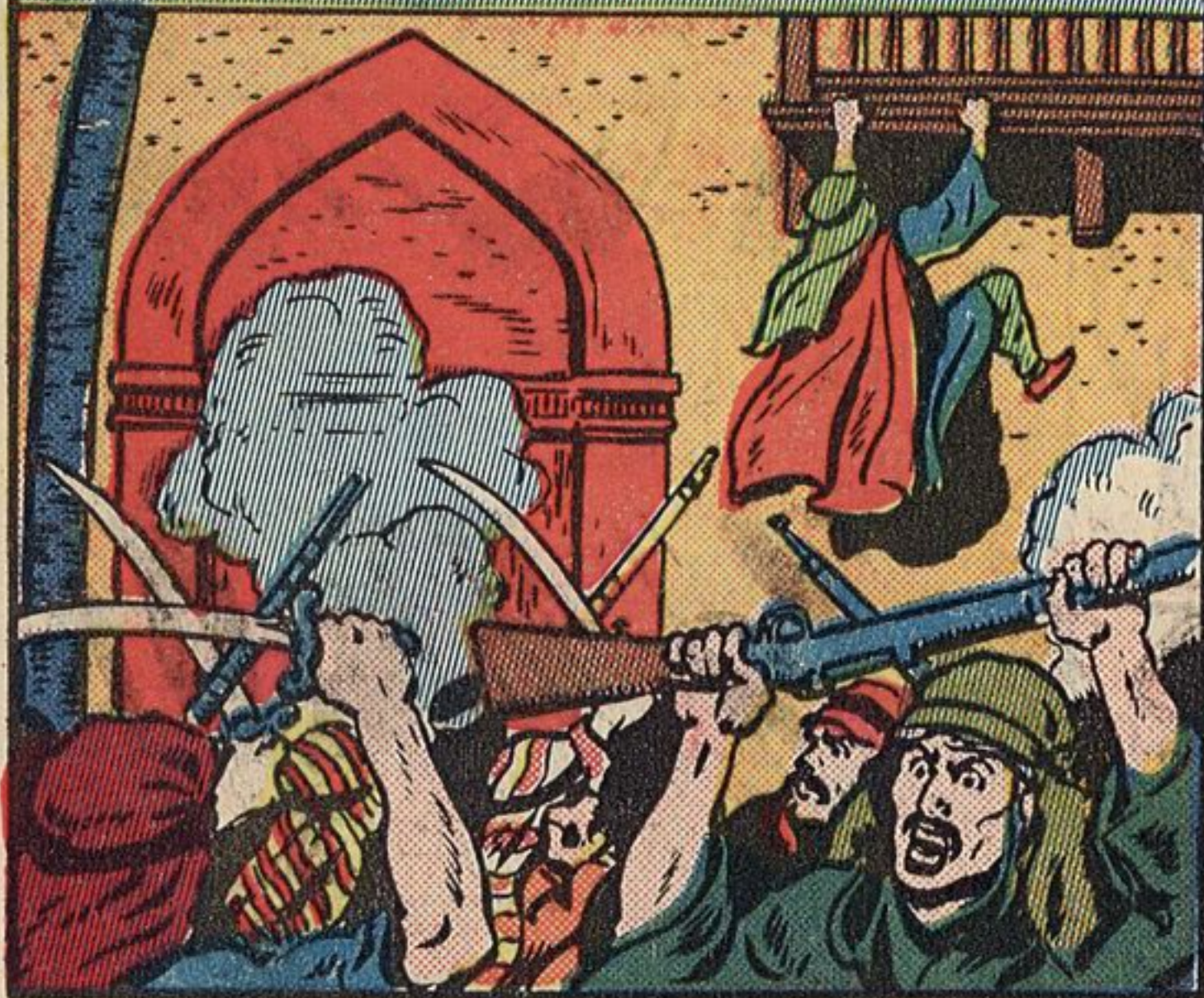
... THEN --



ATTACK!



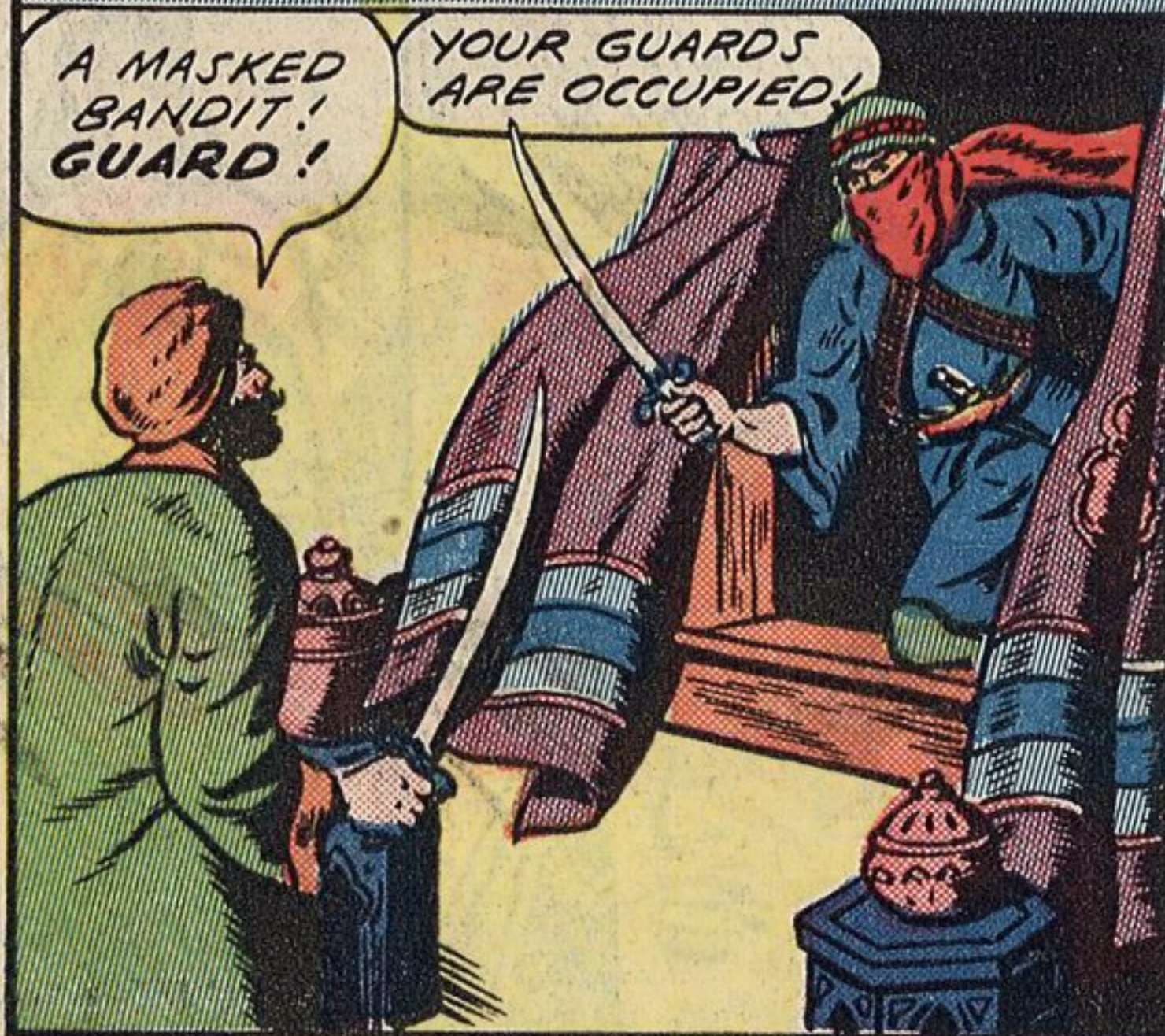
THE PALACE GUARDS AWAKEN TO FIGHT BACK - EL KURAAN LEAVES THE BATTLE TO FIND THE PASHA!



AND, WHEN HE BREAKS IN - - -

A MASKED BANDIT! GUARD!

YOUR GUARDS ARE OCCUPIED!



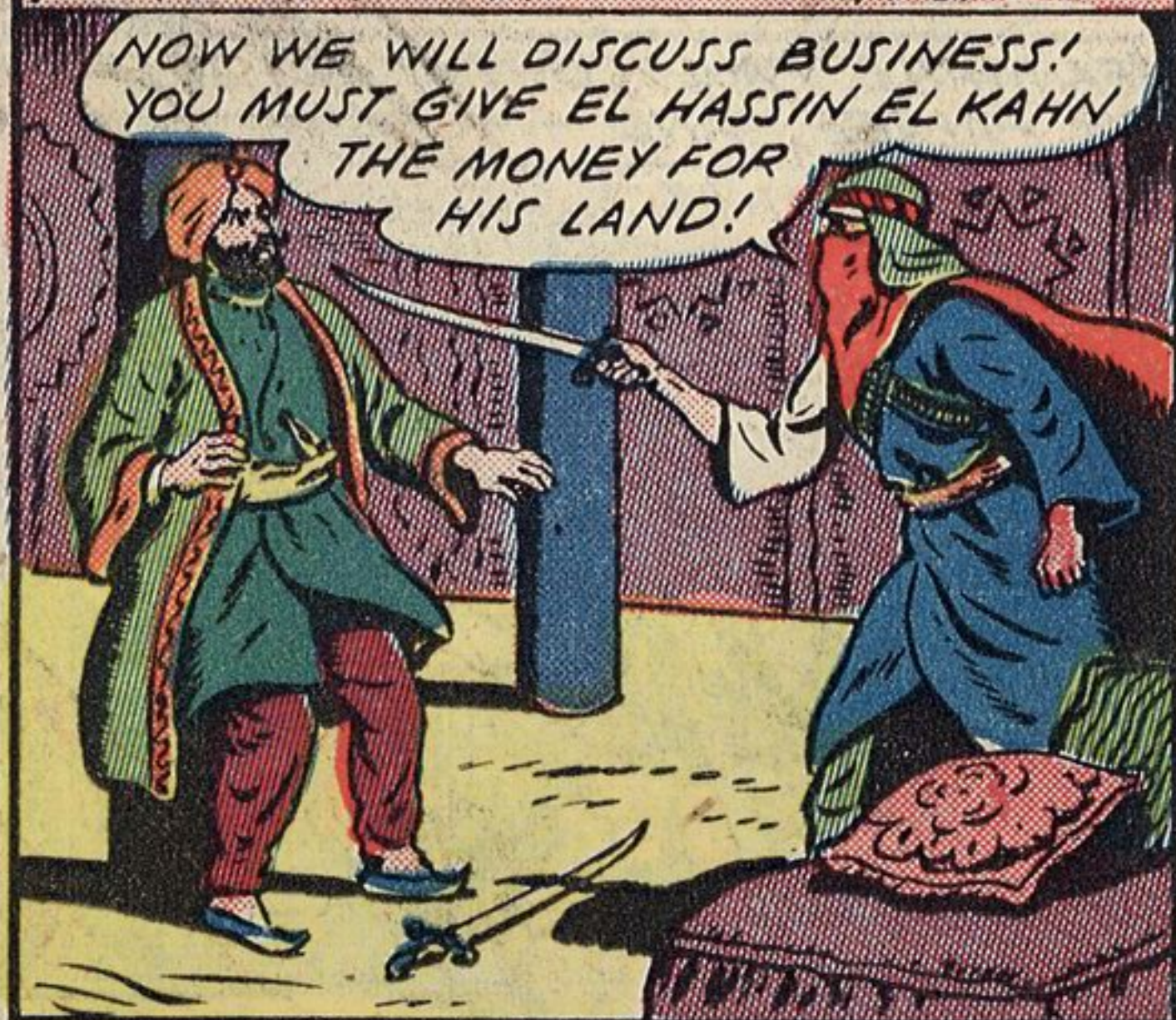
YOU MUST FIGHT YOUR OWN BATTLE - AND TAKE ONLY WHAT IS YOURS TO TAKE!

I WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD!



THEN, EL KURAAN DISARMS HIS OPPONENT.

NOW WE WILL DISCUSS BUSINESS! YOU MUST GIVE EL HASSIN EL KAHN THE MONEY FOR HIS LAND!



THE TRIBESMEN OF SANTAR WILL MOVE OUT PEACEFULLY NOW - BUT REMEMBER, EL KURAAN WILL STRIKE TO DEFEND ALL!

BY THE PROPHET - I WILL REMEMBER!



EL KURAAN DISPERSES HIS MEN--

GO NOW IN PEACE! IF EVER YOU NEED MY HELP AGAIN, I WILL COME!

AND WE WILL FOLLOW YOU, OH MIGHTY LEADER!



DAYS LATER, JAHN AGAIN LUNCHEES WITH CONWAY.

I HAD NO IDEA I WAS CAUSING SO MUCH TROUBLE-- SAY, JAHN, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT EL KURAAN?

I WONDER IF THERE REALLY WAS SUCH A PERSON!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF EL KURAAN - THE DESERT EAGLE - IN EVERY ISSUE OF RED CIRCLE!

RED RIOT



DIANA FORSYTHE RETURNS
TO HER FATHER'S LUMBER
CAMP AFTER 14 YEARS...



FIRE-MENACE OF
THE NORTH WOODS
GOES ON A RAMPAGE,
UNTIL RED RIOT
ENTERS THE
PICTURE...

OH, DADDY! IT'S
WONDERFUL TO
TO SEE YOU
AGAIN! MY,
I'VE ALMOST
FORGOTTEN
WHAT YOU
LOOK LIKE!

IT HAS
BEEN A
LONG
TIME,
DEAR...
NOW RUN
ALONG, I'LL
SEE YOU THIS
EVENING!



AS DIANA LOOKS AROUND THE CAMP, SHE SEES JACK CHANDLER - - -



DIANA INTRODUCES HERSELF!

OH, YES -- BIG BILL'S DAUGHTER! I'M JACK CHANDLER, THE TROUBLE SHOOTER FOR THE CAMP -- SORT OF SEE THAT NO ONE GETS HURT!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO START ON ME? I'VE FORGOTTEN SO MUCH...

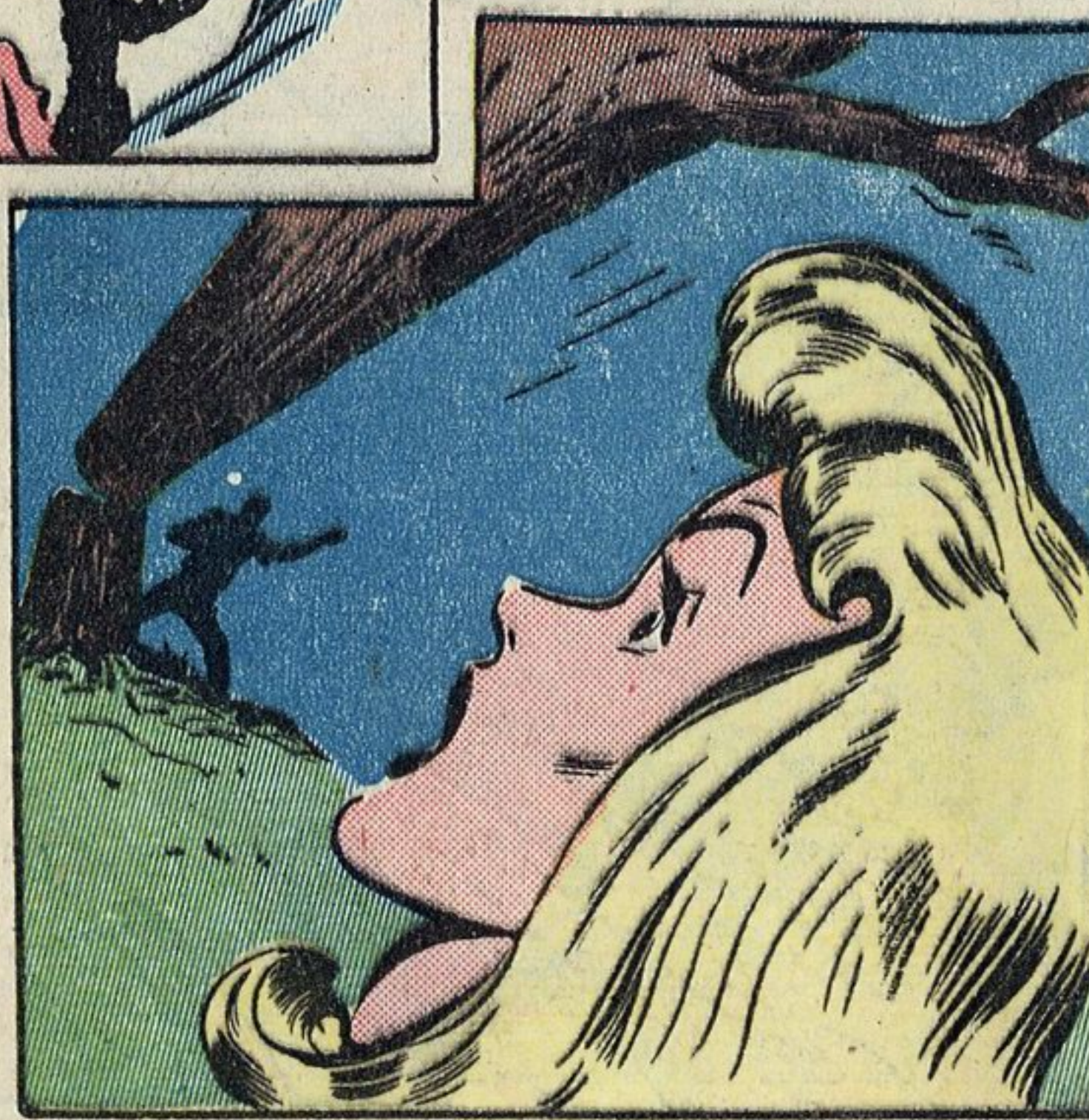
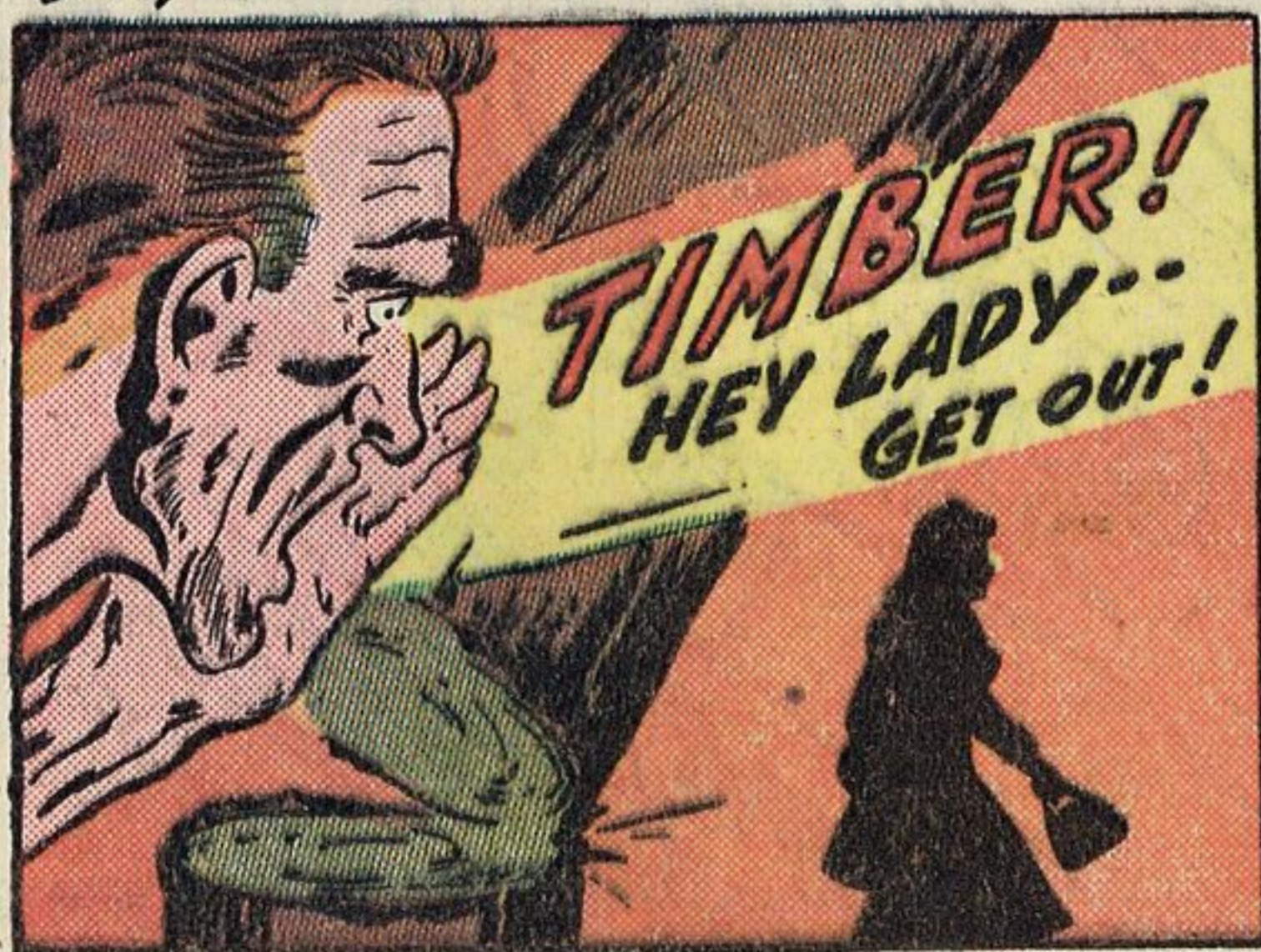


WELL, RIGHT NOW I HAVE TO GET OUT TO A NEW SECTION!

NEVER MIND! I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!



BUT, AS THE GIRL STALKS OFF



RED - THE TROUBLE SHOOTER - GOES TO THE RESCUE!

THIS IS GOING TO BE CLOSE!



OOOHHH!

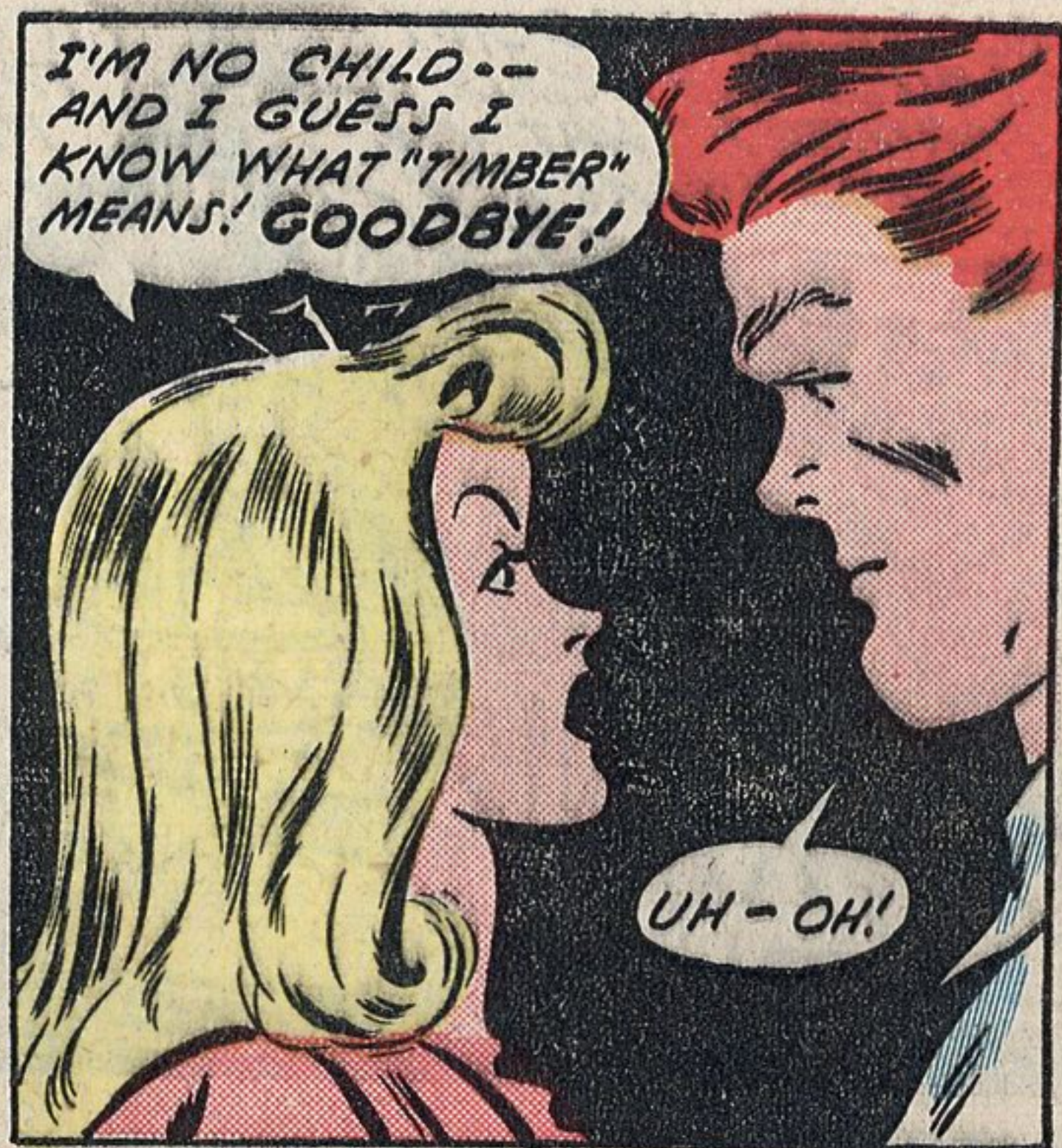
DUCK YOUR HEAD!





THAT'S NO WAY TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, KID! YOU ALMOST GOT KILLED! **TIMBER** MEANS THERE'S A TREE COMING DOWN!

OH, THANK--
KID!?



I'M NO CHILD--
AND I GUESS I
KNOW WHAT "**TIMBER**"
MEANS! **GOODBYE!**

UH-OH!

BACK IN THE OFFICE...



WHERE'S MY FATHER?
WHO ARE YOU?

DON GORDON, MISS FORSYTHE.
YOUR FATHER IS
OUT AT THE
MOMENT!



AND I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TERRIBLY
BUSY, TOO?

WHY, NO--
WOULD YOU
CARE TO GO
FOR A DRIVE?

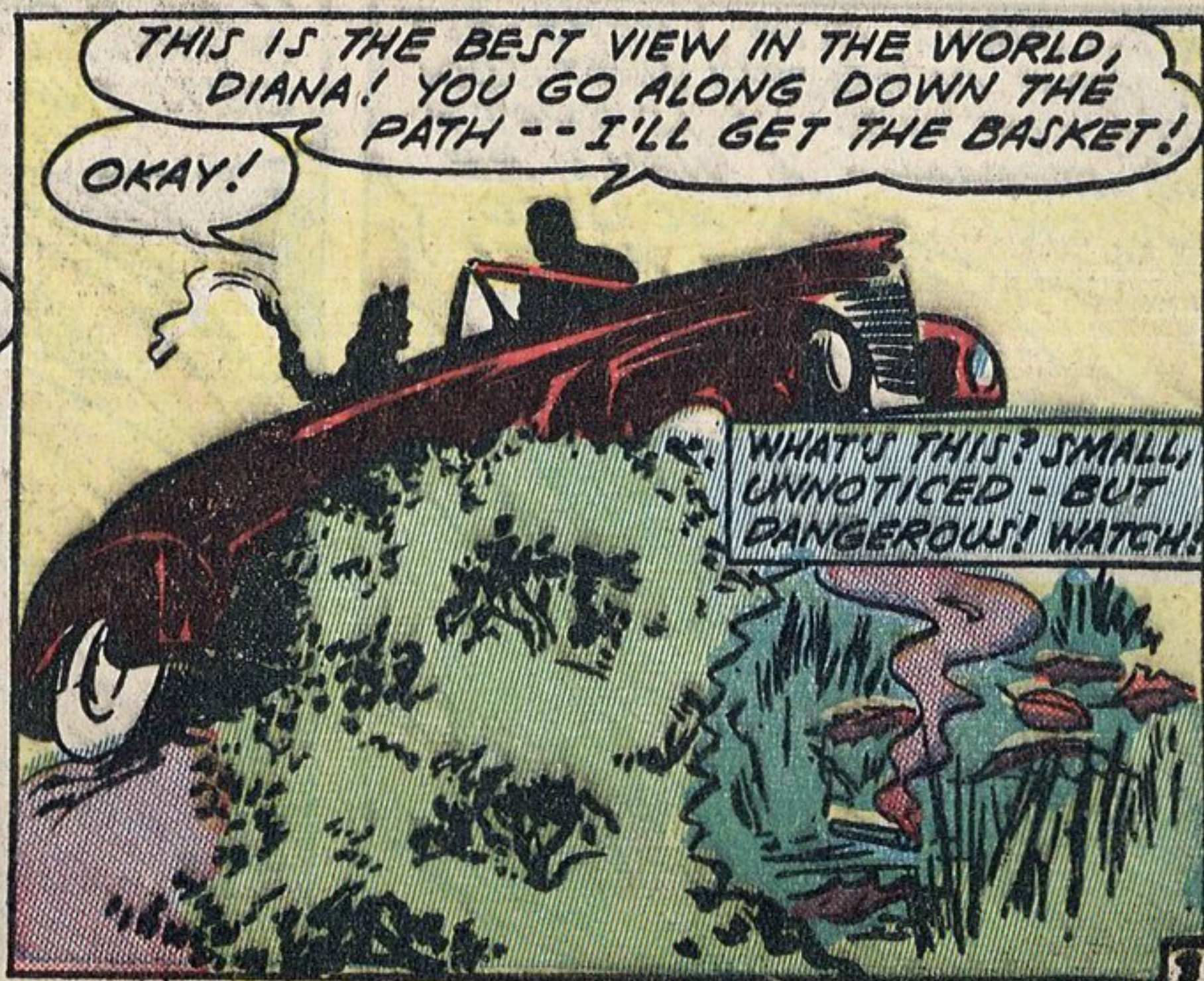


LATER--

HI, DON--HELLO,
MISS FORSYTHE!

HELLO, RED! WE'RE
OFF FOR A PICNIC!

THAT SHOULD
SAVE YOU
SOME HEAD-
ACHES!



THIS IS THE BEST VIEW IN THE WORLD,
DIANA! YOU GO ALONG DOWN THE
PATH--I'LL GET THE BASKET!

OKAY!

WHAT'S THIS? SMALL,
UNNOTICED--BUT
DANGEROUS! WATCH!

MY GOODNESS, WHY DON'T THEY BUILD THE ROAD IN FARTHER? THAT WAS SOME WALK!

IT IS PRETTY FAR! BUT WORTH IT, DON'T YOU THINK?

WHILE DON AND DIANA ENJOY THEMSELVES, A FIRE WARDEN AT A DISTANT LOOKOUT SPOTS AN EVER GROWING COLUMN OF SMOKE!

HOLY SMOKES... THAT CAME UP FAST!

THE MESSAGE IS SENT BACK TO CAMP. . .

MEANTIME, DON AND DIANA HAVE ALSO DISCOVERED THE FIRE . . .

HOW IN BLAZES DID THAT THING START? AND, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

RED--THERE'S A FIRE OVER ON PICTURE MOUNTAIN!

HOLY GOSH-- THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT!

DON, THE ROAD'S CLOSED!

WE'RE TRAPPED, DIANA!

WAIT-- DIANA, GIVE ME YOUR COMPACT! THEN, GET INTO THE STREAM-- QUICK!

HERE--BUT WHAT GOOD IS THAT? WE'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE!

LOOK-- I CAN USE IT AS A REFLECTOR! IF ONLY SOMEONE GETS THE MESSAGE...

OH-- THIS IS TERRIBLE! I--I CAN'T STAND THIS HEAT MUCH LONGER!

MEANWHILE, RED AND THE LUMBERMEN HAVE COME UP THE MOUNTAIN - - -

LOOK--THEY'RE CAUGHT AT THE CREEK--BRING UP THE CAR!

RED--YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

OH, NO? WATCH AND SEE! AND, WISH ME LUCK!

I PACKED IN THE TARPULIN YOU WANTED--LUCK, RED!

CRASHING AT FULL SPEED THROUGH THE RAGING FLAMES, RED HEADS FOR THE TRAPPED COUPLE!

WOWEE--

MOVE OVER--I'M GETTING WARM!

OH, RED!

THE THREE HUDDLE UNDER THE WET TARPULIN UNTIL THE FIRE IS UNDER CONTROL!

BOY, I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS THAT TIME! WHAT STARTED IT, RED?

A-A CIGARETTE... WITH LIPSTICK STAINS ON IT, I'M AFRAID! I-I'M ASHAMED!

YOU KNOW, DIANA, I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A GOOD WOODSMAN!

YOU WHAT?

THANKS, RED--I DON'T DESERVE ANYTHING AS NICE AS THAT--I'VE BEEN A HEEL!

NO, YOU HAVEN'T AT ALL! SAY, HOW ABOUT DRIVING INTO TOWN WITH ME TOMORROW?

I'D LOVE TO--

THAT IS, IF YOU THINK I WON'T BE TOO MUCH TROUBLE!

THE END.

NAME THE PLACE IN EACH STATE



PENNSYLVANIA



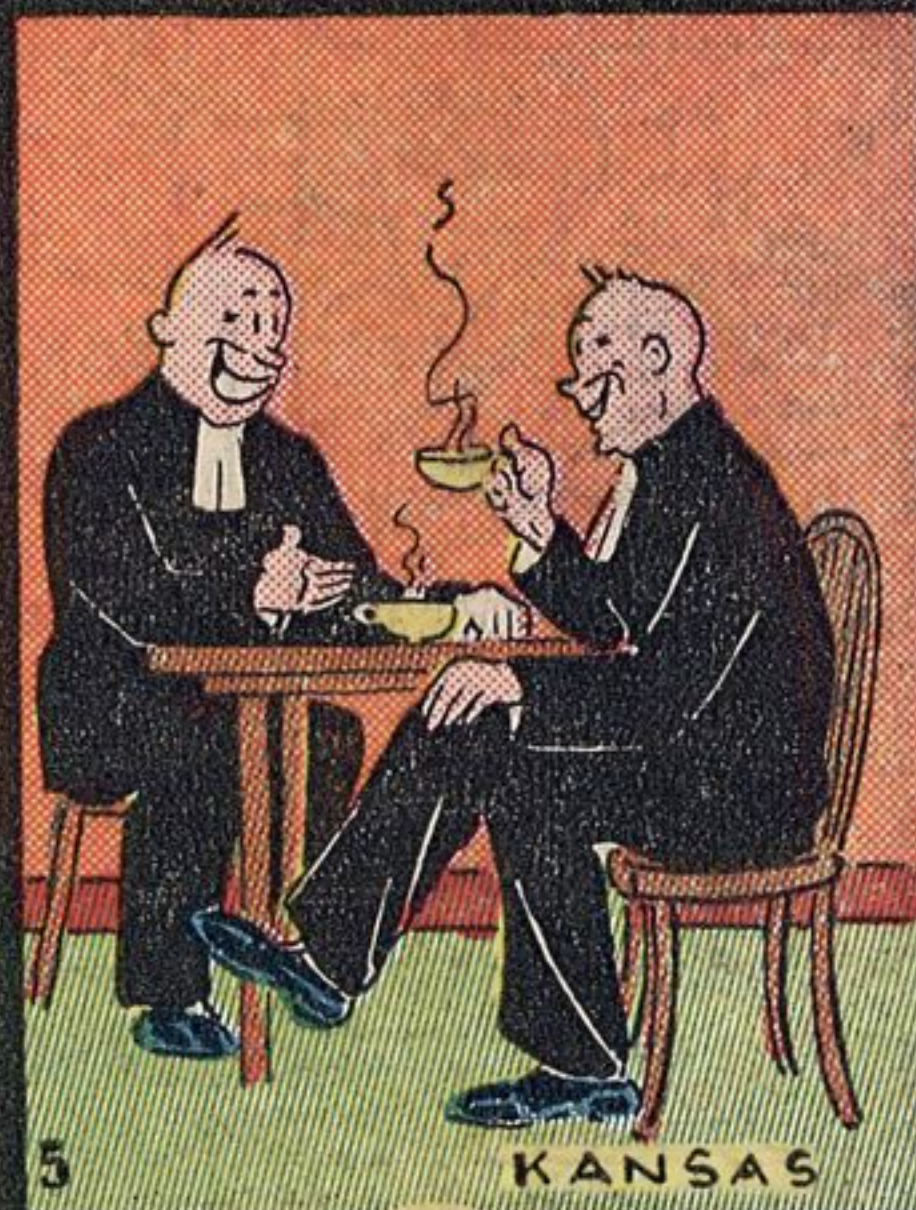
OREGON



NEW YORK



TEXAS



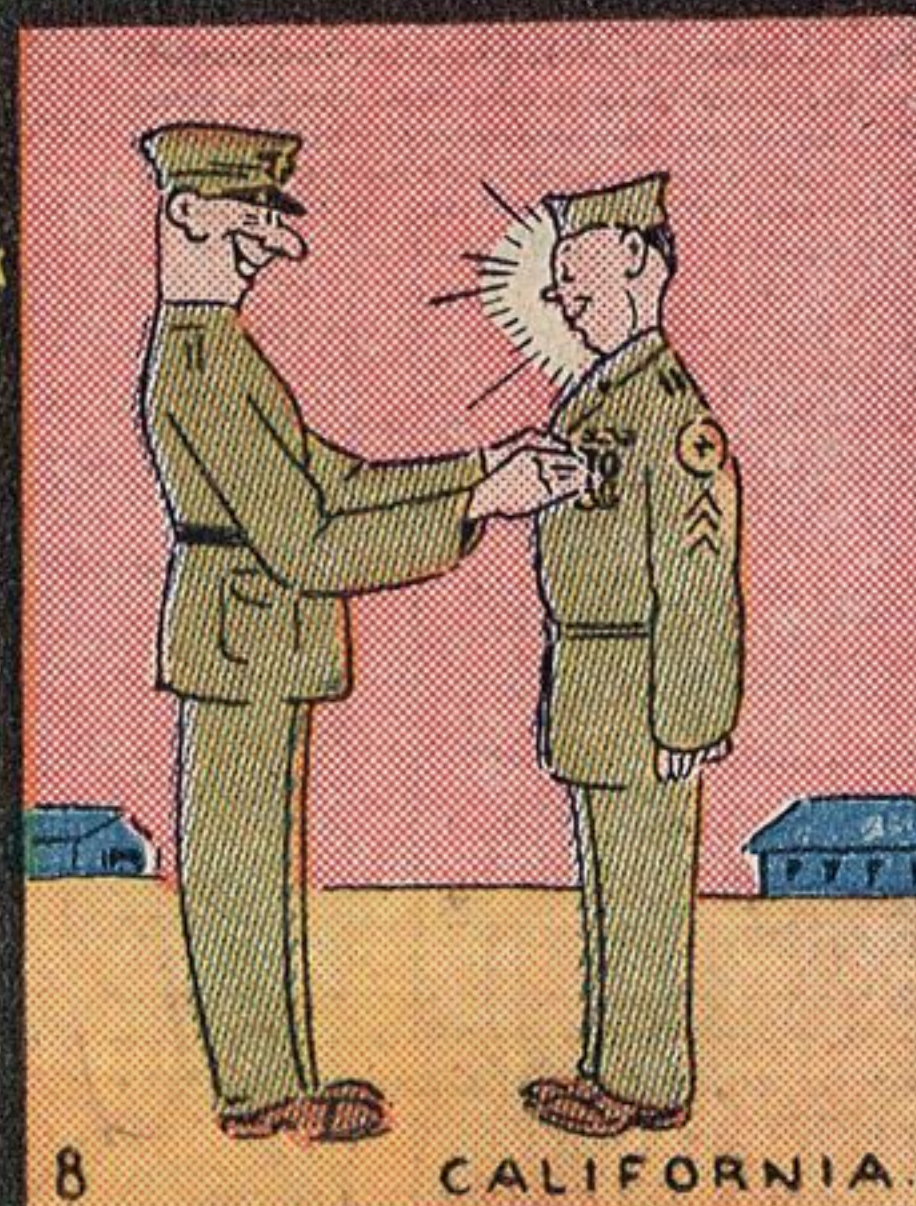
KANSAS



MONTANA



MAINE



CALIFORNIA



RHODE ISLAND

- ANSWERS**
1. READING, PA.
 2. BEND, ORE.
 3. CATSKILL, N.Y.
 4. EL PASO, TEX.
 5. PARSONS, KAN.
 6. BUTTE, MONT.
 7. BATH, ME.
 8. MODESTO, CAL.
 9. PROVIDENCE, R.I.

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Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-227, Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-227 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

Gift I would like to have you send me.

Hollywood Remembrance LOCKET

Dainty, New, Two-Tone

Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty, but also for the reason that so many ladies want to have pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. No other keepsake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket.

SEND NO MONEY

The front of the locket is new, two-tone design with sentimental heart and red roses in life-like colors. Send no money. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents for mailing costs and 20% Federal tax, on arrival. 10 Days Money-Back Guarantee.

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 122HV Jefferson, Iowa.

Send the New, 2-Tone Locket. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

18 Inch Chain

Locket in Dainty, 2-Tone Design Supply Limited

\$1.95

Ten Days Trial

Send the Coupon Today

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.

Dept. 122HV Jefferson, Iowa

Each locket has snap-lock and a substantial hinge. Opens easily and provides 2 spaces on the inside for pictures of loved ones. Supplies are limited

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural-colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1008 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1008 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



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"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
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IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

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This is not a cheap, un-
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original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
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BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. U.C.
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.
☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name _____
(Please print plainly)

Address _____

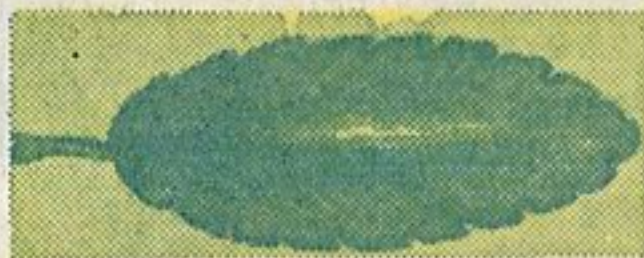
City _____ State _____

FREE
for Prompt
Action

7 1/2" high—5" wide
4" deep
Made of Genuine Walnut

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered!
Tradition is—a person owning one of these
plants will have much good luck and success.



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. J. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.
"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful!" Mrs. I. F., Booth Bay, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."—Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

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